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THE NEW YORKER

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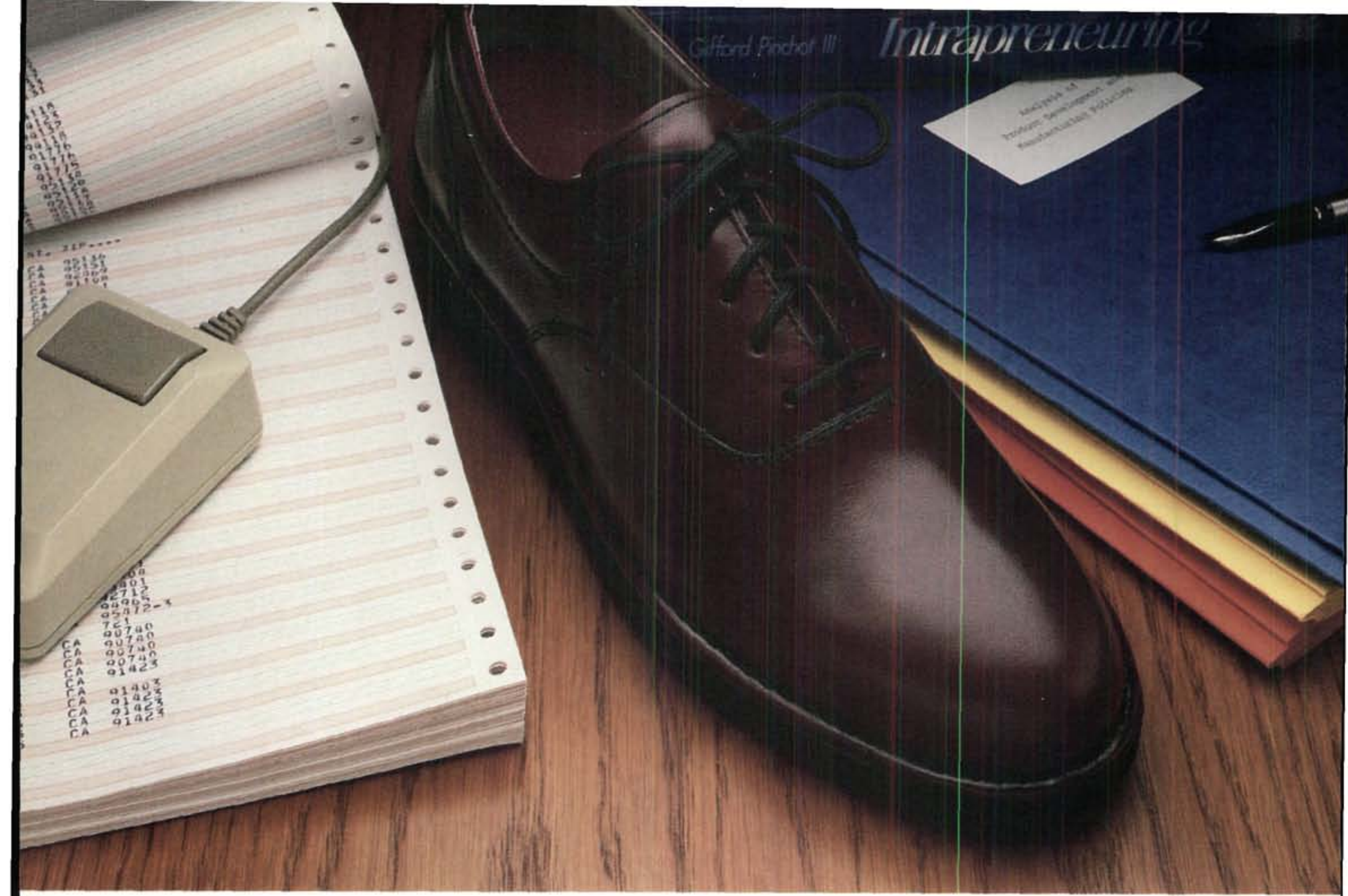
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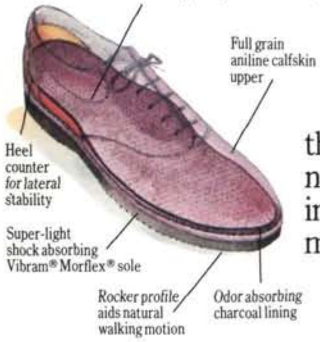
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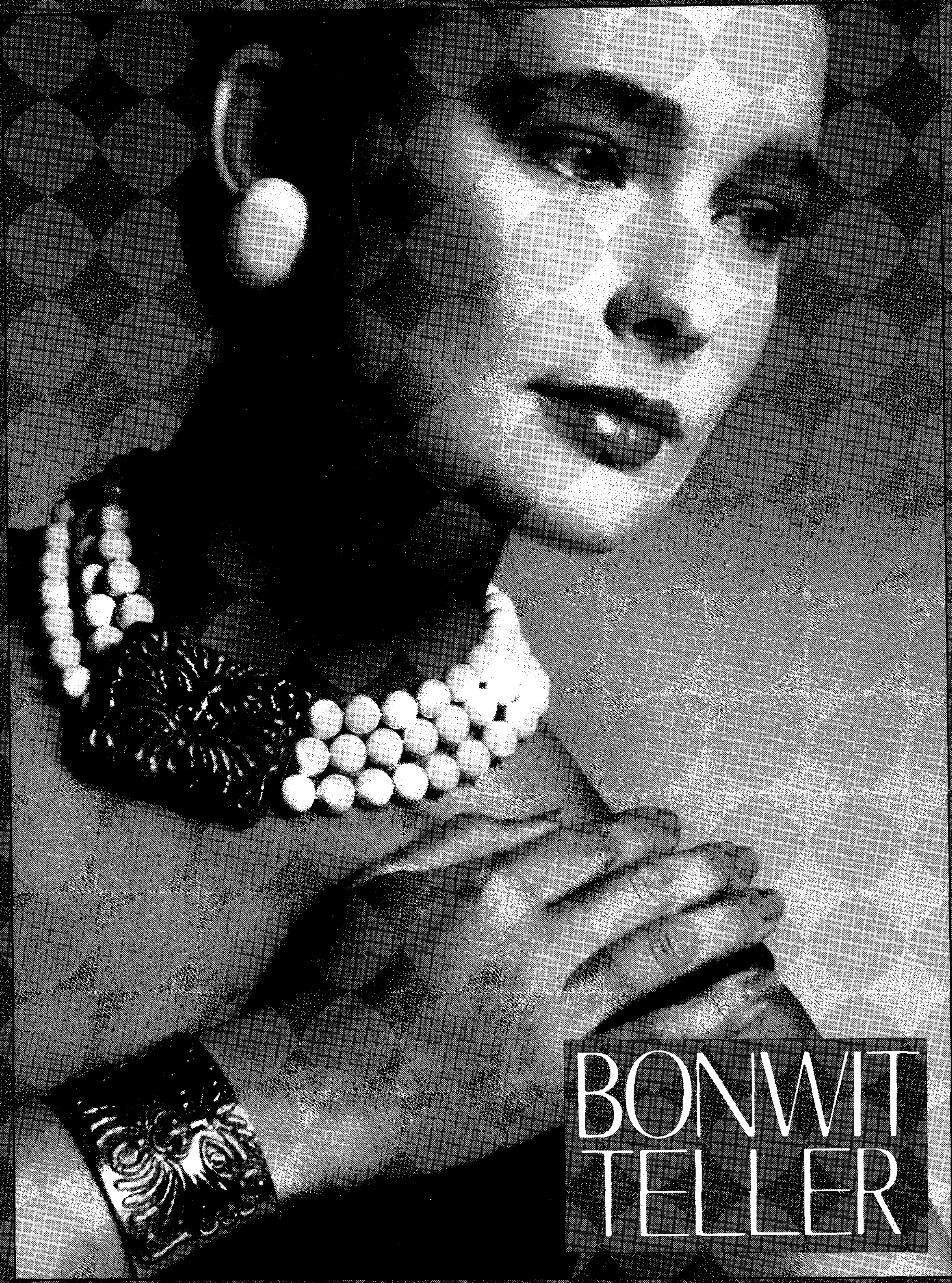

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

The Alchemedians—Bob Berky is a superlative clown, and Michael Moschen is a superlative juggler. They combine to make an evening of comedy and surprises and start-to-finish delight. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/7/86.) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A series of extended conversations about good and evil, interspersed with melodrama. The author is Wallace Shawn and the admirable direction is by Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Kathy Whitton Baker. (11/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—The moral of this harsh and yet *continuously entertaining* play by Michael Frayn is that no good deed goes unpunished. The cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones, and the direction is by Michael Blakemore. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Deal—Bob Fosse's bewildering attempt to transform an old Italian movie into a contemporary Broadway musical is made all the more bewildering by his use of old American songs in new tempos. The Fosse choreography remains brilliant and the cast is apparently unfazed by the bizarre activities it is called upon to carry out. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Bosoms and Neglect—The play is non-vintage John Guare, but as revived, and under the brisk direction of Larry Arrick, it seems at least funnier than it did seven years ago. Anne Meara is very good as a blind old woman of eighty-three who neglects her bosom. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Corpse!—A so-called comedy thriller that is more comic than thrilling, but Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea have such a good time piling up corpses that they prove irresistible. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Daughters—The DiAngelo women of Brooklyn would make rather trying company were it not for the performances of the actresses who play them. John Morgan Evans was the dramatist, John Henry Davis directed. (4/14/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Equity Library Theatre—Chekhov's **the three sisters** in a new translation by Lanford Wilson will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, April 17, and will run through Sunday, May 4. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Goblin Market—A musical with a book and lyrics by Polly Pen and Peggy Harmon, adapted from Christina Rossetti's poem of the same name. The score is by Miss Pen. This production was seen last fall at the Vineyard Theatre. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matineés Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline is one of our finest actors, and his Hamlet has much to commend it, but he is almost done in by the foolish, intrusive production and the poor work of the supporting company. (3/24/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, April 16, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz, John Mahoney, and Stockard Channing, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. After Sunday, April 20, no performances until Tuesday, April 29, when the show will reopen at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theatre.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—A Broadway novelty (and novelty is all it is), consisting of women who sing innumerable Jerry Herman songs and other women who do dance numbers. The "girls"

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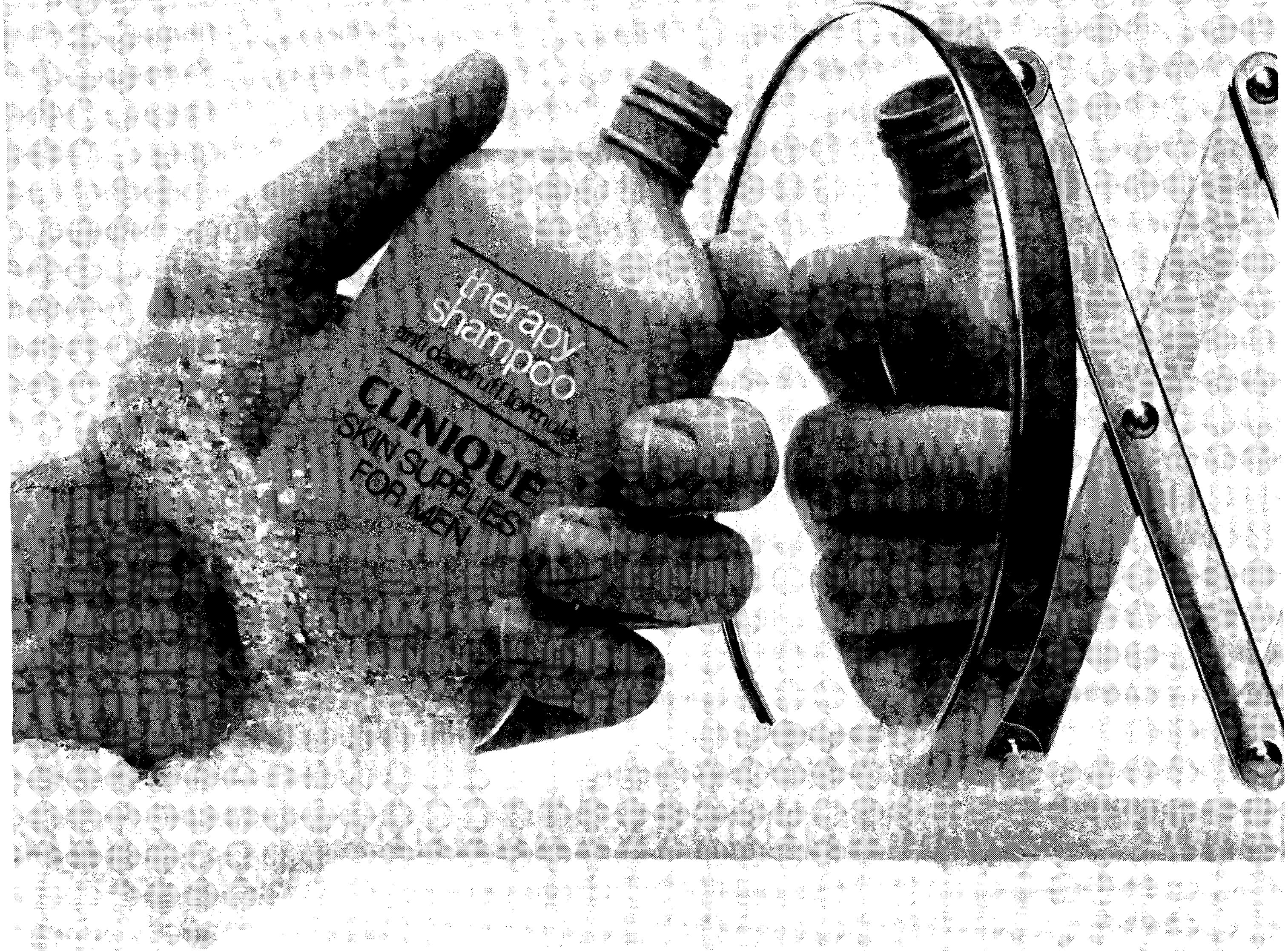

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include Dorothy Loudon and Leslie Uggams. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Largo Desolato—A woefully wrongheaded production of an ironic tragicomedy by the Czech dramatist Václav Havel. (4/7/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterly comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, April 20: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 23: **TRIAL BY JURY** and **COX & BOX** (lyrics by F. C. Bernand). (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Loot—A far too mild revival of Joe Orton's fierce and highly polished farce about all sorts of criminal activity in England, but with considerable merriment, all the same. With Joseph Maher and Zeljko Ivanek, among others. John Tillinger directed. (3/3/86) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

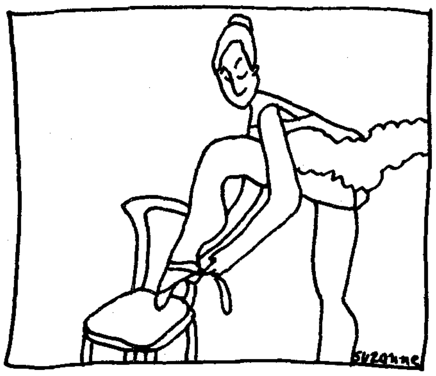
The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, Charlotte Moore, David Margulies, and Kate McGregor-Stewart is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Petition—A two-character play by Brian Clark, starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. Directed by Peter Hall. Previews through Wednesday, April 23. Opens officially on Thursday, April 24. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Precious Sons—A tale of miserable lower-middle-class life in Chicago in the late forties. Ed Harris and Judith Ivey are the stars. The author is George Furth. (3/31/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Principia Scriptoriae—An empty but certainly actable play by Richard Nelson, set in a Latin-American country that changes from right-wing to left-wing dictatorship in the course of the action. Anthony Heald and Joe Urla are excellent in the leading roles of two writers. Lynne Meadow directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 27.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations—some harsh, some tender—written for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—An unwelcome curiosity, which attempts to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—A comedy by Andrew Bergman, starring Marlo Thomas and Ron Silver. Mike Nichols is the director. Previews Wednesday, April 16. Opens officially on Thursday, April 17. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

So Long on Lonely Street—A Southern Gothic comedy that tiresomely recapitulates a dozen other Southern Gothic comedies, some of them going back to the War Between the States. The author is Sandra Deer. (4/14/86) (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song & Dance—Imported from England and tricked up for the American trade, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Vienna: Lusthaus—A production of the Music-Theatre Group/Lenox Arts Center. Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke, with a text by Charles Mee, Jr., and a score by Richard Peaslee. Previews through Friday, April 18. Opens officially on Saturday, April 19, at 9:30, and will run through Saturday, May 3. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays, except April 19, at 7 and 9:30. Matinée Wednesday, April 23, at 2.)

Wasted—A first play, by Fred Gamel, about a platoon of Marines in Vietnam, most of them black, who receive the news of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s assassination. Clinton Turner Davis directed the able cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Williams and Walker—A musical triumph about the great Bert Williams, who, in 1910, became the first black comedian to star on Broadway, and about his partner, George Walker. Ben Harney and Vondie Curtis-Hall are the marvellous stars. The score is authentic ragtime, by Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Williams himself, and others. Strong, lively direction by Shauneille Perry, choreography by Lenwood Sloan, and musical direction by Neal Tate, who accompanies the show on the piano, with a percussionist at his side. (3/17/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Fridays at 10; Saturdays at 1 and 4:15; Sundays at 5:30; Tuesday, April 22, at 12 and 3:30; and Wednesday, April 23, at 3.)

Wrestlers—A new play by and with Bill C. Davis, directed by Geraldine Fitzgerald. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** A chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back further—and fondly—upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,808 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and

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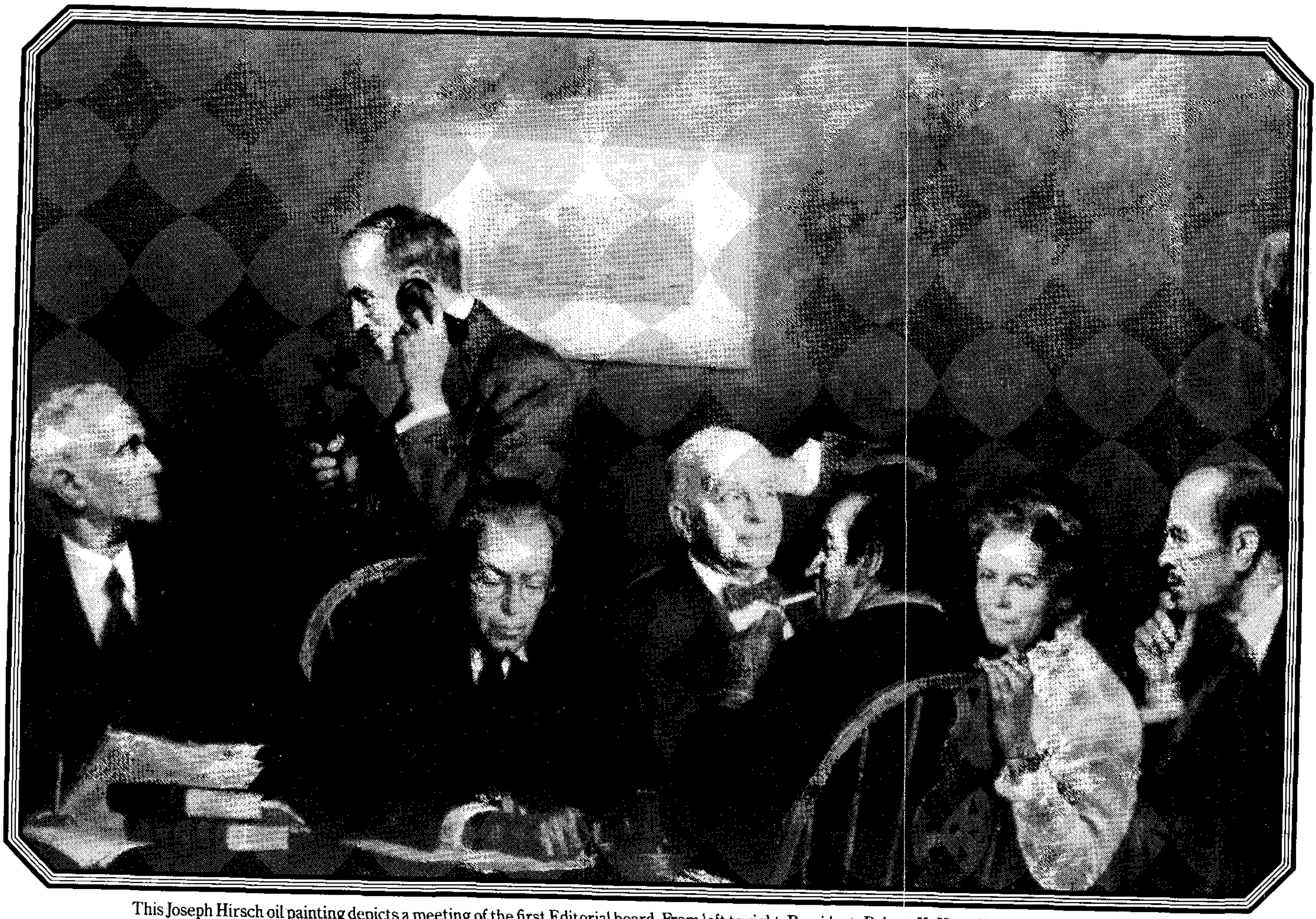

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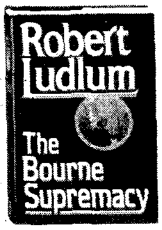
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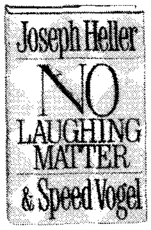
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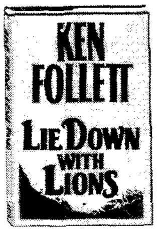
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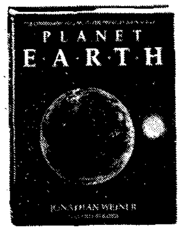
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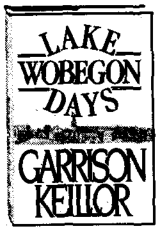
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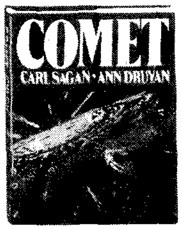
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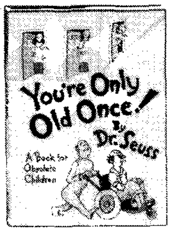
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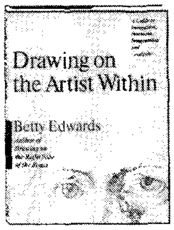
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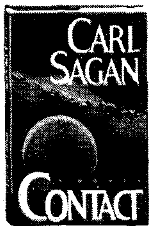
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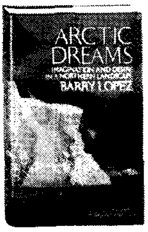
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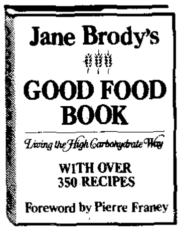
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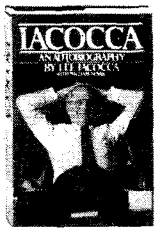
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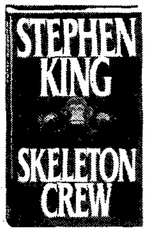
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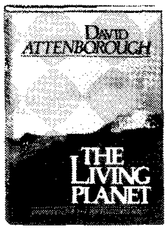
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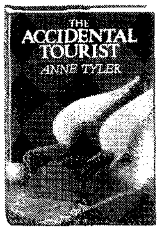
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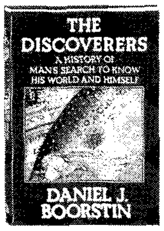
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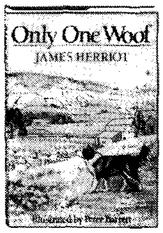
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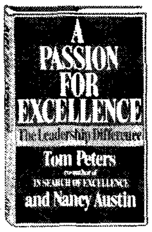
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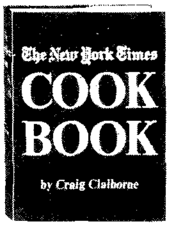
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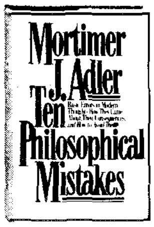
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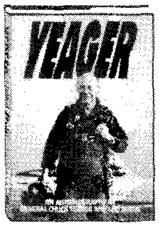

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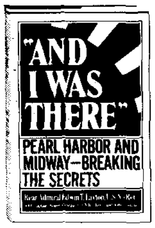
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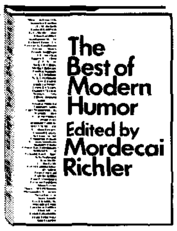
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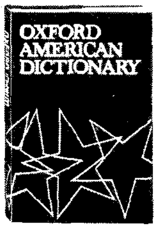
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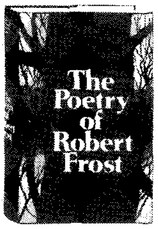
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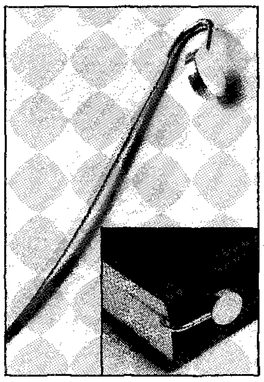

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. After Sunday, April 20, no performances until Thursday, May 1.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—*Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-sixteenth edition.* (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Friday, April 18, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 17, at 10:30; Saturdays and Friday, April 25, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Thursday, April 24, at 10:30 and 2:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the performance on Wednesday evening, April 23, may be cancelled. Through Sunday, June 1.)

THE FLYING KARAMAZOV BROTHERS—Hilarious joking and juggling by some exceptionally gifted young men, who were all born closer to the Russian River than to Russia, which is just as well. (4/14/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. Wednesday through Saturday, April 16-19, at 8, and Sunday, April 20, at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, April 19-20, at 2. Moves to Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre for performances Wednesday, April 23, through Sunday, May 4. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For information about tickets for either theatre, call 239-6200.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—Opening performances of a five-week engagement by a mime-and-mask trio. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, April 22-23. Opens officially on Thursday, April 24, and will run through Sunday, May 25. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 22—Tuesday, April 22, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Eight More," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 23, at 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Valse Triste," "La Source," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 24, at 8: "Valse-Fantaisie," "Antique Epigraphs," "Prodigal Son," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Friday, April 25, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "In Memory of. . . ," and Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 2: "Valse Triste," "La Source," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 8: "Valse-Fantaisie," "Pas de Deux," "Prodigal Son," and "Glass Pieces." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

JOFFREY BALLET—The engagement will end with performances of "Romeo and Juliet." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday through Saturday, April 16-19, at 8, and Sunday, April 20, at 2 and 7:30.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, April 16, at 8; Sunday, April 20, at 3; and Saturday, April 26, at 8: "Diggity," "Nightshade," and "A Musical Offering." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, and Tuesday, April 22, at 8: "From Sea to Shining Sea," "Runes," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Friday, April 18, and Wednesday, April 23, at 8: "Arden Court," ". . . Byzantium," and "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala" ("From Soup to Nuts"). . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, and Thursday, April 24, at 8: "Equinox," "Snow White," "Junction," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Friday, April 25, at 8: "Roses," "Last Look," and "Esplanade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 27.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 16, at 8; Thursday, April 17, at 8 (a benefit performance, with the Dave Brubeck quartet); and Sunday, April 20, at 2: "Revels," "Continuum," "Frail Demons," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 8: "Schubert," "Figura," and "Hoopla!" . . . ¶ Sunday, April 20, at 7:30: "A Stravinsky Montage," "Porcelain Dialogues," "Re-Enter, Pierrot," and "The Station." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

JIM SELF AND DANCERS—Final performances of the engagement. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, April 17-19, at 8, and Sunday, April 20, at 3.)

PERIDANCE—Programs of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 22-23, and Friday, April 25, at 8; Saturday, April 26, at 2; and Sunday, April 27, at 2—a benefit performance. For tickets, call 505-0886.)

NIGHT LIFE

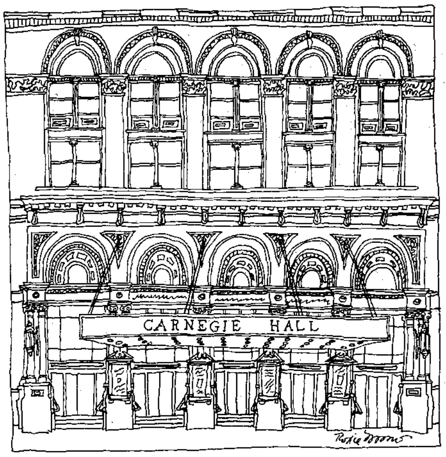
(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—*Michael Feinstein sings in the Oak Room* until Saturday, April 19, and on Tuesday, April 22, **JULIE WILSON** will begin singing. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Friday and Saturday, *April 18-19, pianist* **BILL MAYS** *performs* with bassist **RUFUS REID,** and Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, singer **CARMEN LUNDY** and guitarist **RODNEY JONES** will be present. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** *is ensconced in this club to sing* in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. A little later on in the evening, another fine singer, **KAREN AKERS,** can be heard. Her shows run from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**BILLY ECKSTINE** sings through Sunday, April 20; Monday, April 21, the **BILL HARDMAN ALL-STARS**, featuring **JUNIOR COOK,** own the place; and starting Tuesday, April 22, singer, chirper, and pianist **TANIA MARIA** will take over with her group. Sets from about nine. **TED CURSON** heads a jam session after the last set every night but Monday until about four in the morning. Dining.



BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—"Just Once," a musical, is presented Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight; Fridays and Saturdays at seven-thirty and eleven; and Sundays at seven-thirty. Mondays, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** & the Banshees of Blue lay it down at eight and eleven.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists: **RON CARTER** and **STEVE KUHN** through Saturday, April 19; on Sunday, April 20, **BILL MAYS** and **MR. CARTER;** and starting Monday, April 21, **BUDDY MONTGOMERY** and **RAY DRUMMOND.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the vigorous interpreter of show, movie, and pre-punk popular music, is back in the Café Carlyle, along with his trusty sidekicks, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Their hours are Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. On Thursday, April 24, pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** will fill in for Mr. Short and company. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A music back room way out West—West 14th Street, that is—with authentically exurban pitchers of beer on the tables and plaid flannel shirts on the customers. Wednesday, April 16, veteran folkie **PATRICK SKY;** Saturday, April 19, mandolin magician **FRANK WAKEFIELD** and band; and Saturday, April 26, the Mark Graham Show. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** whose vocal style is cool and nondramatic, sings through Sunday, April 20, and on Tuesday, April 22, drummer **LOUIE BELLSON'S** quartet will trade sets with singer Sue Raney and her accompanist. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

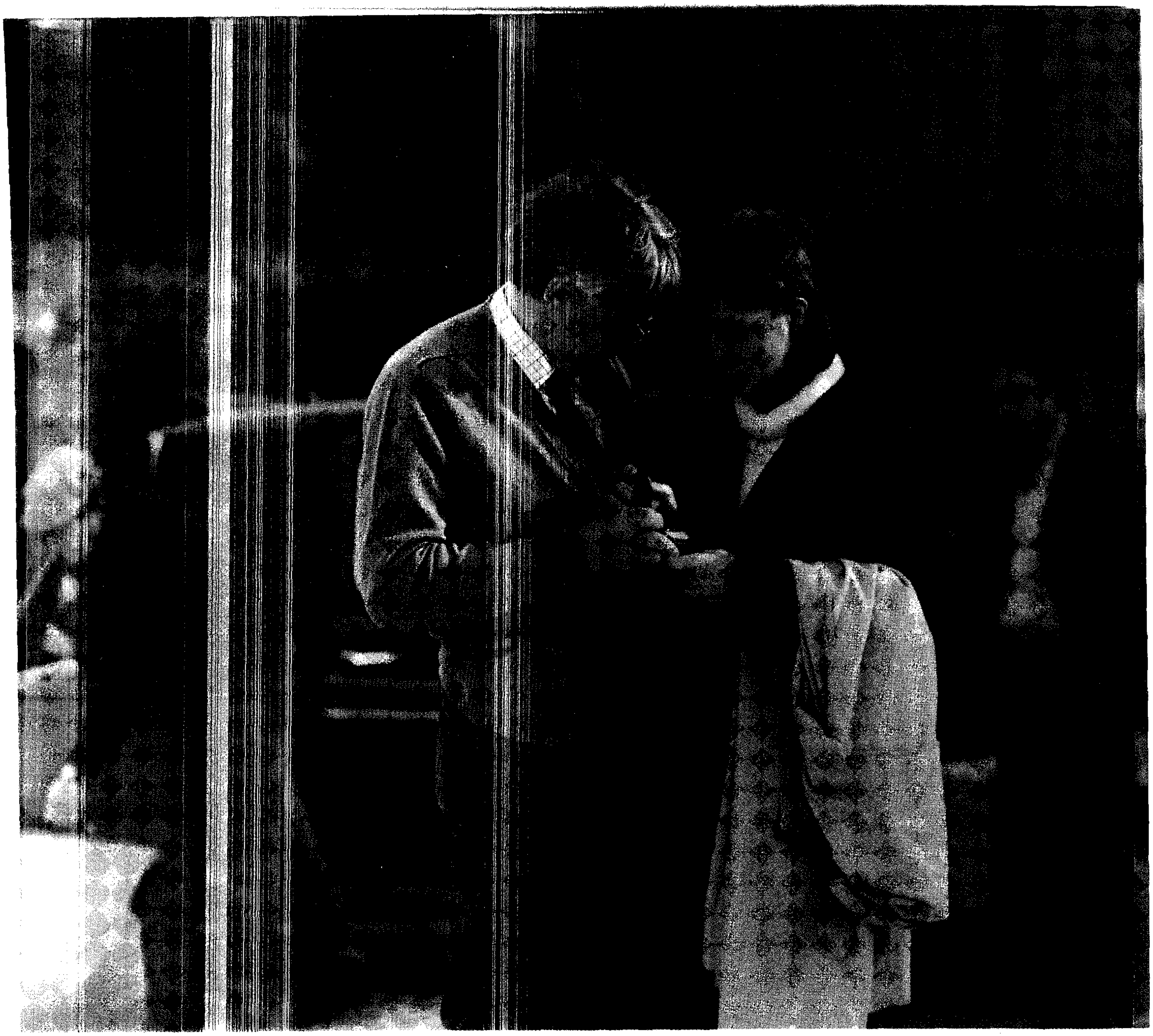
FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** can be found here Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Judy Niemack sings with help from Mitch Stein and Dennis Irwin Wednesdays through Saturdays; on Sundays, bassist-vocalist **JAY LEONHART** is present; Mondays are the property of singer Stan Edwards; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The dining-room grand is in the hands of **NEVILLE DICKIE** Tuesdays through Saturdays; Sundays are claimed by Amy Duncan; and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **JOHN HICKS** and **MICKEY BASS** play together through Saturday, April 19, and starting Tuesday, April 22, **BILL MAYS** will be joined by **MICHAEL FORMANEK.** Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, guitarist David



The last time she saw England.

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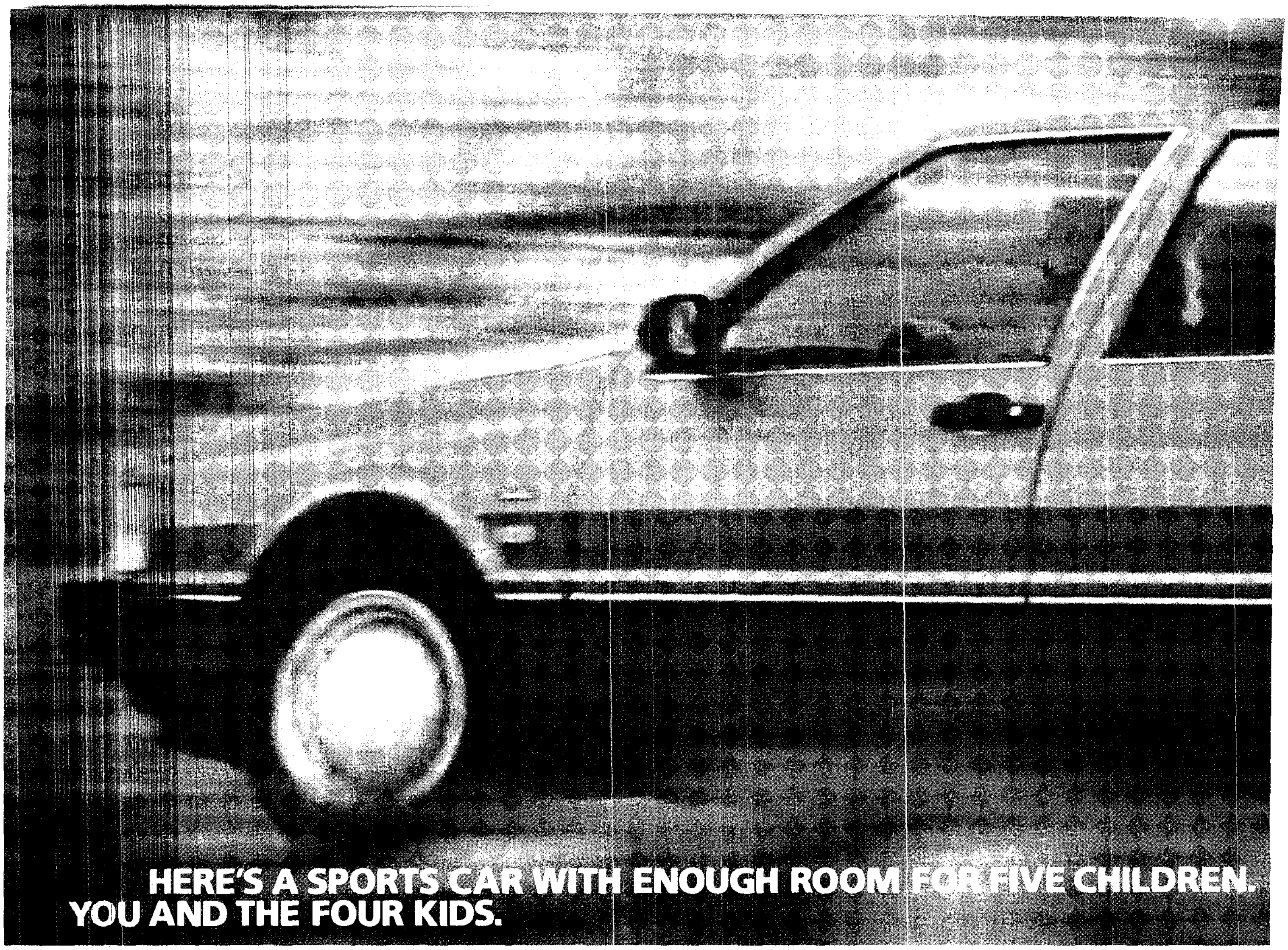

What a drag it is getting old, somebody once said.

On the other hand, consider somebody who faces maturity in the new Saab 9000.

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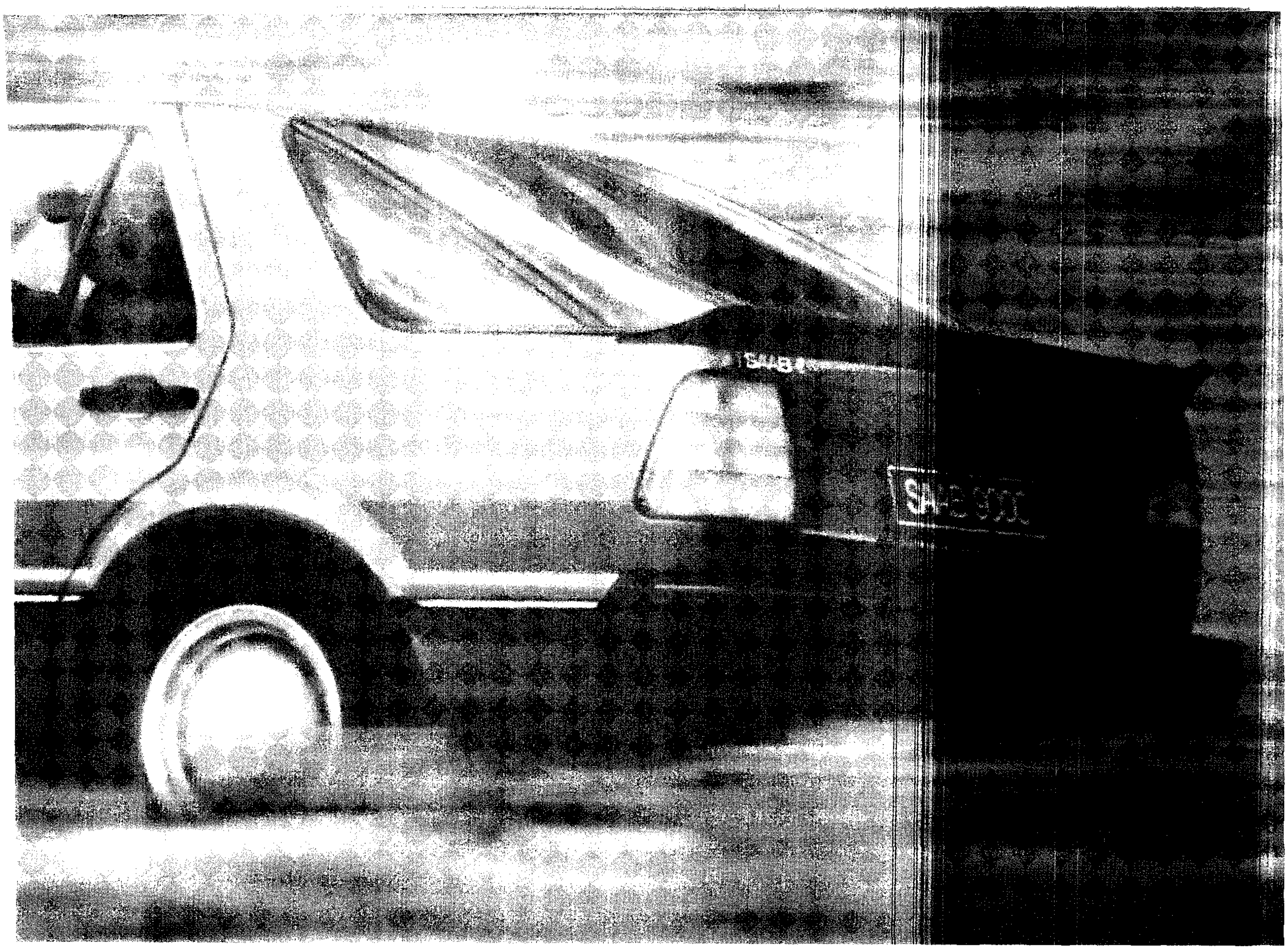

pre[illegible] stimulated mentally and physically [illegible] turned into a marshmallow by all the luxury. Rather, each "appointment" aims to make you a better, safer, more interested driver.

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As routine as brushing your teeth, the use of these three products twice a day improves the appearance, comfort and future of any man's skin. Photographed for Clinique by Irving Penn. ©1985 Clinique Labs., Inc.

“Future generations must be inheritors… not just survivors.”

George Schaller

Snow leopards in the Himalayas. Tigers in the wilds of India. Mountain gorillas and lions in Africa. Jaguars in the swamps of Brazil.

George Schaller, pictured here with a snow leopard, has spent years in remote and rugged places studying the natural history of rare animals—and fighting for their survival.

He sees these animals as symbols of the habitats in which they live. Preserve their habitats and thousands of other plants and animals will be assured of a home.

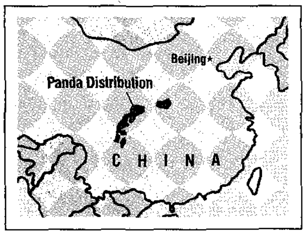
As director of Wildlife Conservation International, a division of the New York Zoological Society, Schaller and the staff have helped establish more than 50 reserves around the world.

One of the 1000 remaining giant pandas.

He points out that the destruction of environments is now so drastic that, in the decades ahead, the nature of life on earth will be irrevocably changed.

For Schaller, saving fragments of nature is an urgent task.

Recently he faced one of his greatest challenges. With Chinese scientists, he collaborated in a project to save the 1000 giant pandas still alive in the wild. Currently he is working on the Tibetan plateau to help preserve the wildlife of those remote uplands.

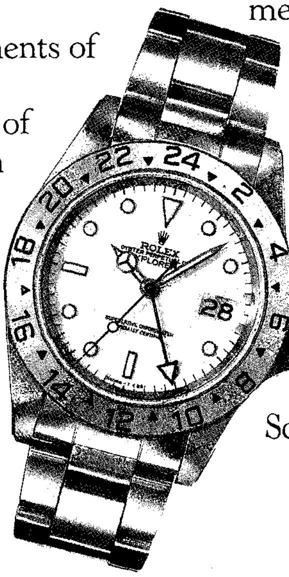


China: Site of panda rescue mission.

Since his work takes him to some of the most forbidding places on earth, choosing the right equipment is crucial. Not surprisingly, Schaller wears a Rolex.

“My watch must be absolutely reliable, as animal observations are recorded under the most demanding conditions. My Rolex has never let me down.”

Inhospitable conditions seem to pose no problem for George Schaller. Or his Rolex.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lindley and keyboardist Joe Bidewell; Sunday, April 20, Galt MacDermot's New Pulse Jazz Band and Sweet Liss & the Swells; Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22, John Mayall & the Bluesbreakers and Bugs Henderson; Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24, Rumor Has It and Ned Sublette; Friday, April 25, Mink DeVille; and Saturday, April 26, La Bamba & the Hubcaps. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**Barbara Cook,** who sings in a satisfyingly clear, ringing soprano, is on the podium at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. The music: Wednesday, April 16, Axiom; Thursday, April 17, Carol McDonald & the Dirty Blondes; Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, **Art Farmer** with **Clifford Jordan;** Monday, April 21, **Jump Street;** Tuesday, April 22, Thom Rotella; and Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, **Paquito D'Rivera.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, April 17, Divine; Friday, April 18, the Dead Milkmen, Dean & the Weanies, and Glass Eye; Saturday, April 19, Mental as Anything and Hard Facts; and Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, Lords of the New Church and American Girls. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, and American music. Wednesday, April 16, Michigan & Smiley; Thursday, April 17, **Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society;** Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, Tabou Combo; Tuesday, April 22, **Buddy Rich** and his big band; Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24, way-out saxophonist **Henry Threadgill & the Society Situation Dance Band;** and Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, **Mikata.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—New Orleans' own **Dirty Dozen Brass Band** is here through Sunday, April 20, with its enlightened repertoire of Monk, Ellington, Brown (James), and Jackson (Michael). On Tuesday, April 22, the **Cecil Taylor Unit** will move in. Mondays are given over to the bluesy and bopping singer **Dakota Staton.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple, basic (in the age of extravagance) blues and rock club. Wednesday, April 16, Diane Scanlon; Thursday through Saturday, April 17-19, **Buster Poindexter;** Monday, April 21, the Stigalators; Tuesday, April 22, the Mad Violets; Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24, Cajunists Terrence Simien & the Mallet Playboys; and Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, Delta-blues singer and guitarist **Cedell Davis.** Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Music in the downstairs room: on Sunday, April 20, at nine-thirty, **Clark Terry's** quartet, and on Monday, April 21, after nine, it's flute-and-salsa night, with **Dave Valentin's** group, **José Fajardo's** orchestra, and guest soloist **Herbie Mann.** . . . ¶ On the Terrace, pianist **Roland Hanna** is on hand until Sunday, April 20, and then on Tuesday, April 22, bassist **Reggie Workman** will provide the music. Music at nine-thirty. Jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** is also present, with a trio, on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Tenor saxophonist **George Coleman** heads up his quartet through Sunday, April 20, and on Tuesday, April 22, Mingus-alumni saxophonist **George Adams** and pianist **Don Pullen** will bring in their quartet. Mondays remain prime time for the **Mel Lewis Orchestra.** Music from nine-thirty.

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Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Guitarist **Gene Bertoncini** and bassist **Michael Moore** wind up a week here on Sunday, April 20, and on Monday, April 21, pianist **Ray Bryant** will arrive with bassist **Jimmy Rowser.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Brian Setzer & the Radiation Ranch, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, and **the Del Lords**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, April 18, at 8.

Abdullah Ibrahim—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, April 18, at 8.

Jean Redpath—With Abbey Newton and John Graham. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

Latin Jazz All-Stars—Ray Barretto, Hilton Ruiz, Mario Rivera, and others. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

Royal New York Doo-Wopp Show—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 8.

Folk Festival—With Pete Seeger, Ronnie Gilbert, Skyline, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

James Cotton, Pinetop Perkins, and **Valerie Wellington**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, April 19, at 8.

Lydia Mendoza and **los Pregoneros del Puerto**—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Saturday, April 19, at 8.

Aardvark Jazz Orchestra—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, April 20, at 7.

Scott Johnson—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22, at 8.

Blues Concert—John Lee Hooker & the Coast to Coast Blues Band, Elvin Bishop, Johnny Copeland, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

ART

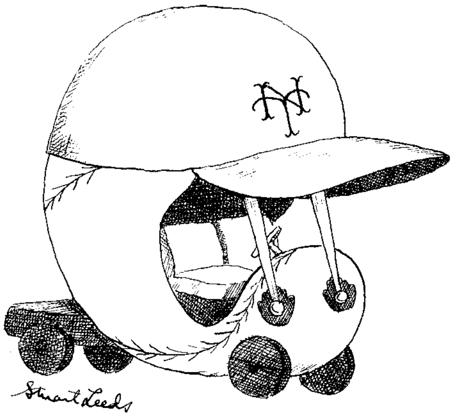
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Recent and earlier paintings and works on paper representing his cast of fantastical figures and objects. Through May 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Enrico Donati—Vividly colored abstractions whose layered look is derived from ground quartz and other substances that have been added to the medium. Through Saturday, April 26. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

René Genis—Tropical landscapes and related still-lifes. Through May 10. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)



Aharon Gluska—Nonobjective paintings and drawings. Through May 3. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Jeffrey Kronsnoble—Trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through Saturday, April 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Charles Maurin (1856-1914)—Landscapes done with a sprayed-watercolor technique invented by the artist. Also, drawings and watercolors by Maurin's contemporaries, Toulouse-Lautrec and Villon among them. Through May 3. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Mitchell—Abstract paintings completed in 1985. Through May 10. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Owen Morrel—An abstract bronze sculpture and five very large pencil drawings of the piece as it would appear if it were enlarged to monumental scale. Through May 10. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert Motherwell—Oil paintings and collages, all recent work. Through May 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Mel Pekarsky—Desert landscapes from the past ten years. Through Saturday, April 26. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kikuo Saito—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Reeve Schley III—Watercolors of the seashore, landscapes, and buildings in New York. Through Saturday, April 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Maurice Sievan (1898-1981)—Abstract Expressionist paintings with indistinct figures. Through Saturday, April 26. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Mario Sironi (1885-1961)—Paintings and works on paper. Through May 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Eve Sonneman—This artist is showing oils for the first time as well as some of her watercolors and photographs. Through Saturday, April 26. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Cy Twombly—Paintings, drawings, and bronzes spanning his career to date. Through May 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Carol Wald—Painted photo-collages whose subject is the exploits of the French sailor Alain Gerbault. Through Friday, April 25. (Smith, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Willard Gallery Anniversary—The gallery that takes the credit for introducing such artists as David Smith, Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, and Dorothy Dehner has mounted the work of these and other artists in the first of two fiftieth-anniversary exhibits in memory of its founder, Marian Willard Johnson. Through May 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **CDS Gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings and photographs by eight contemporary artists and their selections of a work by an artist who influenced their development—Ida Applebroog and Ree Morton, Komar & Melamid and Raphael Soyer, Tina Barney and Nan Goldin, for example. Through May 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Stone,** 48 E. 86th St.: Abstract paintings by Robert Baribeau, landscapes by Richard Sheehan, and whimsical ceramic sculptures of automobiles by Dennis Clive. Through April 30. . . . **Wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of about a hundred paintings and works on paper from the Princeton University Art Museum. These works—by Europeans and Americans—include a Degas "Dancers," Ammi Phillips's "The Girl in Pink," and Willem de Kooning's "Black Friday." Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through May 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Beckman / Richard Shaw—Realist paintings: portraits and Dutchess County landscapes. / Figures and lighthouses rendered in

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ceramic sculptures that have a trompe-l'oeil reality. Through April 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop / Hank Virgona—Paintings and drawings. / Watercolors from a subway series. Through Saturday, April 26. (Dorsky, 58 W. 58th St.)

Tom Blackwell—Paintings. Through May 10. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Cushing—Traditional landscape paintings on canvas and studies for them in oil on paper. Through Wednesday, April 23. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Brad Davis / Thomas Stimm—Large-scale mountain landscapes, seen close up for the most part. / Fanciful painted-ceramic sculptures of interiors (a bathroom), landscapes (a country road), and a man's head. Through Saturday, April 26. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stuart Davis (1892-1964)—Paintings and drawings of Provincetown and Gloucester, which provide a good key to the artist's development. Through Saturday, April 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stuart Diamond—Painted constructions and mixed-medium paintings whose themes center chiefly on conflict and war. Through May 7. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—A new series of figure paintings called "The Resurrection." Through May 7. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Heliker—Paintings of scenes along the Maine Coast—a clamdigger, a boathouse—and a few still-lifes. Through Saturday, April 26. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jonathan Lasker—Abstractions. Through Saturday, April 26. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—New open-form welded-metal sculptures. Through Wednesday, April 23. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Peter Loftus / Polly Kraft—Paintings of landscapes around Santa Cruz, California. / Oil still-lifes. Through April 29. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Antonio Lopéz García / Lisa Fonssagrives-Penn—Paintings of cityscapes, still-lifes, portraits on wood, plus a few sculptures. / Small bronzes reminiscent of animal forms. Through Saturday, April 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Thirty-one watercolors from the twenties, and drawings from 1917 to 1931. Through Saturday, April 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bruce McLean—Functional painted plates and bowls that the artist made at Fulham Pottery, in England. Through May 10. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Carved-basalt sculptures. Through Saturday, April 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland / James Wolfe—New paintings concentrating on diamond and chevron shapes. Through Saturday, April 26. / Abstract forms using painted, curled steel. Through May 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick / Martha Diamond—New abstract paintings in oil and gouache. / Cityscapes bordering on abstraction. Through May 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Harry Roseman—Cut-paper collages by a sculptor. Through Saturday, April 26. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Richard Serra—New drawings that complement a large show of sculptures at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Saturday, April 26. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Siegel—Paintings and works on paper depicting pigeons—walking on cobblestone streets, perched on corners of buildings. Through May 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jerald Silva—Nude figures, sometimes overlapping, painted in watercolors. Through Saturday, April 26. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michelle Stuart / Jacqueline Poncelet—Mural-size paintings, each composed of more than a hundred encaustic-canvas squares that are affixed to the walls with Velcro. / Abstract ceramic sculptures. Through Saturday, April 26. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—Two exhibits: paintings at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St., and drawings at Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. Both shows through Saturday, April 26.

Ger van Elk—Painted landscape photographs are transformed into formidable three-dimensional works when stretched over polyhedral frames. Also, preparatory drawings. Through May 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Etchings by three Italian Old Masters: fourteen by Canaletto, a complete set of "Vari Capricci" by Tiepolo, and forty-five by Piranesi. Through May 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Baldessari—Photographic works by a Conceptualist. Through Saturday, April 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Miquel Barceló—Paintings. Through May 3. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Georg Baselitz—Four new paintings by a Neo-Expressionist. Through Saturday, April 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Charles Bell / Nathan Slate Joseph—Photo-Realist paintings. / Painted-metal wall constructions. Through Saturday, April 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76)—Prints. Through April 30. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Paolo Buggiani—Imaginary creatures sculptured from wood and metal and inhabiting an environment created by Mediterranean landscape paintings. Through Saturday, April 26. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Pizzi Cannella—Italian landscapes and interiors. Through May 1. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

D. Capobianco—Graphite drawings of crude interlocking ladder forms. Through Saturday, April 19. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Betsy Damon—Pastel drawings of desert landscapes on scroll-like paper. Also, handmade-paper wall reliefs. Through Saturday, April 26. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Lucien Day—Seven-foot-tall three-dimensional cityscapes in watercolor covered with Lucite, showing, for instance, the new I.B.M. Building or the World Trade Center. Through April 30. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Giuseppe Gallo—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, April 19. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

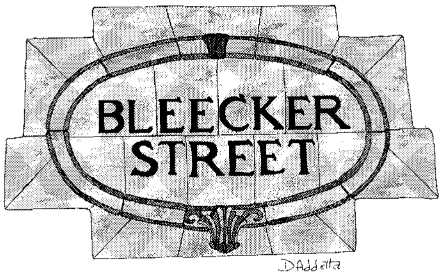
April Gornik—Paintings and drawings by a landscapist who capitalizes on nature's overstatements. Through May 10. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Robert Grosvenor / Peter Campus—Three large metal sculptures. / Black-and-white photographs of the Hudson River highlands. Through Saturday, April 26. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Robert Henry—Paintings of figures encased in frames that look stenciled. Through Saturday, April 26. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

John Hultberg—A veteran New York artist showing paintings in which (often) landscapes, cityscapes, and figures converge. Through May 10. (Shapolsky, formerly Arbitrage, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Jim Jacobs / Max Cole—Lacquer paintings. / Drawings on Plexiglas superimposed on canvas. Through May 3. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)



Yvonne Jacquette / Ken Goodman—Paintings and pastels of Tokyo at night. / Paintings in which a realist portrait merges with abstract brushstrokes, plus similar charcoal drawings. Through May 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Komar & Melamid—Large multipanel works blending numerous art styles. Through May 10. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Leonard Koscianski—Paintings of wild animals, predators and prey, meant to reflect human behavior. Through Saturday, April 26. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

George Longfish—Acrylic paintings incorporating pictographs and other images associated with the artist's American Indian heritage. Through May 3. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Michael Lucero—A dozen huge clay animals: a moth, for instance, with an eight-foot wingspan. Through Saturday, April 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Chris Macdonald—Sculptures of roughly carpentered wood forms with wheels, and charcoal drawings of the world they might ride around in. Through Saturday, April 26. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

David Mach—Two sculptures: a dragster held up by dozens of plastic dolls, and a Harley-Davidson motorcycle apparently climbing a wall. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Jay Milder—A retrospective of paintings, works on paper, and sculptures. Through April 30. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Grégoire Müller—Figure paintings with social themes. Through April 30. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Manuel Pardo / Y-J Cho—Stylized portraits of androgynous figures. / Photo-Realist watercolors of architectural details. Through May 3. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St. Open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Anthony Polizzi—Abstractions, including impastoed paintings on paper and painted polystyrene-and-foam-board sculptures. Through Saturday, April 26. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Joseph Raffael—Landscapes in oil (with Japanese motifs) and watercolors of oversize birds and moths. Through May 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

David Salle / Jean Kallino—Recent paintings. / Photographs of a performance of a play for which David Salle designed the sets and costumes. Through May 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **bryers**, 111 Greene St.: Paintings, mostly, by Mike Bidlo, Keith Haring, Rhonda Zwillinger, and many others in an exhibit that pays tribute to the late artist Nicolas Moufarrege. Through May 10. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through July 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Katharine T. Carter—Paintings. Through May 31. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

William Fares—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 26. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Christopher Lucas—Abstract paintings on wood—sometimes bent wood—whose surfaces are heavily worked with oils, varnishes, waxes, washes, and glazes. Through May 3. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Terry Rosenberg—Drawings that were done from live models in the artist's studio. Through May 3. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Robert Terry—Landscape paintings reflecting the influence of Munch and others. Through May 4. (Bernarducci, 17 E. 17th St. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Sundays.)

Not Vital—Abstractions by a Swiss artist, of animal forms in bronze, bronze and marble, and oil on paper. Through April 27. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **artists space,** 223 West Broadway: Paintings by Lee Mullican and Gordon Onslow-Ford, and a geodesic dome and animal sculptures impastoed with sequins, gems, and beads by Gerome Kamrowski. Through May 10. . . . **city gallery,** 2 Columbus Circle: The Franklin Furnace has mounted a show here of books and prints by Cobra artists. Through Saturday, April 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Additional Cobra works (paintings) are at the Galeria Joan Prats, 24 W. 57th St. Through May 3. . . . **new york studio school,** 8 W. 8th St.: Guy Goodwin, Brice Marden, and Elizabeth Murray are each represented by an abstract painting and several related drawings. Through May 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **p.s. 1,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: "Images of the Unknown," an exhibit of artists who avow a spiritual motivation for their work—for example, three visionary paintings by Joseph Parker, a recluse who lives in the desert, and a room-size piece by Ann McCoy in which the walls, ceiling, everything is painted a very dark blue, to make a sanctuary for her paintings and bronze preternatural figures. Through June 15. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt (1904-83)—Approximately a hundred vintage photographs. Through June 7. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

John Coplans / Herbert List (1903-75)—Silver prints of the artist's nude body revealed one part at a time. / Surrealist-influenced prints from the thirties. Through Saturday, April 26. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue—Photographs detailing upper-middle-class life in France between 1904 and 1980. Through May 10. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Adál Alberto Maldonado—Portraits of twenty-eight Latin-American musicians, among them Rubén Blades, Tito Puente, and Celia Cruz. Through May 2. (City Hall, Tweed Gallery, 52 Chambers St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Milton Rogovin—Photographs of the same low-income families in Buffalo, New York, that he documented in the early seventies and then again in the mid-eighties. Through Saturday, April 26. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—Roughly two hundred prints by this photojournalist, some previously unpublished. Through May 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Harvey Stein—Photographs of contemporary artists, including Alex Katz, Colette, and Dan Flavin. Through May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of seventy works by Rodin, including sculptures, preparatory drawings and models, and a new bronze cast of "The Burghers of Calais," will inaugurate the museum's new Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Exhibition Hall, on the second floor. Mr. Cantor collected the Rodin works. Starts Saturday, April 19. . . . ¶ A chronological arrangement of the school of Nuremberg's Gothic and Renaissance works of art winds its way through history with a selection that includes a fountain figure known as Hansel, oversize carved-oak statues of Christ and the Virgin by Veit Stoss, Dürer's sketch for a chandelier in the shape of a dragon and the finished chandelier itself, and brass sculptures by Peter Vischer, the Elder. Through June 22. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher. Through May 4. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra

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NY4-21-86

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the garden. Through May 13. A complementary show is at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Win Knowlton. Through Tuesday, April 22. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Naum Gabo, a leader in the Constructivist style in the twenties. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by contemporary abstractionist Jack Youngerman. Both shows through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of some of the works that will go to the new Musée d'Orsay when it opens in Paris later this year as the repository of the Louvre's collections of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, photographs, and decorative objects. Through May 5. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the life and career of Bronislava Nijinska, a dancer, choreographer, and member of the creative-genius crowd early in this century. This record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée" in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—This year's juried show includes more than two hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by member artists (Will Barnet, Nell Blaine, and Rosemarie Beck) and nonmember artists (Carl Ashby, Lionel Gilbert, and Elinore Schnurr). Through May 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—An exhibition of Sots Art, shorthand for unofficial works by Russian artists who managed to get out from under the thumb of the official Socialist Realism; all but one of the artists live here now, and all but one (a sculptor) are painters. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A seventy-fifth-anniversary show of original architectural drawings for the library, photographs of it during its construction and as it appears now, and furnishings designed by the library's architects. Through May 31. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artists Al Loving and Howardena Pindell are each represented by eighteen paintings and collages. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Performance: Peter Littlefield and Evan Lurie's musical production "The Cure," Friday through Sunday, April 18-20, at 11. . . . ¶ Video: Eric Bogosian's "Funhouse," Friday through Sunday, April 18-20, at midnight; Kit Fitzgerald and Paul Garrin's "Adelic Penguins," Saturday, April 19, at 8:30; and Michel Auder's "All Lights Off . . . ," Sunday, April 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dance: A. Leroy, with Charles Moulton and dancers, and Gretchen Langheld; music by Liquid Liquid, and Lenny Pickett and the Borneo Horns, Thursday, April 17, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Isabelle Marteau (dance), Friday through Sunday, April 18-20, at 9; Christine Brodbeck (dance), Saturday, April 19, at 11; Merián Soto and Pepón Osorio (dance), Friday through Sunday, April 25-27, at 9.

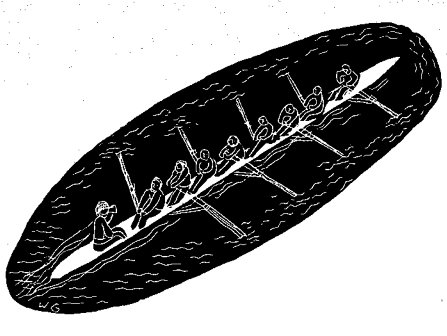
Note—John Cage will present the New York première of "Mushrooms et Variationes" at the Diane Brown Gallery, 100 Greene Street, Monday, April 21, at 8 and 10. For tickets, call 219-1060.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 16, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Richard J. Clark; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 8: "Carmen," with Catherine Malfitano, Maria Ewing, Vladimir Popov, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 18, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Aprile Millo, Giovanna Casolla, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 12:30: "Parsifal," with Gail Gilmore, Peter Hofmann, Simon Estes, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Richard J. Clark; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 21, at 8: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Vladimir Popov, and Ryan Edwards; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 22, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Aprile Millo, Giovanna Casolla, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 23, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Betsy Norden, Gail Dubinbaum, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Vernon Hartman; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 24, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Giorgio Lamberti, and Richard J. Clark; and "Pagliacci," with Mariana Nicolesco, James McCracken, and George Fortune. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday, April 25, at 8: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Vladimir Popov, and Ryan Edwards; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 2: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Betsy Norden, Gail Dubinbaum, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Vernon Hartman; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Aprile Millo, Giovanna Casolla, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender.



Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Staged by Dino Yannopoulos, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Klauspeter Seibel. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, April 16, and Friday, April 18, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 20, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays between 9:30 and 5:30.)

Vineyard Opera Shop—Performances of "Una Cosa Rara," a 1786 opera with a score by Martin y Soler and a libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte. James Kurtz is the conductor and Joseph LoSchiavo is the director. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Fridays and Saturdays, April 18-19 and 25-26, at 7:30; Sunday, April 20, at 6; and Sunday, April 27, at 3.)

Amato Opera Company—Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," in French and English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Bel Canto Opera—William B. Williams conducting performances of "The Haunted Castle," by Stanislaw Moniuszko. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturday, April 19, at 8, and Sunday, April 20, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Christopher Hogwood conducting an all-Mozart program on Thursday, April 17, at 8 (with Paige Brook, flute, and Judith LeClair, bassoon). . . . ¶ Martin Turnovsky directing a Martinu-Novak-Dvořák program on Friday, April 18, at 2, and Tuesday, April 22, at 7:30 (both with Marilyn Schmiege, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Werner Klemperer, narrator; and the New York Choral Artists). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a varied program on Thursday, April 24, at 8; Friday, April 25, at 2; and Saturday, April 26, at 8 (all with Philip Myers, horn; Paul Neubauer, viola; Renée Siebert, flute; and Philip Smith, trumpet).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing the New York première of three scenes from Messiaen's opera "St. Francis of Assisi," with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; José van Dam and Philippe Rouillon, baritones; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. The final concerts of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, at 8.)

Dresden Chamber Orchestra—Manfred Scherzer conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Tuesday, April 22, at 8.)

Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra—With Trevor Pinnock, harpsichord, and Daniel Stepner, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

"Nikola Šubić Zrinski"—Ivan Cerovac conducting the Philharmonia Hungarica in a concert version (in Croatian) of the opera by Ivan Zajc. With Barbara Hofstetter and Ozana Carrington, sopranos, and Werner Geilsdorfer, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 25, at 7:30.)

Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone, and Thomas Nyfenger, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8, and Sunday, April 20, at 3.)

String Revival—Howard Shanet conducting a string orchestra, with Eugenia Zukerman, flute, and Mark Peskanov, violin. (Faculty Room, Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, April 20, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—James Levine conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf

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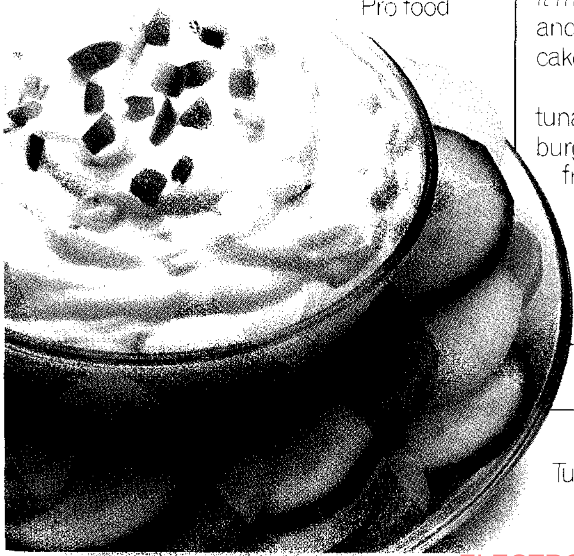

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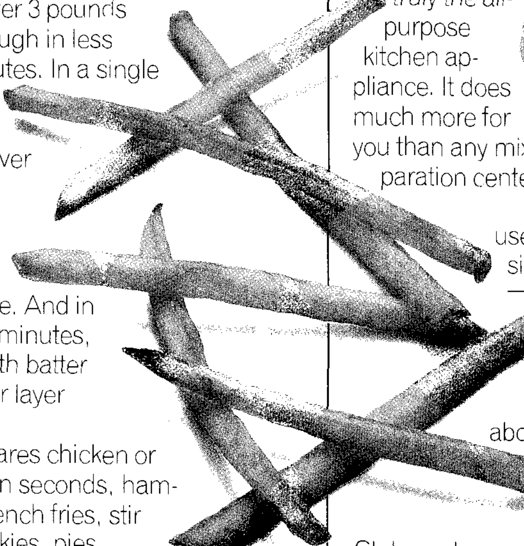

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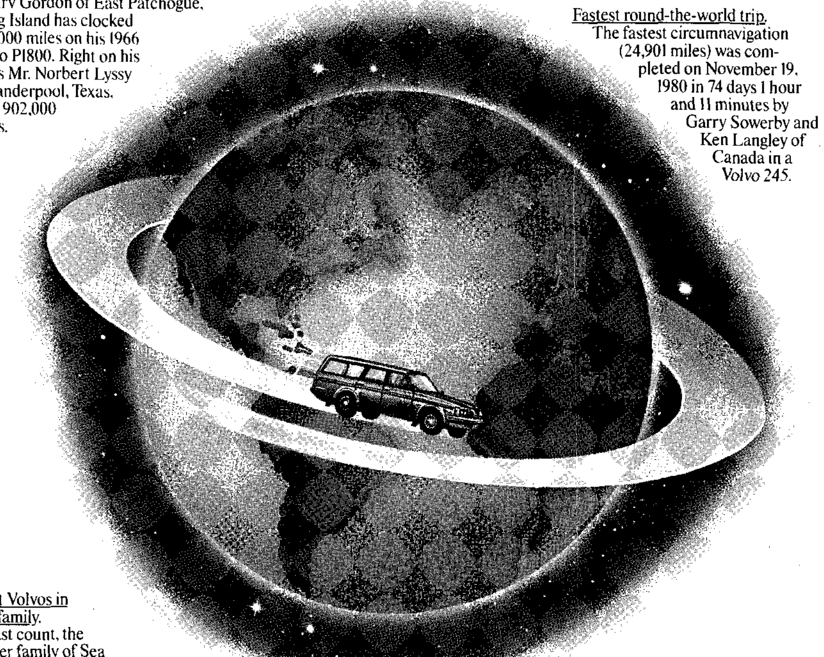
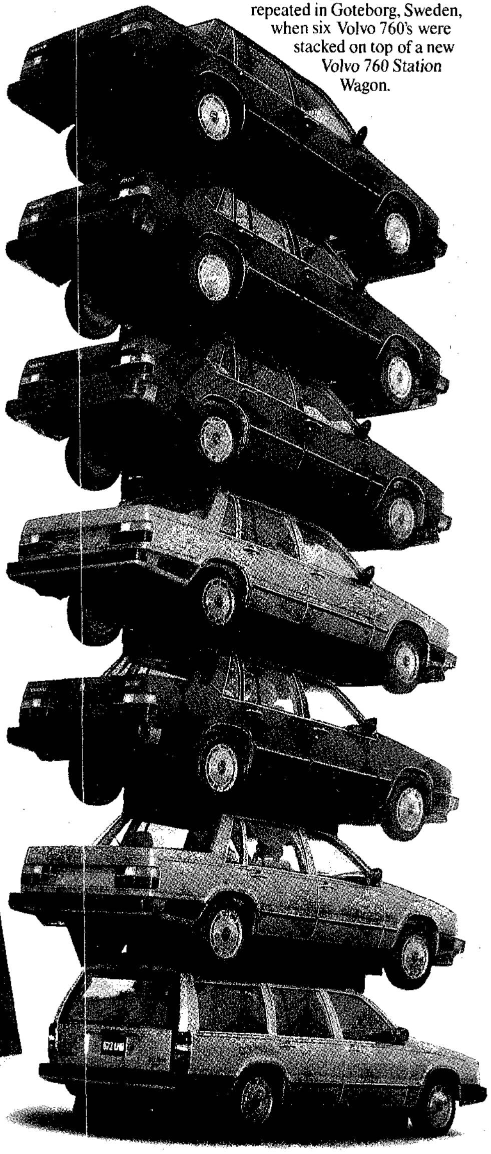
Mr. Irv Gordon of East Patchogue, Long Island has clocked 909,000 miles on his 1966 Volvo P1800. Right on his tail is Mr. Norbert Lyssy of Vanderpool, Texas, with 902,000 miles.

The tallest Volvo owner.
Mr. Dwayne Boyce measures 6′9″. With 37.5″ of headroom, his 1984 Volvo GL is one of the few cars that won't go to his head.

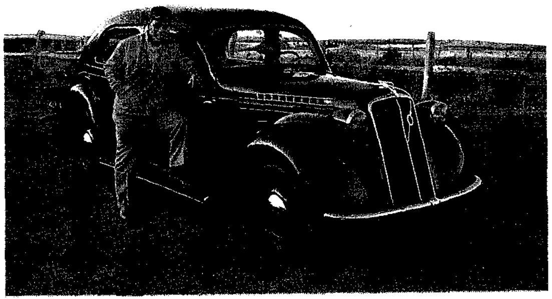


Fastest round-the-world trip.
The fastest circumnavigation (24,901 miles) was completed on November 19, 1980 in 74 days 1 hour and 11 minutes by Garry Sowerby and Ken Langley of Canada in a Volvo 245.

The most Volvos ever stacked on top of a Volvo.
The first known case of 'Volvo Stacking' took place in Mobile, Alabama in late 1971. Six Volvo 144s were stacked on top of another Volvo 144. This demonstration of Volvo's strength was recently repeated in Goteborg, Sweden, when six Volvo 760's were stacked on top of a new *Volvo 760 Station* Wagon.



Most Volvos in one family.
At last count, the Mozer family of Sea Cliff, New York, had bought a total of 12 Volvos since 1970.



The oldest Volvo in America. A 1936 Carioca PV36 owned by Charles Cunningham, a self professed Volvo connoisseur, of Topsham, Maine.

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Nils Bohlin's three-point safety belt design for Volvo (1959) was named one of the world's eight most important patents at the International Patent Conference in Munich, Germany in 1983.

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Serkin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Sunday, April 20, at 8.)

Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra—Richard Westenburg directing the last in a series of concerts; this one a Vivaldi-Mozart program. With Marvis Martin, soprano; Linn Maxwell, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Bogdan, tenor; and Bruce Kramer, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 18, at 7:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Michael Dash, countertenor; and Ben Holt, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Saturday, April 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of music from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth centuries. (St. John's Episcopal Church, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. Sunday, April 20, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—The second in a series of three programs, this one with Benita Valente, soprano, and Andras Schiff, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, at 8.)

Zenon Fishbein—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, April 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Music Spectrum—A program of French music, with Boris Berman, piano; Aurele Nicolet, flute; Doris Yarick-Cross, soprano; Leon Katz, narrator; and students from the Yale University School of Music. The last in a series of concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, April 17, at 8.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, April 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

American String Quartet—A Beethoven-Barber-Schumann program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, April 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Lenore Engdahl—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 5:30.)

Spectrum—Guy Protheroe conducting a British ensemble in a program of new music, with Barry Guy, bass, and the Arditti Quartet. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, April 19, at 7:30.)

Gidon Kremer—Violin, with Valery Afanassiev, piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 3.)

Janet Sullivan—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

Continuum—A program of music by Conlon Nancarrow, who will be present. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

Music by Ge Gan-ru and David Macbride—A program of new works. Both composers will be present. (Lila Acheson Wallace Auditorium, Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 517-2742. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Micaela Comberti, baroque violin, and Nigel North, lute and theorbo. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, April 20, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

National Association of Composers, U.S.A.—A program of music by Marshall Bialosky, Paul Betjeman, and others, with Michelle Disco, soprano; James Kass, guitar; and Jeanne Singer, piano. Mr. Bialosky will be present. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Sunday, April 20, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Si-Yo Music Society—The last in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1715. Sunday, April 20, at 3.)

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New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The fifth in a series of six concerts. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, April 20, at 5. For information about tickets, call 799-9595, Wednesday through Friday.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22, at 7:30.)

Liba Shacht—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 5:30.)

John Williams—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 7:30.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Shubho Shankar, also sitar, and Kumar Bose, tabla. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 8.)

Leigh Howard Stevens—Marimba. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 21, at 8.)

Truls Otterbech Mørk—Cello. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, April 21, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program that includes the première of John Watrous's Chamber Symphony. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, April 21, at 8.)

Greitzer Ensemble—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 22, at 2.)

David Shifrin—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 22, at 8.)

Jayn Rosenfeld—Flute, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 22, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts—A program of vocal and instrumental Italian music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 22, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Cheryl Bensman, soprano; Mary Jane Newman, fortepiano; Timothy Eddy, cello; Daniel Phillips, violin; and others. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Tuesday, April 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Leslie Sixfin—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 25, at 8.)

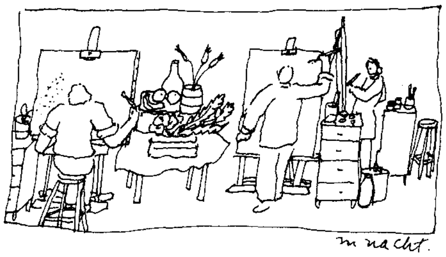
St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—The second in a series of three concerts. (St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Friday, April 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

Note—The Fine Arts Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, May 4, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, April 21, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Gomidas Vartabed—Participating in this salute to the Armenian composer will be the Little Orchestra Society; Ani Kavafian, violin; Ara Berberian, bass; and a chorus directed by Rouben Gregorian. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

Meredith Monk—Two works by Miss Monk. Wednesday through Sunday, April 16-20: "Acts from Under and Above," a music-theatre piece performed by Miss Monk. With Lanny Harrison, voice, and Nurit Tilles, piano and percussion. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, April 22-27: "Turtle Dreams: Cabaret," a multimedia work, with a cast of eight. (LaMama E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 7:30.)



Metropolitan Opera National Finals—Ten singers chosen at the semifinals of the 1986 Metropolitan Opera National Council competition will perform. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, April 20, at 2:45.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, April 18, at 7:35, and Saturday and Sunday, April 19-20, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Thursday and Friday, April 24-25, at 7:30, and Saturday, April 26, at 1:30.

Crew—Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 26.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 26.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Thursday, May 8. The Wood Memorial Invitational, Saturday, April 19, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 26. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14. The Garden State, Saturday, April 19, and the Trenton Handicap, Saturday, April 26.

Running—The Trevira Ten-Mile Twosome will start at ten-thirty on Saturday, April 26, in Central Park near the Tavern on the Green, and finish back at the same place.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 24-26.)

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—At the **MAZUR THEATRE:** Hortense Calisher and Ellen Wilbur reading from their own short stories. (Murphy Center, 555 E. 90th St. 369-8890. Thursday, April 17, at 8.) . . . **92ND STREET Y:** Eugene Ionesco reading from his own plays, in French, with English translations, Sunday, April 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Adrienne Rich reading from her own poetry, Monday, April 21, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.) . . . **ST. MARK'S IN-THE-BOUWERIE:** Jim Carroll and Jim Brodey reading from their own poetry. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, April 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . **ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY:** Isaac Bashevis Singer reading from his unpublished works, mostly. (2 W. 64th St. 787-6557. Friday, April 25, at 8.)

Great American Quilt Festival—An exhibition celebrating the Statue of Liberty Centennial. Included will be twenty Amish quilts, five Victorian crazy quilts, crib and doll quilts, fifty-one award-winning quilts based on the theme "Expressions of Liberty," and a thousand-foot quilted banner called "From Sea to Shining Sea." (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. Thursday, April 24, from 10 to 10; Friday, April 25, from 10 to 5; Saturday, April 26, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, April 27, from 10 to 6.)

Flower Show—Three thousand varieties will be featured in the annual Greater New York Orchid Show in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Thursday through Sunday, April 17-20, from 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 16, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 23, at 10:15 and 2: Printed and manuscript Americana. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 17. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 23, at 10:15: Dance, theatre, opera, and music-hall memorabilia. Exhibition starts Friday, April 18.

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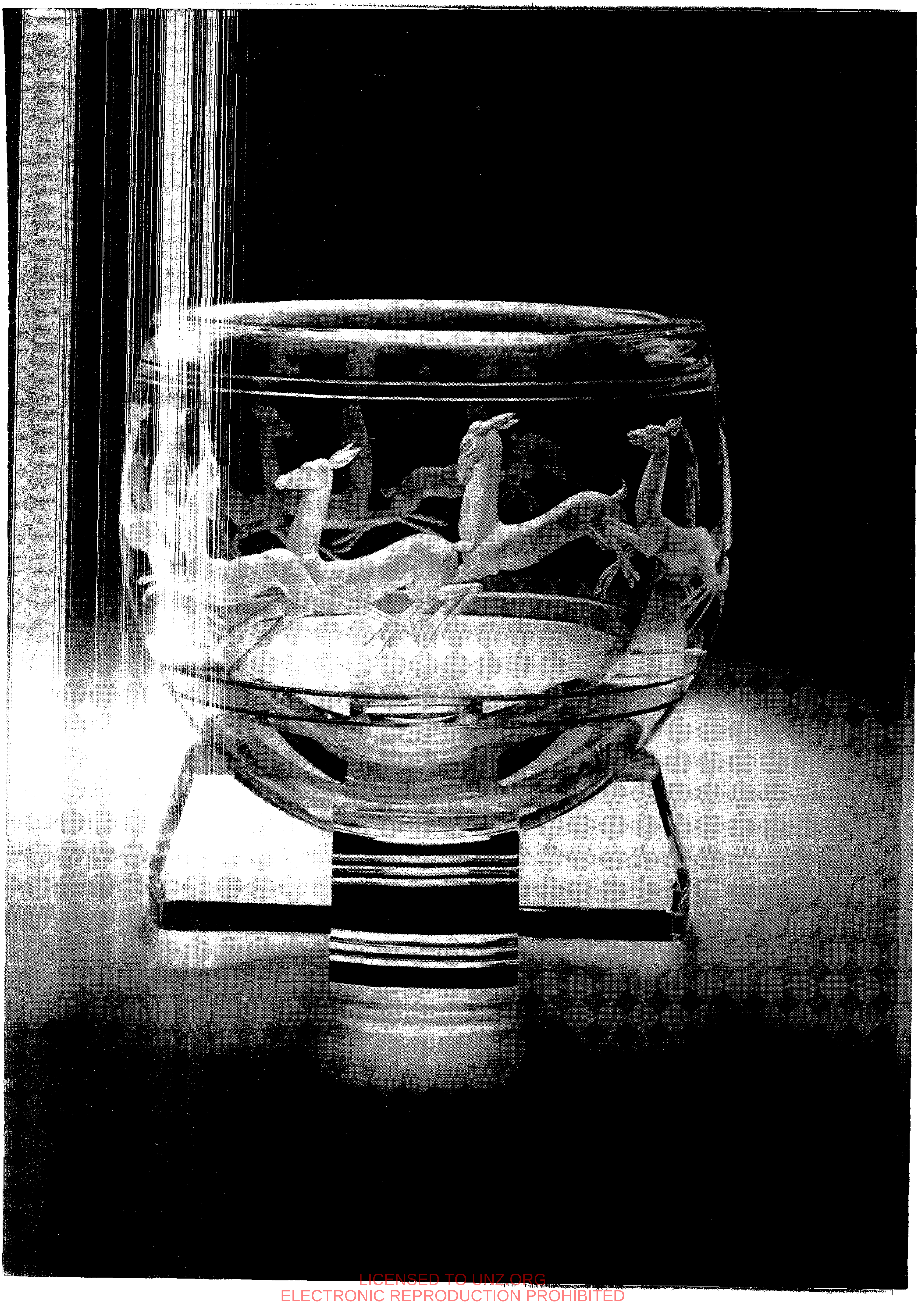


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 17: "Dreamchild" (directed by Gavin Millar), with Coral Browne.
From April 18: A program of thirty-seven film, video, and made-for-TV documentaries.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Violets Are Blue" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through April 17: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh. From April 18: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.
Theatre 2: Through April 17: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton. From April 18: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 3: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 17: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.
From April 18: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 17: "The Color Purple" (†).
From April 18: "Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through April 17: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).
From April 18: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ran" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 17: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh. From April 18: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.
Theatre 2: "Violets Are Blue" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 17: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.
From April 18: "The Color Purple" (†).

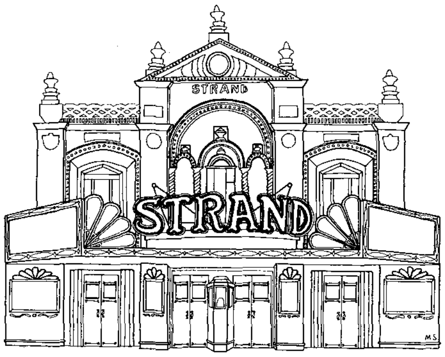
Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Trouble in Mind" (†).
Theatre 2: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 17: "F/X" (†). From April 18: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.
Theatre 2: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 2: Through April 17: "Out of Africa" (†). From April 18: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through April 24: "Smooth Talk" (†).
From April 25: "3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 29.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ginger and Fred" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 17: "Basic Training" (Andrew Sugerman).
From April 18: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through April 17: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton). From April 18: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.
Theatre 2: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.

R.K.O Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser).
Theatre 2: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: A program of television films directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Through April 20: "Soft and Hard" (1985; in French) and "Scenario du Film Passion" (1982; in French). April 21 and 23: Parts 1, 2, and 3 of "Six Fois Deux" (1976; a French film, with English voice-over). April 22 and 24: Parts 4, 5, and 6 of "Six Fois Deux." From April 25: All twelve parts of "France/Tour/Detour/Deux/Enfants" (1978; in French).
Theatre 2: Through April 17: "The Idiot" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. April 18-22: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. April 23-24: "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967; Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood; and "The Magnificent Seven" (1960; John Sturges), with Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, and Steve McQueen. From April 25: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura.

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Broken Rainbow" (Victoria Mudd), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Through April 17: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary. From April 18: "28 Up;" and "The Man Who Envied Women" (Yvonne Rainer).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.
Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 4: "Turtle Diary" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser).
Theatre 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 17: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; (evenings only) "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage. From April 18: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 17: "Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation."
From April 18: A program of nine new Spanish films.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 17: Theatre closed.
From April 18: "Absolute Beginners" (Julien Temple), with Ed O'Connell, Patsy Kensit, and David Bowie.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 24: "The Quiet Earth" (Geoff Murphy), with Bruno Lawrence.
From April 25: "Mr. Love" (Roy Battersby), with Barry Jackson.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 24: "F/X" (†). No performances Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, and Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22.
From April 25: "Home of the Brave" (Laurie Anderson), with Anderson.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Violets Are Blue" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 17: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
From April 18: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 17: "9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.
From April 18: "Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

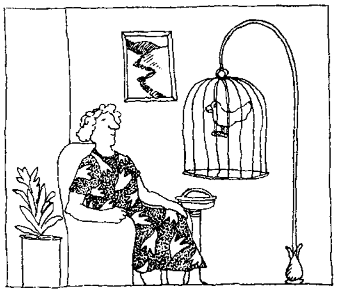
Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 2: "Turtle Diary" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Quilombo" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Theatre 2: Through April 22: "Shoah" (†). Part I is being shown Wednesday through Sunday and Part II is being shown Sunday through Tuesday. From April 23: "Tracks in the Snow" (Orlow Seunke; in Dutch).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 22: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood). From April 23: "Fast Talking" (Ken Cameron).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Valentine's Day" (Ken Har-

A GIFT: THE PLEASURE OF READING Fifty-two Times a Year



Mother's Day

Father's Day

Graduation

For the person who reads, the person for whom reading is one of life's joys, what more welcome gift than *The New Yorker*? But what, exactly, is *The New Yorker*? Nobody so far has been able to define it. It is what Duke Ellington used to call "beyond category." It is an odd and special mixture of humor pieces, fiction, reporting, poetry, cartoons, essays, and reviews (books, theatre, films, music, art, dance): all done with style. Taken as a whole, the magazine can be seen as a high-spirited, intelligent running commentary on the main cultural, social, and political events of our time.

The New Yorker provides information that restores intellectual order, and entertainment that restores balance. It is not concerned with following trends or setting them, yet stays a step ahead of the news. It has a clear, steady view of what's going on, and can distinguish between what counts and what doesn't count. It is renowned as a literary magazine, and at the same time it covers the whole world journalistically. Its reporting and its fiction are among the country's finest; its reviews are among the liveliest; its humor pieces and its cartoons are among the funniest. The London *Observer* recently put it this way: "*The New Yorker* must be the best general magazine ever published."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rison), with William Converse-Roberts and Hallie Foote.

Theatre 3: Through April 17: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh. From April 18: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Theatre 4: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

Theatre 5: "Ginger and Fred" (†).

Theatre 6: Through April 17: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg. From April 18: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.

Theatre 2: Through April 17: "F/X" (†). From April 18: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.

Theatre 3: Through April 17: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From April 18: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

Theatre 4: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Theatre 3: Through April 17: "The Jewel of the Nile" (directed by Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito. From April 18: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

Theatre 4: "F/X" (†).

Theatre 5: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).

Theatre 6: Through April 17: "Out of Africa" (†). From April 18: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

April 16: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

From April 17: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 3: April 16: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From April 17: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).

Theatre 4: "Pretty in Pink" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through April 17: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

From April 18: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: April 16: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton). April 17: Theatre closed. From April 18: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.

Theatre 2: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

April 16: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

From April 17: "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (No performances Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22.)

R.K.O Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.

Theatre 2: Through April 17: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage. From April 18: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser).

Theatre 2: Through April 17: "The Toxic Avenger" (Michael Herz and Samuel Weil). From April 18: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

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Theatre 1: "P.O.W. The Escape" (Gideon Amir), with David Carradine.

Theatre 2: "Basic Training" (Andrew Sugerman).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 17: "Forbidden Games" (1952; directed by René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish).

April 18-19: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

April 20: "Summer of '42" (†); and "Breaking Away" (1979; Peter Yates), with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley.

April 21-22: "The Pawnbroker" (1965; Sidney Lumet), with Rod Steiger, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Brock Peters; and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale.

April 23-24: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

April 25-26: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

A two-week program of animated short films.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through April 17: "Carnival in Costa Rica" (1947; Gregory Ratoff), with Dick Haymes and Vera-Ellen; and "On Your Toes" (1939; Ray Enright), with Zorina and Eddie Albert.

April 18-19: "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd; and "Kiss Me Kate" (1953; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn.

April 20-21: "Folies-Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier, Merle Oberon, Ann Sothern, and Eric Blore; and "Gold Diggers of 1935" (†).

April 22: "Three Little Girls in Blue" (1946; H. Bruce Humberstone), with June Haver and George Montgomery; and "Coney Island" (1943; Walter Lang), with Betty Grable, George Montgomery, Cesar Romero, and Charles Winninger.

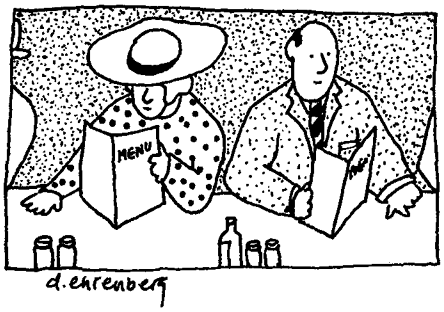
April 23: "Footloose" (1984; Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer; and "Flashdance" (1983; Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

April 24-26: "Words and Music" (1948; (Norman Taurog), with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney; and "Broadway Melody of 1940" (Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 16: To be announced.

April 17: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, and Henry B. Walthall.



April 18: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959; Jack Arnold), with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff.

April 19: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "That Man from Rio" (1964; Philippe de Broca; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais.

April 20: "A Sunday in the Country" (1984; Bertrand Tavernier; in French); and "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (†).

April 21: "Othello" (1965), performed by Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain; and "The Beggar's Opera" (1953; Peter Brook), with Laurence Olivier.

April 22: "The Miracle Woman" (†); and "Ladies of Leisure" (1930; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Graves.

April 23: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" (1967; David Swift), with Robert Morse, Michele Lee, and Rudy Vallée; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton.

April 24: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928; Carl Dreyer; a French film with an English narration), with Maria Falconetti and Antonin Artaud; and "Page of Madness" (1926; Teinosuke Kinugasa; a Japanese silent film with musical soundtrack).

April 25-26: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 16: To be announced.

April 17: "La Femme Infidèle" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet; and "Le Beau Serge" (1959; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Gérard Blain, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Bernadette Lafont.

April 18-19: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

April 20: "The Magic Flute" (1975: Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Fidelio" (1955; Walter Felsenstein; in German), with Claude Nollier.

April 21: "Hi, Mom!" (1970) and "Greetings" (1968), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.

April 22: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway; and "The Late Show" (†).

April 23-24: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Night Is My Kingdom" (†).

April 25-26: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 16: To be announced.

April 17: "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke.

April 18-19: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

April 20: "Downhill Racer" (†) and "An Almost Perfect Affair" (†).

April 21: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

April 22: "The Lodger" (1944; John Brahm), with Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, George Sanders, and Cedric Hardwicke; and "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

April 23: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

April 24: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

April 25-26: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Through April 19: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center." . . . ¶ From April 20: Theatre closed.

THEATRE 2: Through April 19: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center." . . . ¶ April 20 at 2:30: "Ice" (1970; directed by Robert Kramer). . . . ¶ April 20 at 5:30: "Stereo" (1969; David Cronenberg); and "La Jetée" (1963; Chris Marker). . . . ¶ April 21 at 2:30: "The Falls" (1980; Peter Greenaway). . . ¶ April 21 at 6:30: "Ice." . . . ¶ April 22 at 3: "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey, Cedric Hardwicke, and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ April 22 at 6:30: "The Falls." . . . ¶ April 24 at 3 and 6:30: "Masters of Disaster" (1985; Sonya Friedman), "Frederick Douglass, An American Life" (1985; William Greaves), and "Booker T. Washington, The Life and the Legacy" (1982; William Greaves), all documentaries. . . . ¶ April 25 at 3: "Stereo." . . . ¶ April 25 at 6:30 and April 26 at 2:30: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm. . . . ¶ April 26 at 5:30: "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden).

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—The final programs in a festival of new films by new directors. April 16 at 6: "What Happened to Kerouac?" (United States; Richard Lerner); and "Marcia Resnick's Bad Boys" (Canada; Ron Mann). . . . ¶ April 16 at 8:30: "Desert Bloom" (United States; Eugene Corr). . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "In the Belly of the Whale" (Federal Republic of Germany; Doris Dörrie); and "On the Future of Aviation" (United States; Peter Baumann). . . . ¶ April 17 at 8:30: "What Happened to Kerouac?" and "Marcia Resnick's Bad Boys." . . . ¶ April 18 at 6: "The Global Assembly Line" (United States; Lorraine Gray); and "Witness to Apartheid" (United States; Sharon I. Sopher). . . . ¶ April 18 at 9 and April 19 at 3:30: "A Summer at Grandpa's" (1984; Taiwan; Hou Hsiao-hsien). . . . ¶ April 19 at 6: "In the Belly of the Whale" and "On the Future of Aviation." . . . ¶ April 19 at 8:30: "The Global Assembly Line" and "Witness to Apartheid." (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489, Mondays through Fridays.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—From April 18: "Kirribilli Wharf" (1976; Bill Fontana), an audio installation. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Mr. Fontana will be present April 22 at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

An Almost Perfect Affair (1979)—Monica Vitti and Keith Carradine meet and fall in love during the Cannes Film Festival. She is an older woman, and married, and he is an American as callow as they come, so their affair is a doomed one. Miss Vitti is charming, and Raf Vallone is excellent in a small role as her husband. Michael Ritchie directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 20.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Sutton; through April 17. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting April 18.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's *the whole* gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Manhattan, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Embassy, and New Embassy 49th Street; April 16. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through April 17. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting April 17.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is thin but the ski footage is exciting, and the film has a lot of zip. Michael Ritchie directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 20.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gemini, and Olympia Quad; through April 17. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through April 24. No performances Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, and Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22.)

Ginger and Fred—With Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina, directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (*Reviewed in this issue.*) (Loews Tower East, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Gold Diggers of 1935—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the directing, too, and everything seems labored. With Glenda Farrell and Adolphe Menjou. The songs by Al Dubin and Harry Warren include "The Lullaby of Broadway." (Regency; April 20-21.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

The Late Show (1977)—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. None of this prevents the heroine (Lily Tomlin), who hires him, from perceiving that he's different from the other men she knows. This one-of-a-kind murder mystery pays off in atmosphere, spooking us by the flip, greedy ordinariness of evil. With Eugene Roche, Bill Macy, Joanna Cassidy, Howard Duff, and John Considine. They're all originals. (Thalia SoHo; April 22.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme (1975)—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit, and one sequence that points straight ahead to the Revolution. Highly knowledgeable and intelligent, with a low voice about dreams of power that rings in one's ears long afterward. In French. (Thalia; April 20.)

The Miracle Woman (1931)—Barbara Stanwyck gives a peerless performance as a young evangelist—a girl from a religious background who is taken over by a carny promoter (Sam Hardy) and is developed into a big-time shear-the-sheep phenomenon, with her own church. Frank Capra directed this fictionalized version of the life of Aimee Semple McPherson. It was softened by a mawkish love story: the heroine is redeemed through her unselfish love for a blind aviator (David Manners, God help us all). But it's still a beauty, well staged and handsomely lighted, and with some intermittent good writing; the screenplay is by Jo Swerling. With Beryl Mercer and Russell Hopton. (Thalia; April 22.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Night Is My Kingdom (1951)—Jean Gabin portrays the awful plight of a railroad engineer who has been blinded while rescuing a fellow-worker from escaping steam. The film proceeds to detail the rehabilitation of the victim and explain various psychological methods an institute for the blind employs in bringing him around to living with his affliction. The documentary style used here is thoughtful and convincing, but it doesn't make for very exciting drama. Directed by Georges Lacombe. In French. (Thalia SoHo; April 23-24.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin, and Criterion Theatres; through April 17.)

Pretty in Pink—Molly Ringwald is enshrined as the teen-age ideal in this romantic movie for kids—it's slight and vapid, with the consistency of watery jello. The spoiled-rotten richies are mean to Ringwald's Andie, a poor-girl high-school senior who lives in a dinky, rattletrap house on the wrong side of the tracks. But she's the opposite of trashy: blessed with quiet good taste, she's proudly conventional. And so she wins both a college scholarship and the rich boy of her dreams. John Hughes, who wrote the script and supervised the work of the first-time director, Howard Deutch, never goes beyond a kid's point of view; this picture isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer to being a pre-teen's idea of what it will be like to be a teen-ager. In its sociological details, it might have been made by little guys from Mars. With the winsome comedienne Annie Potts as Andie's closest friend, Andrew McCarthy as her rather passive young prince, Jon Cryer as the smartmouth nerd who follows her around, Harry Dean Stanton as her daddy, and James Spader as a snobby hunk. (4/7/86) (Embassy.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza.)

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A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. The movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio; through April 22.)

Smooth Talk—It has lovely touches in its first half, when the director, Joyce Chopra, shows us the restless and narcissistic fifteen-year-old Connie (Laura Dern), who acts seductive and teases boys her own age or a year or two older, because she doesn't know what else to do about the way she feels. Tom Cole, who wrote the script, expanding the brief Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?," has a fine ear for teen-age talk. But the movie's texture is thin from the start, and the second half isn't just stretched out—it's a little screwy. The Oates story is a young girl's sex-and-horror fantasy: a sordid creep arrives at Connie's house when she's alone; he terrorizes her and lures her into his car. End of story and, the reader assumes, probably the end of poor Connie. Unaccountably, Chopra and Cole try to turn this material into a coming-of-age movie with a happy resolution. With Sarah Inglis, Margaret Welch, Mary Kay Place, and Treat Williams. (3/24/86) (68th St. Playhouse; through April 24.)

Summer of '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly face-tious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Cinema Village; April 20.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through April 17.)

Trouble in Mind—Written and directed by the gifted high-flier Alan Rudolph at his most art-conscious, this is a reworking of what he did much better in "Choose Me." The mixed-up lovers have been replaced by mixed-up gangsters, and what was comic and lyrical is now fatalistic. He's got the film-noir bug, and the picture is a pile of poetic mush set in some doom-laden, vaguely universal city of the past and/or the future. (It was shot mostly in Seattle.) As Hawk, Kris Kristofferson is supposed to be the gallant Bogart hero living in an evil semi-fascist era. Joe Morton is a bitter, ironic crook called Solo who recites verses; Keith Carradine is a greedy young hood named Coop, who appears in a series of ever more gross and gooey pompadours—punk-fop styles, with matching cosmetic jobs and earrings; and the actor known as Divine plays Hilly Blue, an epicene gangster who's made up to look like a plump plucked chicken. Geneviève Bujold is Hawk's old flame Wanda, who runs the café where the gangsters plan their heists, and Lori Singer is Georgia, the country girl whom Coop brings into this moody stew. Rudolph probably aimed to create a glamorous, funky trance-world, but his control fails him; the scenes often start with a shimmer that makes you feel hopeful, but they become stagnant, and you have no way of knowing how to interpret this flossy hipster-philosopher babble that the characters speak. With John Considine (who's rather funny), Antonia Dauphin, George Kirby, and, in a bit, Allan Nichols. The lushly beautiful cinematography is by Toyomichi Kurita; the score is by Mark Isham, with songs performed by Marianne Faithfull. (4/7/86) (Cinema I.)

Turtle Diary—Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley play the two Londoners who separately develop the fantasy of liberating the three giant turtles from the Aquarium at the London Zoo and taking them back to the sea. John Irvin directed this low-key, fastidious version of the 1975 Russell Hoban novel, from a script by Harold Pinter. Jackson and Kingsley manage to give the middle of the movie—the weekend drive to the coast with the turtles—a balmy comic spirit of adventure. But the story has been given the same maudlin orchestration as in the novel; it's full of sad and lonely people reaching out. The awful artfulness of this stuff! With Michael Gambon, Jeroen Krabbé, and Harriet Walter. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

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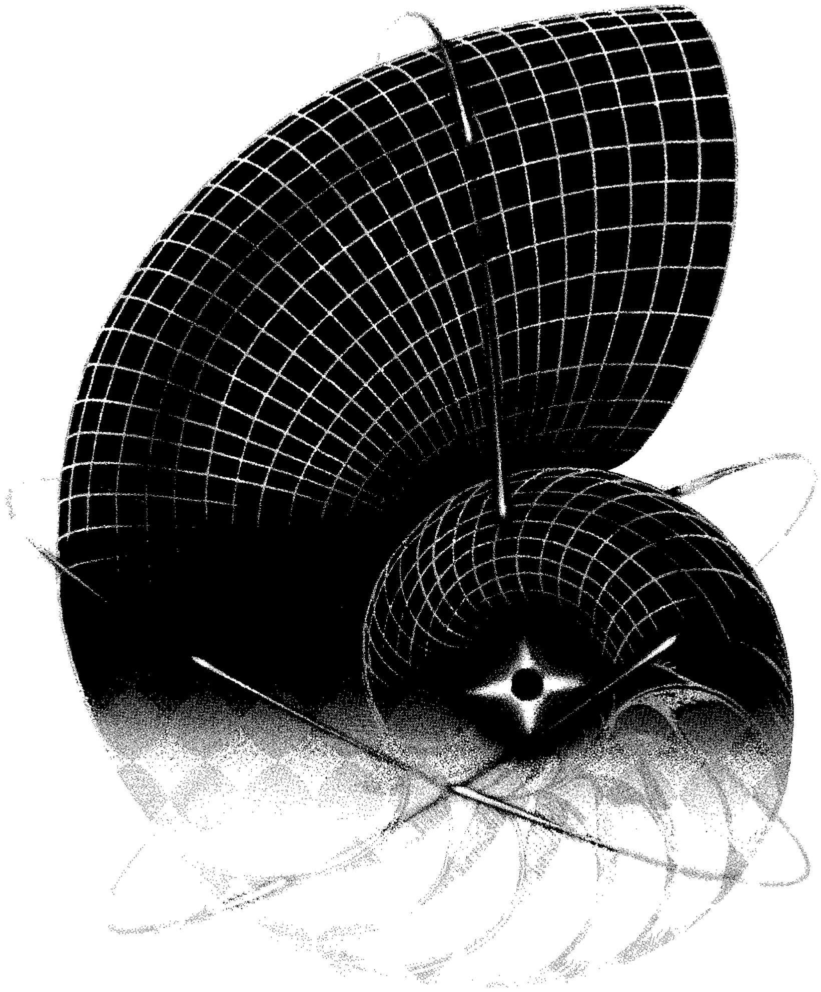

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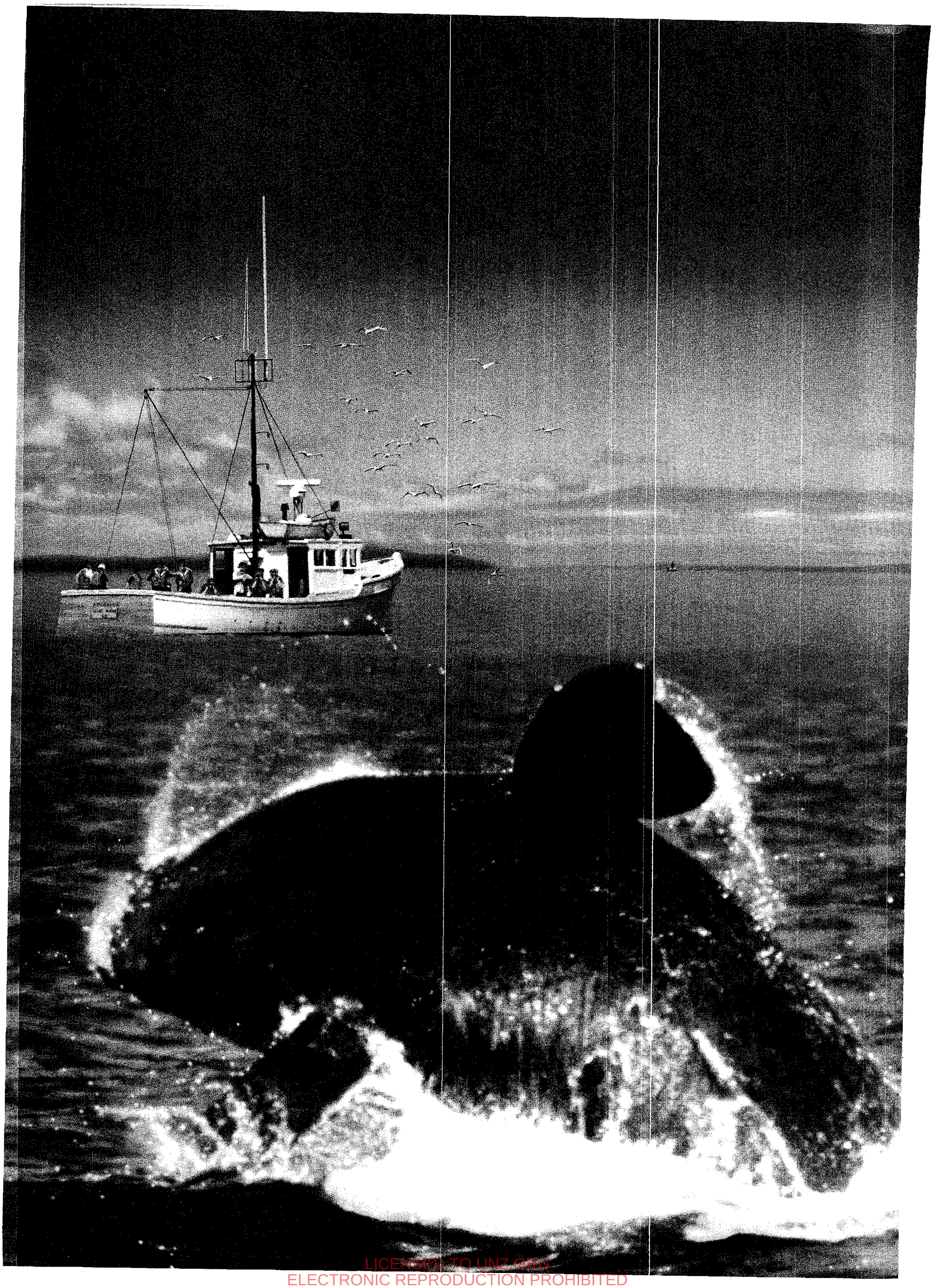

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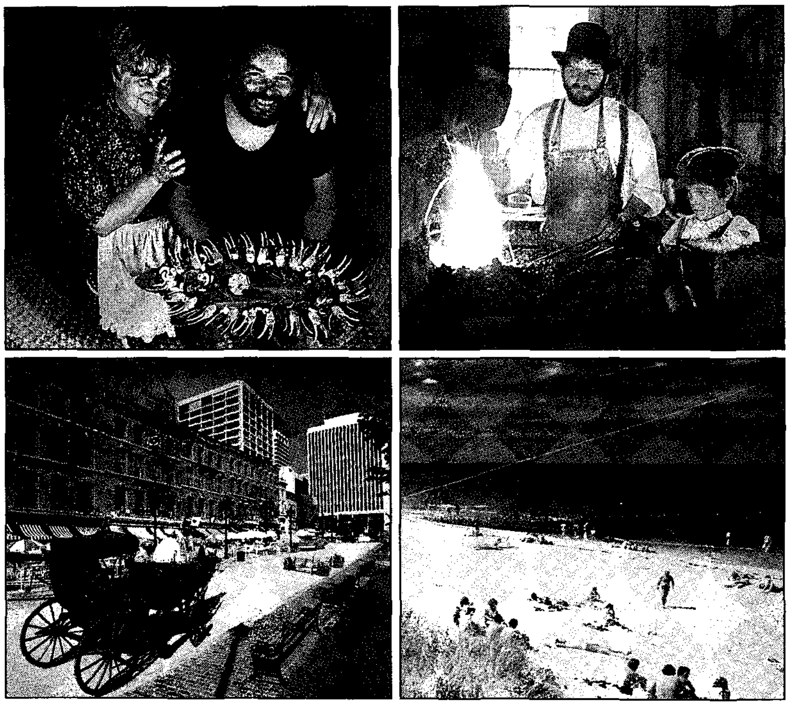

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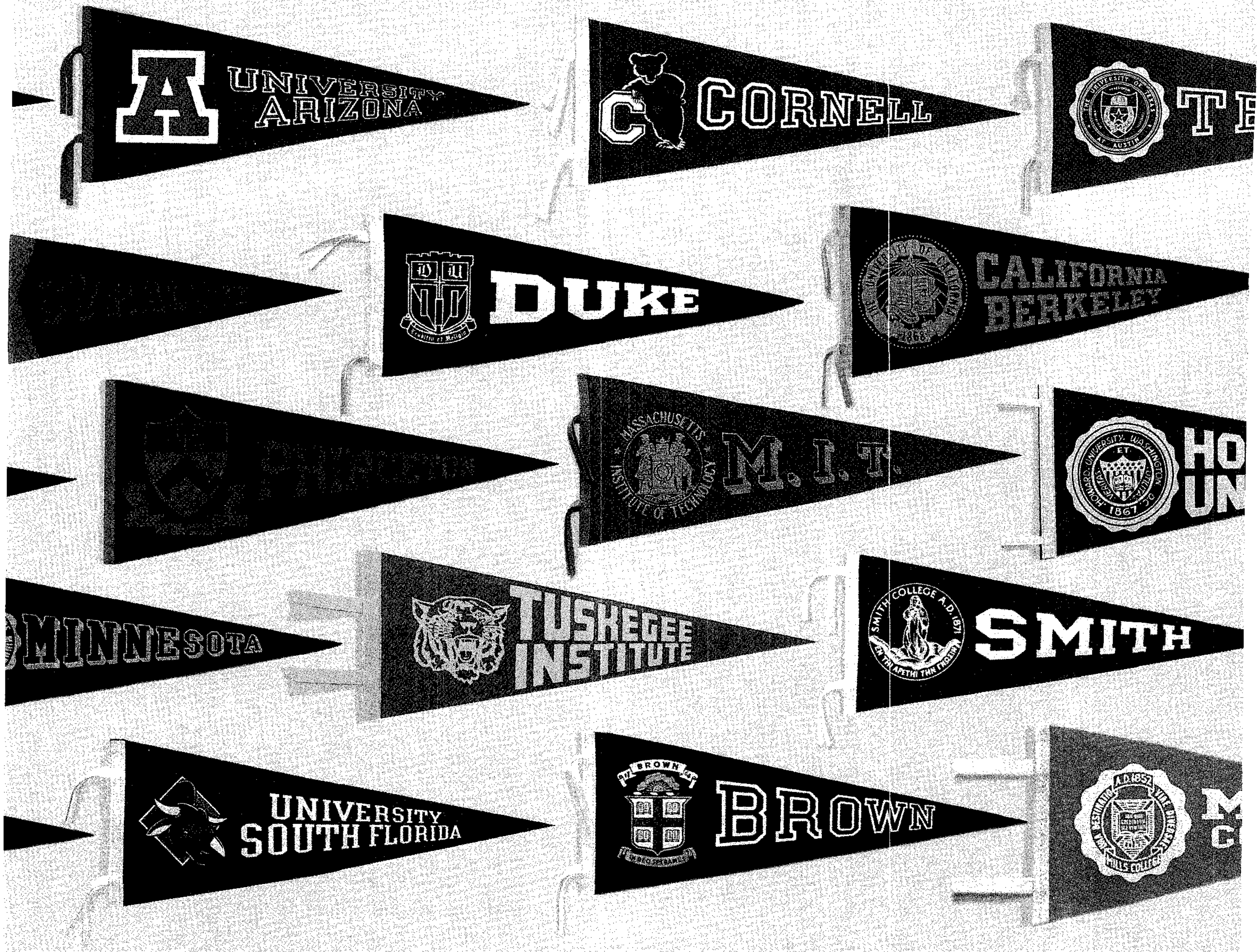
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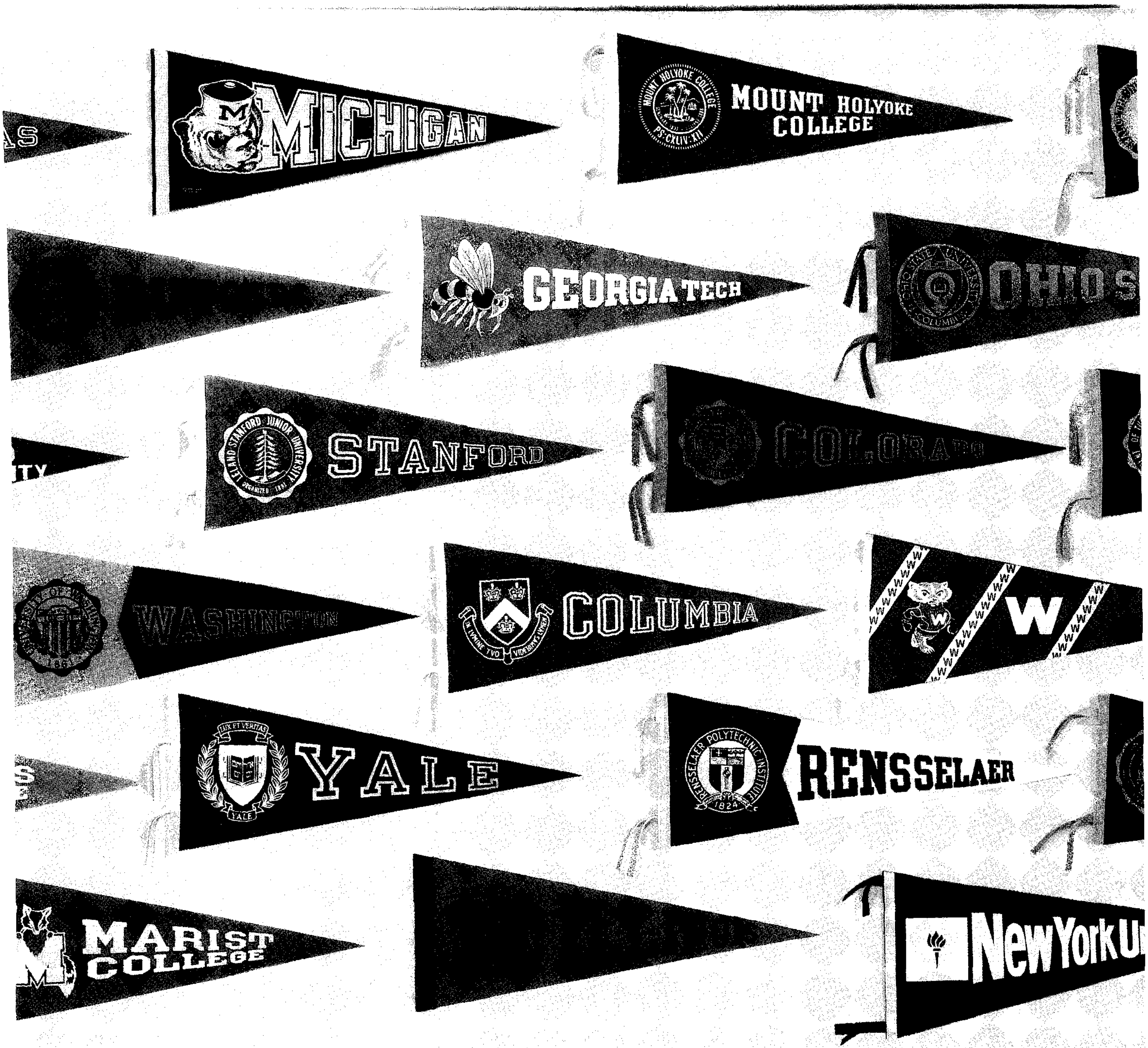
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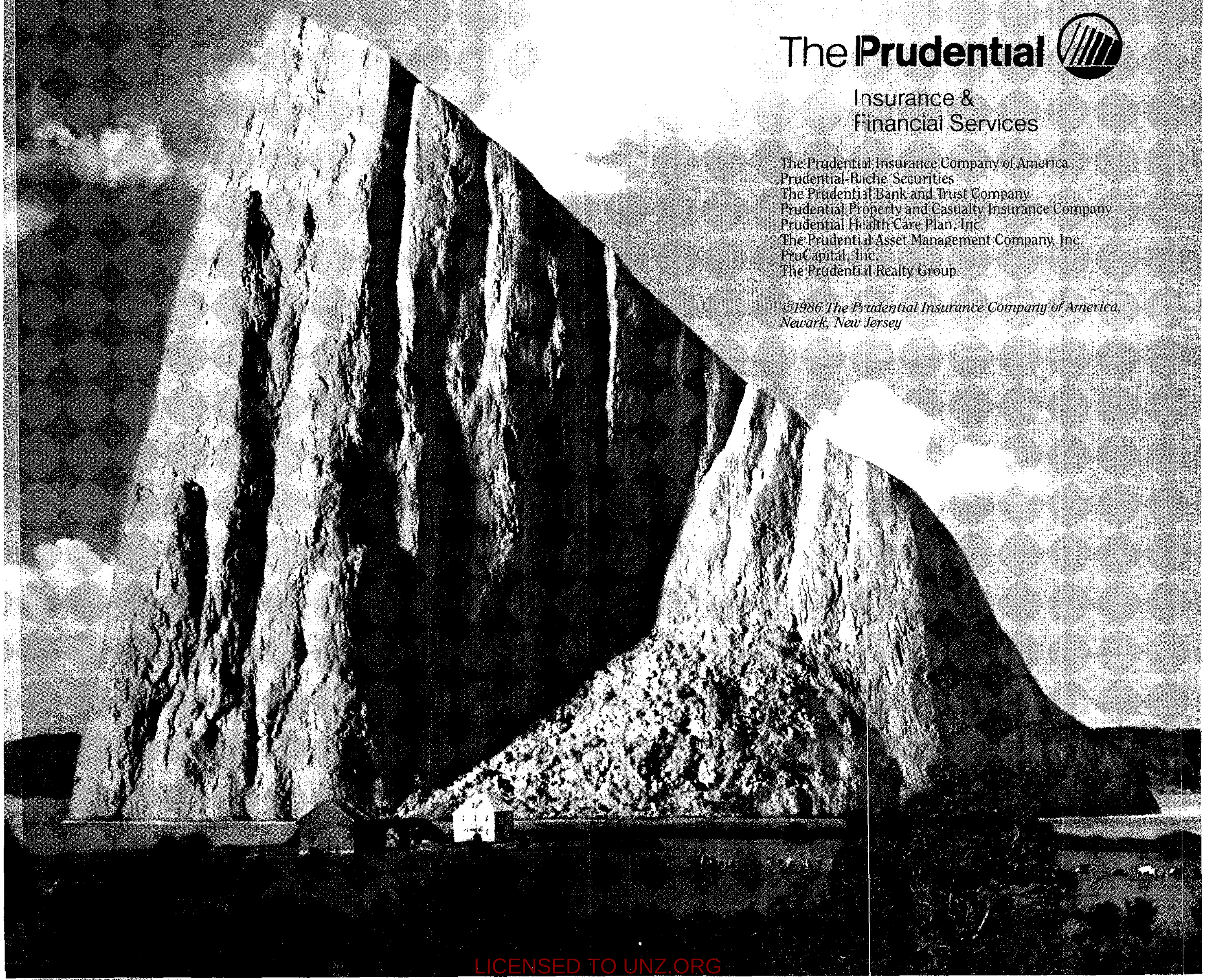

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the nuclear age, human survival has, for the first time in history, been made a feat of human competence—has become as secure only as the fail-safe machines that hold our nuclear arsenals in check. It was hard not to give a thought to this new circumstance when we saw the space shuttle Challenger vanish in a ball of smoke—hard, watching this rocket with its seven passengers, not to think of those thousands of other rockets, in their silos, on which the fate of nearly five billion people rides. Even the fact that by cruel coincidence the explosion was beamed directly into classrooms all over the country suggested that there might be lessons we were all supposed to learn from the event. The investigation of the causes of the accident goes on, but it has now taken a twist familiar to the public from investigations of other recent technical disasters, such as the one at Three Mile Island, or the one at Bhopal. The search begins for the technical flaw—the faulty chip, the missing wire in the computer, the stuck valve—that will explain the accident. And the flaw eventually turns up. But the investigation continues, and it turns out that this very flaw had been pointed out by someone, that there had been memos, telephone calls, arguments. In fact, as we find out how much the engineers foresaw, our faith in strictly technical expertise may rise. But gradually the search moves from such arcane matters as computer glitches and eroded O-rings to such mundane ones as scheduling, loan payments, profit margins, bureaucratic inertia, political pressures. Now it is not the flaws of machines that the investigators are looking into but those of human beings. Yet they are an old story—as old as mankind. The truth about the matter at hand can sometimes be found, and amends made, but not even the most brilliant Presidential commission can find the loose wire in the human brain or the faulty connection in the human heart which led to the error. Nor can the expenditure of any hundreds of millions of dollars renovate these particular components of the procedure for the next launch. All of which should say something to us about the wisdom of staking our survival as human beings on human perfectibility.

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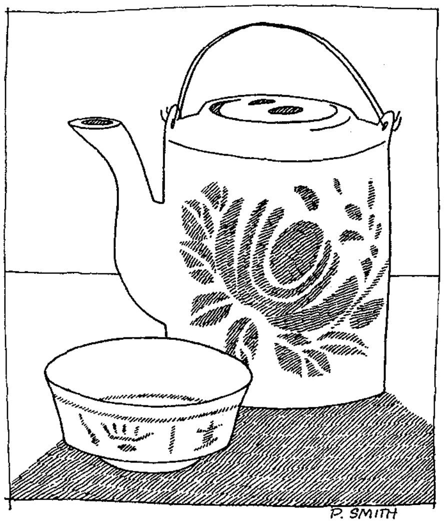
MORE than seventy-five years ago, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was founded, at the Cooper Union, and its headquarters have remained in the city ever since. For this reason, New York would be justified in feeling a degree of parental pride in the achievements of the N.A.A.C.P.—particularly the role it has played, over the past three-quarters of a century, in helping to widen the boundaries of racial justice in the United States. Now the nation's oldest civil-rights institution, the N.A.A.C.P. was formed at a bleak and primitive stage in the evolution of American race relations. James Weldon Johnson, the poet and intellectual, who became one of the association's leaders, has written of some of the conditions it confronted then:

> From its beginning, the organization took an unequivocal stand against disfranchisement, against inequitable public schooling for Negro children, against segregation and all forms of public discrimination based on race or color, and against mob violence and lynching. For thirty years past the accepted status of the Negro as a citizen had been steadily declining. In some respects it was lower than it had been at the close of the Civil War. In the whole South, the home of the overwhelming masses of the race, he had been completely disfranchised, segregated, and "Jim Crowed" in nearly every phase of life, and mobbed and lynched and burned at the stake by the thousands.



The N.A.A.C.P. helped to change all those conditions, and the unequivocal spirit in which it launched itself against them was strengthened by the hospitable climate, the progressive disposition, of the city in which it was organized and from which it executed its policies. This point has perhaps not been made before, but there are—and have always been—good grounds for making it. The earliest leaders of the N.A.A.C.P.—a coalition of black intellectuals, like W. E. B. Du Bois, and white liberals, like Oswald Garrison Villard—might not have been able to act as boldly and as safely elsewhere as they could in the comparatively free and tolerant political atmosphere of New York. Without the encouragement to be drawn from that atmosphere, the N.A.A.C.P. might not have come into being as the most militant protest organization since the days of the abolitionist movement.

Its outspoken advocacy of racial and social equality was most disturbing to those, black and white, who were adherents or admirers of the black leadership that had prevailed up to the time of its founding. The style of that leadership, which was represented most prominently by Booker T. Washington, from his base at the Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, emphasized prudent political diplomacy and industrious accommodation to the status of blacks in America. Where Washington had counselled blacks to "cast down your bucket where you are," the new N.A.A.C.P. advocated a progressive struggle for access to all the freedoms and opportunities of American citizenship. In the eyes of those who subscribed to his conservative approach, the N.A.A.C.P. was—as James Weldon Johnson also said—"radical, revolutionary, subversive," and its leaders were "dangerous busybodies or idealistic fanatics." But by persevering in its militant and radical policies the N.A.A.C.P. eventually broke the influence of the black conservative establishment. Ironically, it later became a somewhat conservative leadership establishment itself, challenged by the younger and more radical spirits of the new black movement—and yet it remained the backbone of the struggle for equal rights.

The development of the N.A.A.C.P. and, in recent times, its apparent decline in strength and influence can be charted by the movement of its headquarters from one New York address to another. And its tenancy here and there in the city may also be seen as a record of how real-estate values—available or unavailable space, affordable or unaffordable rents—have helped or hindered the ability of certain institutions (or, for that matter, individuals) to remain in New York and survive. Beginning in 1909, for the first five years of its history the headquarters of the N.A.A.C.P. occupied small offices at 20 Vesey Street, in lower Manhattan. In 1914, it moved uptown, to 70 Fifth Avenue. As it required more and more space, it moved across the avenue, to 69 Fifth (in 1922), up to 20 West Fortieth Street (in 1945), and then farther up, to 1790 Broadway (in 1967). Its arrival at that address—the largest suite of offices it had occupied—was the beginning of the end of its life in New York.

In 1982, when the rent at 1790 Broadway was quadrupled, the organization was not able to renew the lease on its headquarters. Nor, apparently, was it able to find affordable space elsewhere in Manhattan. Squeezed out, the N.A.A.C.P. moved its headquarters to Brooklyn—to what could be regarded as obscure exile from the metropolitan center in which it rose to prominence. It was hard to think of the headquarters of so distinguished an institution hidden away on Remsen Street, among the residential brownstones and local storefronts of Brooklyn Heights. In abandoning Manhattan, the headquarters seemed to have been itself abandoned by serious public attention.

Nevertheless, the N.A.A.C.P. hoped to continue its lifelong connection with New York City; and, accepting its isolation in Brooklyn, it sought to acquire property of its own—perhaps the first attempt it had ever made to end its wanderings as a tenant. But real-estate values cast the die unalterably against it. Because of its modest resources, the N.A.A.C.P. could not buy the kind of space it needed for its headquarters. Consequently, it was forced to look beyond the confines of New York City. Its search ended early last year, when it found affordable quarters in Baltimore.

The N.A.A.C.P. will be moving to Baltimore within the next couple of weeks, severing its major ties to the city in which it was born. Surely, New York, justified as it is in feeling some parental pride in the achievements of the N.A.A.C.P., must express regret at its loss of this gallant organization's headquarters, and wish it many more years of service to the cause of fairness and civility in the racial affairs of our nation.

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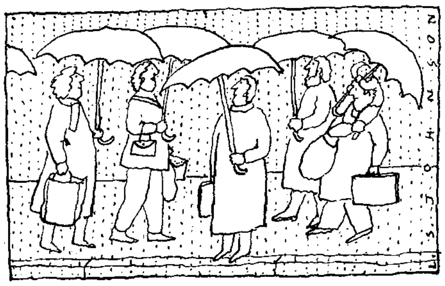
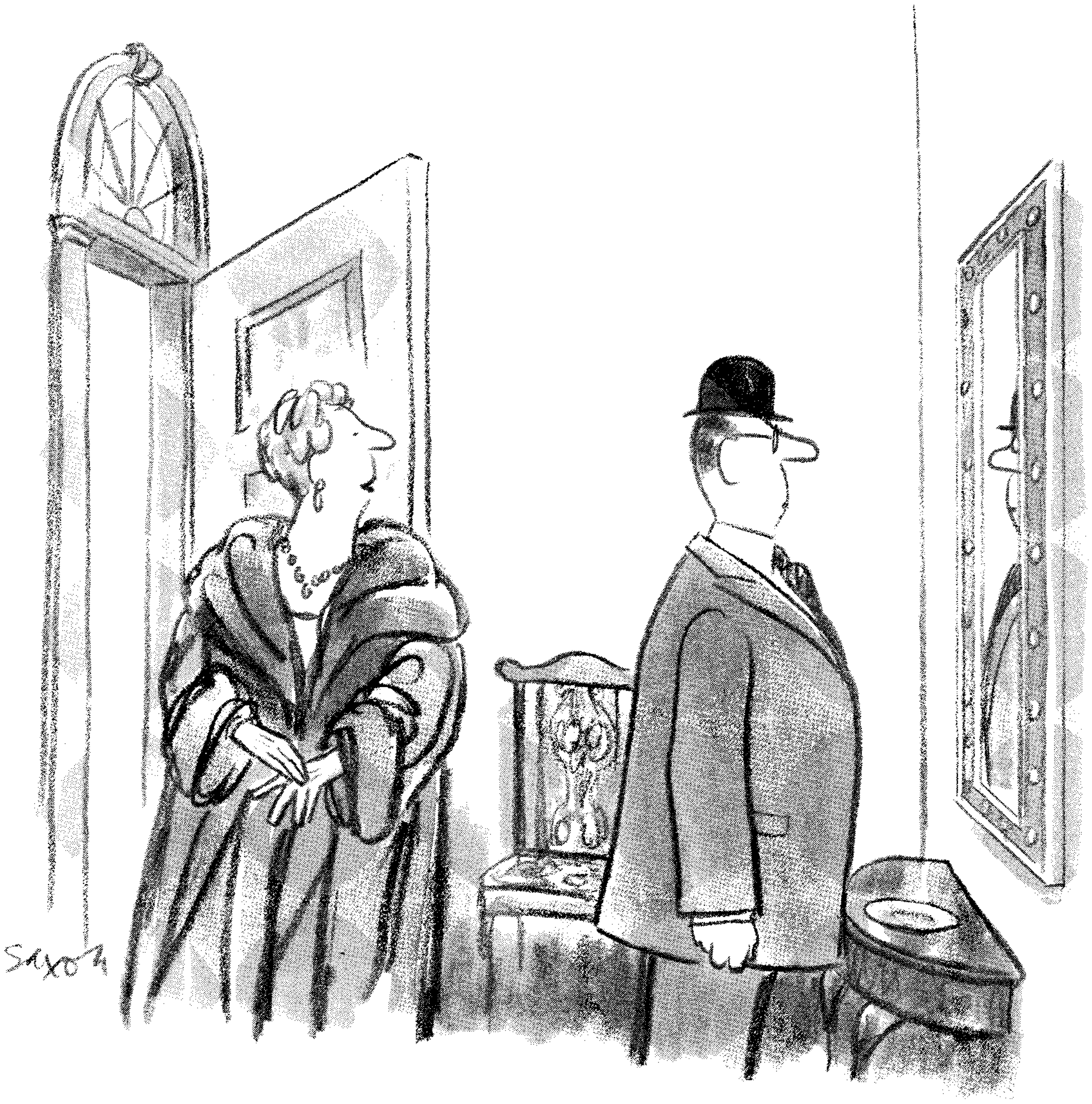
Commissioner

DR. STEPHEN C. JOSEPH will be sworn in as New York City's new health commissioner on May 5th, and we've paid a call on him at his headquarters, at 125 Worth Street, which he moved into on a half-time basis last month: afternoons there, and mornings at UNICEF, where he is finishing a nearly three-year stint as Special Coördinator for Child Health and Survival. A black-bearded pediatrician of forty-eight, whose wife, Elizabeth Preble, is the director of a family-planning project funded by the United States Agency for International Development, Dr. Joseph fits the job specifications for health commissioner in that he holds degrees in both medicine (in his case, M.D., cum laude, Yale '63) and public health (M.P.H., Johns Hopkins '68). The commissioner doesn't have to be a native New Yorker, but Dr. Joseph, though he has recently been living in Washington, D.C., is an authentic multiborough New Yorker—born in Brooklyn, schooled in the Bronx, resident for a while in Manhattan. He is also multicontinental, having touched down in the course of a peripatetic career in Nepal (Peace Corps doctor), Cameroun (public-health physician for AID in Central West Africa), and, just prior to joining UNICEF, the northernmost wilds of Newfoundland, where he was the only practicing pediatrician in an area containing some seventeen thousand children, many of them inaccessible except by airplane, boat, or snowmobile.



Dr. Joseph was tendered the commissionership back in February by Mayor Koch, whom he had never met. "When the Mayor offered me the job, I'd just returned from a child-health conference in Kenya, and he said he was going to lift my passport," Dr. Joseph told us. "I think he was kidding, but my wife and I did take off a short time later for a week's cross-country skiing at Banff and Lake Louise." Though Joseph had been licensed at one time or another to practice medicine not only in far reaches of the earth but also in Colorado, Wyoming, Massachusetts, California, and the District of Columbia, he somehow missed picking up New York credentials along the way, but he assured us that his application for licensure, which is another requirement for his post, was in the works. Once he starts in full time, he'll be in charge of a department with four thousand employees and a budget of a hundred and seventy million dollars. (When we visited him, one member of his staff was already referring to him as a "health czar.") Among the health commissioner's principal concerns, he said, are AIDS and the health care of children, and he is also involved with the transportation of nuclear wastes and with the morgue. "AIDS has got to be high on everybody's agenda," Dr. Joseph said. "Did you know that New York City has more cases of AIDS—about thirty per cent of the national total—than San Francisco? In my view, that's partly the result of the city's complexity—one of the three things, along with size and energy level, that make New York distinctive. All three of them, of course, have implications for health, in terms of environmental hazards as well as public and personal health services. I'm glad to say there's some evidence that the incidence of AIDS in the gay community is now on a downward trend. Another of my priorities is going to be smoking. I quit smoking myself fifteen years ago. I believe in emphasizing social-mobilization issues, and I'm going to take every opportunity I get to heighten awareness of the risks of smoking. We've got to win that one in New York. Another matter high on my agenda is getting all children immunized. We have measles and German measles in the city now, and these shouldn't occur. Our target ought to be to reduce their incidence to zero. But in New York this is not easy. There's the plight of poor kids in welfare hotels, say—just another reflection of the city's complexity and heterogeneity. New York has enormous financial resources, and its great diversity and energy are enormously attractive, but one would be living in a fool's paradise if one didn't recognize that the city has significant health problems."



"Wear it, Gilbert. It looks cute."

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Street Questions

FOR each of the eight years that Larry King has had his current radio show, five nights a week (it's now heard on two hundred and eighty-two Mutual stations, including WOR in New York, where it runs from 11:06 P.M. until 5 A.M.), he has devoted one program to the question "Why are you up?" The last time, when listeners phoned in from all over the country, sixty-four per cent said they were King-aholics, and regularly stayed up with Larry at least four nights a week; twenty-six per cent said they were working or coming off work; twelve per cent said they were doing homework; and eight per cent identified themselves as insomniacs. We missed that program, but late one recent evening we visited the studio, near Washington, D.C., where Larry broadcasts, to talk with him and then see how he goes about his business. He is a medium-sized man of fifty-two, with graying hair and a focussed look, and he wore a red Dior sweater over a button-down shirt open at the collar. After greeting us with a quick pump of our hand, he sat down and fiddled with his watch.

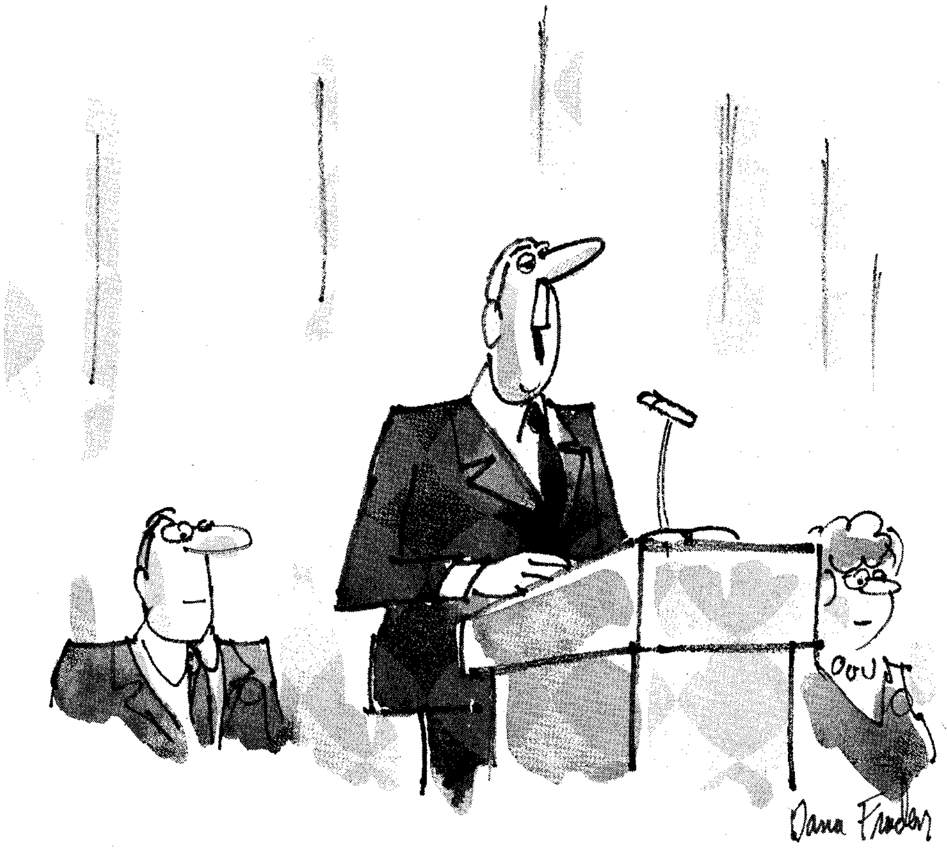
Some notes on technique: Larry delivers comments that are packaged like aphorisms. (Example: "Every day is weird.") He likes numbers, he told us ("Forget about the three million people who listen to me. Over two per cent of the people in this country can't sleep at night"), and free association ("Dean Rusk doesn't sleep, Jerry Lewis doesn't sleep, Jackie Gleason doesn't sleep") and putting things straight ("If I have an author on and I read his book ahead of time, I feel terrible. I lose my curiosity. I forget to ask a question about the book"). He tries to offer a different kind of show ("Talk-show heaven is hysteria, and I don't like to jump on that"), and he tries not to use "I" when he's interviewing someone, so he gets it out of his system when he's not. "My idea is 'Go for the moment,' " he said to us. "When I started out, twenty-eight years ago, at a little AM station in Miami called WAHR, there used to be a sign up in the studio. It said, 'If in doubt, leave it out.' I always break that rule. I do a TV show five nights a week on the Cable News Network, and I write a weekly column for *USA Today*. I was commentator last fall on the NBC pregame football show with Bob Costas, and I used to do a column for a sports magazine. I'm a real sports nut. Until recently, I did a radio show for the Voice of America, the first Sunday of each month—it was fascinating, because I took calls from all over the world. Once, I got a call from China. Hunan, China."

Larry uses a code of his own, as in "I'm still the streets of New York" (he grew up in Brooklyn), and puts headlines of his own on questions, as in "True or False: Truman wanted Eisenhower to run as a Democrat." (True.) That question he delivered to Harold Stassen, who arrived not long after we did, to talk with Larry and dozens of callers about his proposal for a new United Nations charter. ("I'm curious about everything," Larry told us.) Stassen is a stocky, not very talkative man with a famous toupee, who became governor of Minnesota at thirty-one, in 1938, and has since held a variety of positions (one of the drafters of the original United Nations charter, adviser to President Eisenhower, president of the University of Pennsylvania) while earning a reputation as a perennially unsuccessful candidate for President of the United States. (He's run eight times.) Stassen slipped off his tie, pulled up a chair, and faced Larry across a table. While they waited for the second hand on a studio clock to tick down the last minute before showtime, Larry flicked some ashes off the shoulder of his sweater and talked with his guest about Hawaii.

Larry being introduced on the air by a taped voice: "And now America's most talked-about interviewer and the host of our program, Larry King." Larry responding live to the tape: "Thank you, Paul." Larry in an aside to Stassen during a break at 12:40: "Living Through History: You know, Adlai Stevenson had the most twinkling blue eyes I have ever seen. I'm talking Paul Newman, Frank Sinatra, the whole bit." Larry on the air at 1:08, with fourteen phone lines blinking in front of him, taking his first call of the night: "Laurel, Maryland. Good morning." Larry drinking a cup of coffee during another break, at 2:04: "The question is: When do you take your last cup? If this is it, I go home and sleep fine until midmorning. If not, I'm in big trouble." A caller from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, whose voice sounds far away, with a hypothetical for Stassen: "Imagine that you and Larry and I are sitting around in 1945 . . ." Larry on another break, after Stassen has left, and before the start of the show's "Open Phone America" segment, when people call in to talk about whatever is on their minds: "I interviewed Casey Stengel once. I asked him one question, and he went on for twenty-eight and a half minutes."

When Larry is thinking, he pats his hair, his mouth turns down, and he slumps in his chair. He pushes his studio mike away, smokes through a cigarette, and then dumps his ashtray. His eyes droop, and his voice, which is naturally dusky, drops to a hush—especially if he seems to like what he has come up with. He picks at the carpet on the table, and stares at a glossy photo of himself (red Dior sweater, focussed look) that hangs on the studio wall, surrounded by shots of Bette Midler, Alexander Haig, and Jesse Jackson, and of Sid Caesar doing his show.

Toward dawn, he told us, "I ask a human kind of question. Like, if I had President Reagan on here the first thing I'd ask him about would be movies. That was his career. Does he read *Variety*? If I were President, I'd read *Broadcasting*. 'Mr. President, do you follow the film grosses every week? What do you think of De Niro? Pacino? Are there any actors around who are what you were: Ronald Reagans, Gig Youngs, Tony Randalls—third-star best friends?' So then you could go from talking about movies to questions about using acting skills as President, without ever being discourteous. 'Could we take a Gregory Peck, in your opinion, Mr. President, school him, train him, and make him an effective leader?' Those are street questions he's never going to get at a press conference."

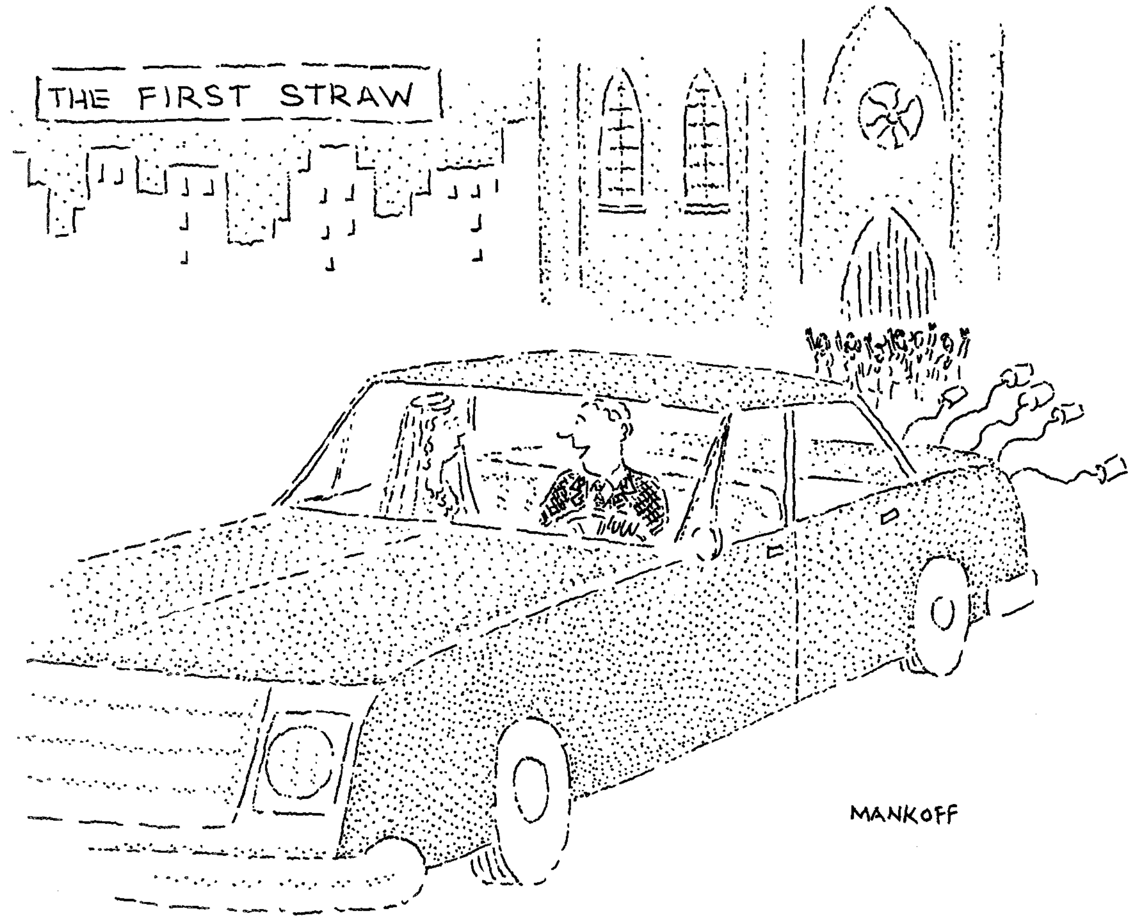

Dana Fradon

"I should now like to make a few anti-Soviet remarks."

Spinet

A FRIEND writes:

One evening not long ago, I was sitting in my apartment trying to read a not very difficult book, but I couldn't keep my mind on it. A strange sense of impinging chaos was playing havoc with my concentration. Was this some deep mental disturbance? No. It was only my possessions closing in on me. Looking around, I saw that my apartment—three rooms—contained three pairs of candlesticks, five clocks, numerous toppling stacks of magazines, two more sofas than I needed, a couple of extra dressers, and a walnut Baldwin spinet that I never played, because I don't know how to play any keyboard instrument. Clutter breeds clutter. Disorder had to be attacked before it got out of hand. So I gave a lot of things away.



"Mind if I put on the game?"

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I gave the spinet to my next-door neighbor, a lawyer named Martha, who wanted to brush up her rusted skills as a pianist. No sooner was the spinet removed than I felt lightened of a reproachful presence; like every instrument, that one needed to be played. I warned Marty that it was hopelessly out of tune, but she said not to worry, she'd get a tuner in right away.

One of the things that I like about the building I live in is that it's full of pianists. Snatches of Bach and Schumann and Brahms come to me at all hours through the ventilators, through the radiators, through the steel of the superstructure. I actually enjoy the sound of people practicing, the sound of something being brought to perfection. So when Marty started to work on a Chopin nocturne it wasn't the halting way she played that bothered me; it wasn't even that the spinet sounded so loud that it might just as well have never left my apartment. What bothered me was that *she hadn't had it tuned*. What a terrible, tinny dissonance it made! Worse than the world's worst steel band. For three nights, I sat in my apartment unable to concentrate on my book, because my mind was occupied with thinking up ways to destroy the spinet. But the fourth night brought a new sound: *ping*, *ping*, *ping*—clean, discrete notes, with no wobbly overtones. *Ping*, *ping* . . . They were like arrows of light piercing the wall.

After this had gone on for a while, I went out and knocked on Marty's door. She opened it, in the beige cashmere dress she'd worn to the office, and slippers. A tall, slender man was standing by the spinet. He wore corduroy pants tucked into high leather boots, which gave him an equestrian air, and he had the high forehead, placid eyes, and long, sensitive nose that one sees in portraits of certain Liechtenstein princes. Marty introduced him as "Ingo Hofmann, the tuner."

Mr. Hofmann said hello, with a little bow, and sat down at the spinet, keeping his back very straight. He improvised something that sounded like Satie. "Nice tone," he murmured in a slight, attractive foreign accent.

I asked him if he had perfect pitch.

"No," he said. "I'm not one of those people who can hear any note and tell you just what it is. But I do have perfect *relative* pitch, which is what you need for tuning. In other words, I can tell you if an interval—an octave, say—is even the tiniest bit off. I don't need perfect pitch—I've got a tuning fork."

"Tell my friend the list of people you tune for," Marty urged Mr. Hofmann.

"Oh, well, let's see . . ." he said, looking up at the ceiling.

"Bobby Short," Marty prompted him.

"Yes," he said, "Bobby Short. And Victor Borge, Claudio Arrau, Ruth Laredo, Oscar Peterson . . ."

"And William Buckley and David Rockefeller," Marty added.

"I used to tune for Samuel Barber," Mr. Hofmann said wistfully. "He had Rachmaninoff's old piano, you know. Nine-foot Steinway grand—beautiful instrument."

"Ingo's father tuned for Rachmaninoff," Marty informed me.

"Yes," Mr. Hofmann said. "Whenever Rachmaninoff played in Vienna. My father was a very great craftsman. In his day, there was a level of craftsmanship that we can hardly even conceive of now. I remember that when I was twenty-three I had my first big job—tuning for Artur Rubinstein at the Royal Festival Hall, in London. Soon after that, I went home on a vacation—to Germany. I was so proud of myself—Artur Rubinstein at the Royal Festival Hall, you know. My father pointed to a piano and said, 'Tune that.' So I tuned it. When I was done, my father sat down and tested it. 'Very good,' he told me. 'It won't take you much longer, and then you will realize how far you still have to go.' "

I went back to my apartment, which was now nearly as naked as a Zen cell. I picked up my book and started to read. The Chopin nocturne came through the wall—still halting but now crystalline, almost ethereal.

IN FAMILY

STEPHANIE, who is ten, would like to know exactly how old her great-grandmother is—ninety-five or ninety-six? Jack, Stephanie's father, doesn't know.

"But didn't you know when you were a little boy? Didn't you go to her birthday parties?"

He tells her he doesn't think his grandmother, who grew up in Russia, celebrates birthdays.

"But when they got a new president in Russia, I remember they said on television how old *he* was."

This sounds plausible, but Jack cannot satisfy her. He feels bad about discussing his grandmother, because they are in the same room with her, here in her nursing home, but it is easier to have a conversation with Stephanie than with Grandma. The old woman is in a wheelchair. Her feet, in heavy socks, are motionless on the footrest, and her knees are apart, with her blue plaid cotton housedress wrinkled over them. Her white hair, which was always in a bun, is now cut short; it is thin and stands away from her head. She looks with interest from father to daughter. Jack doesn't know how clear her mind is—whether she can follow the conversation.

"I was born in Russia," she says with dignity. Her voice is shaky but its accent is still familiar to Jack, who believed as a child that speaking with a foreign accent was an unvarying characteristic of grandparents. "And my husband, and also my son Abe."

"Abe is my father, Grandma," says Jack. "I'm Jack."

"He has beautiful children," says his grandmother. She is speaking of Jack himself. "Three children. The girl is Steffie."

"Steffie is *me!*" Stephanie starts to laugh but stops herself.

"Let me look at you," says the grandmother to Stephanie, who moves a few inches nearer the wheelchair and stands with her firm legs together; they are bare below her blue-and-white shorts. She has a round belly that looks bigger than it is because her posture is a little self-conscious. She plays with the white trimming on the hem of the shorts as if she's trying to work it loose. She's a little too large for her gestures. Jack is touched by her awkwardness and reaches out toward her just as his grandmother takes Stephanie's hands and holds them, laughing—an elemental laugh, all open mouth, because her face has so little flesh.

"Daddy, can I push her?" Stephanie means the wheelchair.

Jack doesn't know what to say. He doesn't know the rules of the nursing home, or what his grandmother would like. He has never visited his grandmother here without his father coming along, too; his father, a retired teacher, lives in Brooklyn. Up to now, a visit to the nursing home, which is in Queens, has been part of a long day in New York for Jack, with his whole family in attendance and sometimes his brother's family as well. This time, he and Stephanie have driven down alone from New Haven, where they live, and he didn't even tell his father that they were making the trip.

"Grandma, should we take you to the canteen?" he says now. "Or to the sunroom, maybe?"

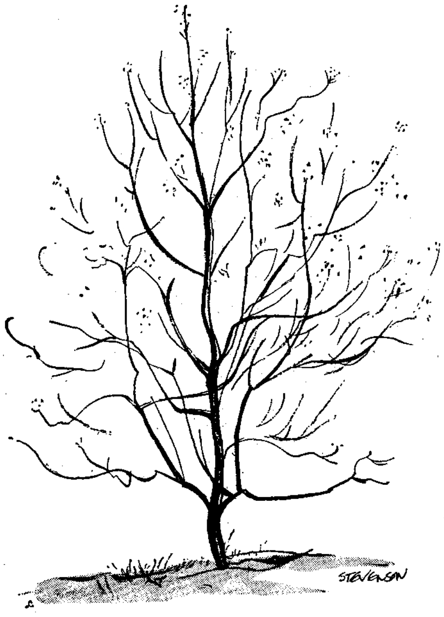
Now Jack notices a young man and woman standing in the doorway. He assumes they are looking for his grandmother's roommate, who was on her way out of the room with her walker when they arrived; he remembers a lounge with a television set—perhaps she is there.

"Jack!" says the young man. "It's *years*." It is his cousin David, coming forward and shaking his hand. "What are you doing here? Did you drive in from New Haven?"

"We took the boat," says Stephanie.

"You can come here from New Haven by *boat*?"

"I'd always wanted to try it," says Jack. He is not sure whether David has seen that he didn't recognize him at first. "It's a car ferry from Bridgeport to Port Jefferson. Stephanie loved it."



"No, I didn't," says Stephanie. "I was cold."

"*I* loved it," Jack corrects himself.

"*You* loved it, of course," David says. "You. The old adventurer."

This is not the way Jack thinks of himself. David gestures to show that they've gotten ahead of themselves. "Then this is Steffie," he says.

Jack is trying to remember what he knows about David, who is several years younger than he is. David's mother is Jack's father's youngest sister. Jack and his wife, Franny, attended David's wedding, he remembers now—maybe three years ago, at a motel on Long Island. They had to leave the children with Franny's sister. Franny was angry, because Martin was still nursing; she wanted to take him along. Then it must have been more than three years ago.

"Tanya," Jack says, having remembered David's wife's name.

"Oh. No," says David, laughing a little. "Actually, Tanya and I have been separated for two years. This is my friend Julie."

"Hi," says Julie.

"I'm sorry," says Jack. "I must have known." He wonders whether it is worse if he didn't know or if he forgot. David is kissing their grandmother.

"Grandma, this is Julie," David says. "Remember? We took you out on the town."

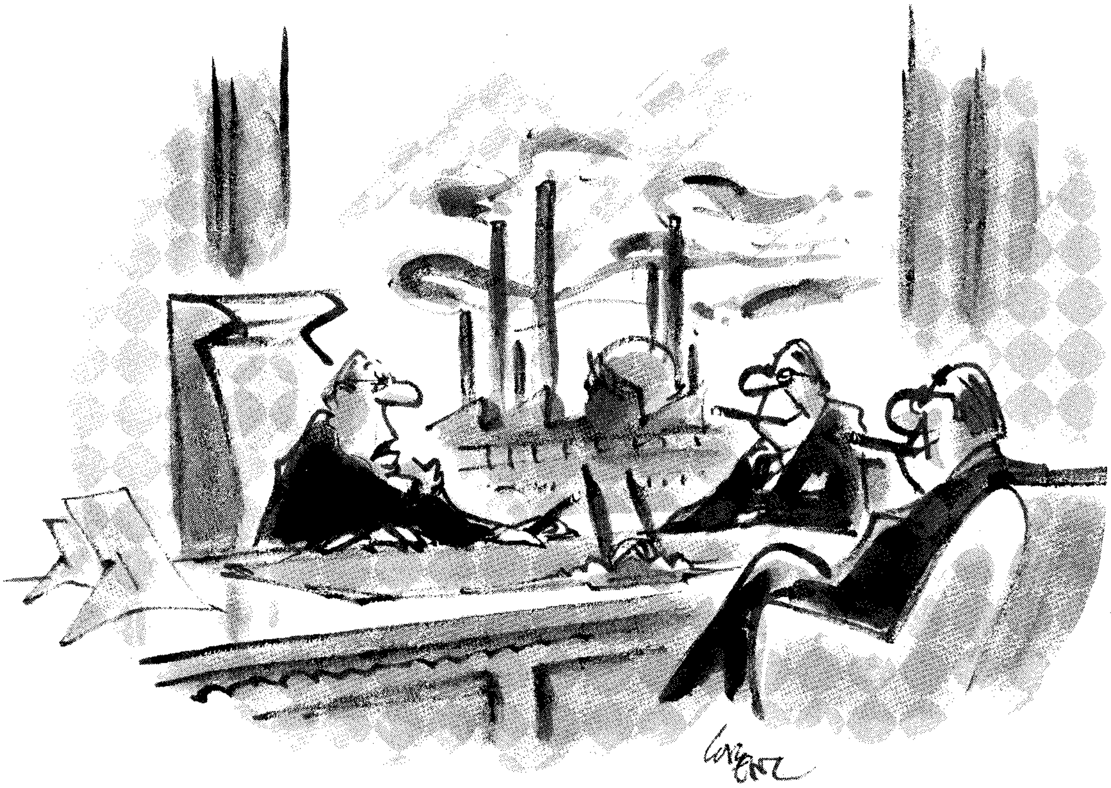
"A very sweet girl," says the grandmother.

"The last time we came, we took her for a walk," David says to Jack. "There's sort of a playground. We bought her ice cream."

"Daddy, let's go there," says Stephanie. "When are we going to leave?"

David sits down on the edge of the grandmother's bed. Jack is already sitting in the only chair provided for his grandmother's visitors, a Scandinavian-style armchair with a low wooden back that cuts into his shoulders. Now Julie pulls over the one next to the roommate's bed. They make a cramped group around the wheelchair. Stephanie leans against Jack, half sitting on the arm of his chair.

David reaches over to the wheel-



"I think we agree, gentlemen, that one can respect Mother Nature without coddling her."

chair, takes their grandmother's hand in his, and strokes it rhythmically. He acts as if he were in charge here. Jack feels inert and vague beside him. It would be better if he were more like David. He would come here more often and feel more relaxed afterward. As it is, he hasn't been here to see his grandmother for more than a year now. For some reason, he doesn't have much contact with this part of his family, although he has ten first cousins from this, his father's, side. On his mother's side there are only three, and Jack is in touch with all of them. None of them could marry or divorce without his knowing all about it. One, Janet, is chronically ill. He feels a momentary irritation with David simply for claiming him as a cousin, as if this unfamiliar man, whose profession Jack can't recollect, were the same to him as his difficult, quarrelsome Janet, struggling to teach kindergarten in Boston, never quite well.

"So you're Stephanie," Julie says. "I know all about you. You play the recorder."

Stephanie doesn't answer.

"Grandma," says David, "I got the apartment. I sign the lease tomorrow."

"You have to move?" says the old lady.

"I *want* to. Don't you remember? I told you." Turning to Jack, he says, "She can't imagine that anybody would want to move. She lived in that same place on Bedford Avenue for—what, Grandma, thirty years? Forty?"

He turns to Julie. "I loved going there. Jack, I always hoped you'd play with me at those big family parties, even though you were so much older." He turns to Julie again. Each time he speaks to one of them, David leans forward and his upper body swivels in the appropriate direction, as if they were in such a large room that the person whose attention he wanted might have forgotten to listen. Now he turns to Julie again. "My cousin Jack was the intellectual. Jack, do you remember the time you took the rest of us to Prospect Park and got us lost?"

Jack remembers—he thinks of the fight with his father later that day, and the angry tears. It's been twenty-five years, but this old family story still gives him pain. Nothing happened, really. He remembers the start of that afternoon, when he led his cousins off through Prospect Park as if he knew all its pathways and turnings by heart, and how frightened he had suddenly felt when the expedition went wrong and the other boys first realized that they were lost and that he had been pretending to an ease he didn't possess.

Mostly, though, his memory of visiting his grandmother's apartment is of boredom. He cannot remember playing with anyone. His grandmother didn't seem to enjoy visitors. He has always suspected that she would have preferred to remain single, a solitary working woman—she was a good seamstress. What he liked best about her apartment was the smell of clean, worn cloth. He'd find something to read there and wait for his parents to be ready to go. But how does Julie know that Stephanie plays the recorder—or, more accurately, did for a few months, in an after-school program about a year ago.

"Grandma," says David, "remember the time Jack got us lost in Prospect Park? Me and Michael and Barry—was Barry there? Do you remember the policeman, Jack? And how your father came running up to us?" He turns to Julie, who is listening with pleasure—but so is Grandma. "He kept shouting, 'Officer! Officer! I'm coming!' I think your dad thought we'd all be arrested."

Although Jack does remember the policeman and although he knows that their cousin Barry *wasn't* with them that afternoon, he doesn't answer.

"I'd give anything for memories like that," Julie says.

"DADDY, I'm so cold. I'm going to be so cold on that boat." It's an hour later. Jack and Stephanie have found the playground and an ice-cream vender; being cold hasn't stopped Stephanie from wanting a Popsicle. It's purple, and Jack finds himself thinking automatically about its artificial color and flavor. Stephanie has a purple stain around her mouth and purple streaks congealing on her legs.

"You know what, Steff," Jack says, "I think we should stop at a store and buy you a sweater. I'd hate for you to miss being out on deck." She insisted on staying in the enclosed part of the boat this morning; he'd like to see her get excited about this fairly rare trip across water.

"How will we find a store?" Stephanie asks.

"Oh, we'll pass one." Stephanie, her Popsicle finished, goes off to look around, while Jack waits on a bench in the sun. It really is a chilly day, bright and dry but windy. They'd expected it to be warm, and neither of them took along a jacket in the rush to drive to the ferry this morning. The park has a playground crowded with wooden turrets, ladders, and ramps, not just swings and slides. Jack notices that Stephanie's mouth is moving as she walks around a little parapet and up and down a ramp. She must be talking to herself.

Having mentioned the sweater, Jack has become anxious about it. Buying it seems wasteful—surely Stephanie owns enough sweaters, if they'd only thought to bring one along. He points out to himself that the weather may change and Stephanie won't need a sweater. His grandmother, who has always known about clothing, would disapprove of whatever it is he is about to buy. He pictures her, with her hair the old way, fingering a sleeve with distaste.

When he kissed her goodbye in the nursing home, she said, "A nice kiss." For a moment, Jack felt sure that she knew who he was. He is surprised that it matters to him whether she knew, whether she was glad to see him. He would like to be chuckling now over her old crankiness, and, noting that wish in himself, he sees what else he'd like—that he, not David, be the attentive sort of grandson, teasing his grandmother and talking at her, whether she understood him or not, and that Stephanie be the sort of confident child who is at ease anywhere, who is never cold.

It would have been easier for him, he thinks oddly, if somehow he could have visited his other grandmother, his mother's mother, if she had lived on into her nineties like this. His mind goes back to one of the few times he ever saw his two grandmothers together—the morning before his high-school graduation, when they had both come to his parents' house, *his* house, where the family was getting ready to leave for the ceremony. But when Jack put on his rented cap and gown so they could take pictures, it was discovered that the hem of the gown was uneven, dipping wildly at one side. His father's mother—this grandmother—asked for needle and thread (and a thimble, which Jack's mother didn't have). She made Jack stand on a chair he brought from the kitchen and set about ripping out and sewing several inches of the hem, kneeling on the rug. His other grandmother watched from a chair. Then she went into the kitchen and returned with a piece of bread.

"Eat." She handed it to Jack.

"Why?" Jack didn't know what she wanted, but he began nibbling the bread.

"Better to eat while your grandma fixes. Nothing bad should happen." She sat down and watched again.

"My mother also," said the sewing grandmother from the floor, after a pause, her voice a little scornful of Jack's other, more old-fashioned grandmother—teaching a superstition to a child! "My mother would give me to eat, if she needed to fix while I was wearing."

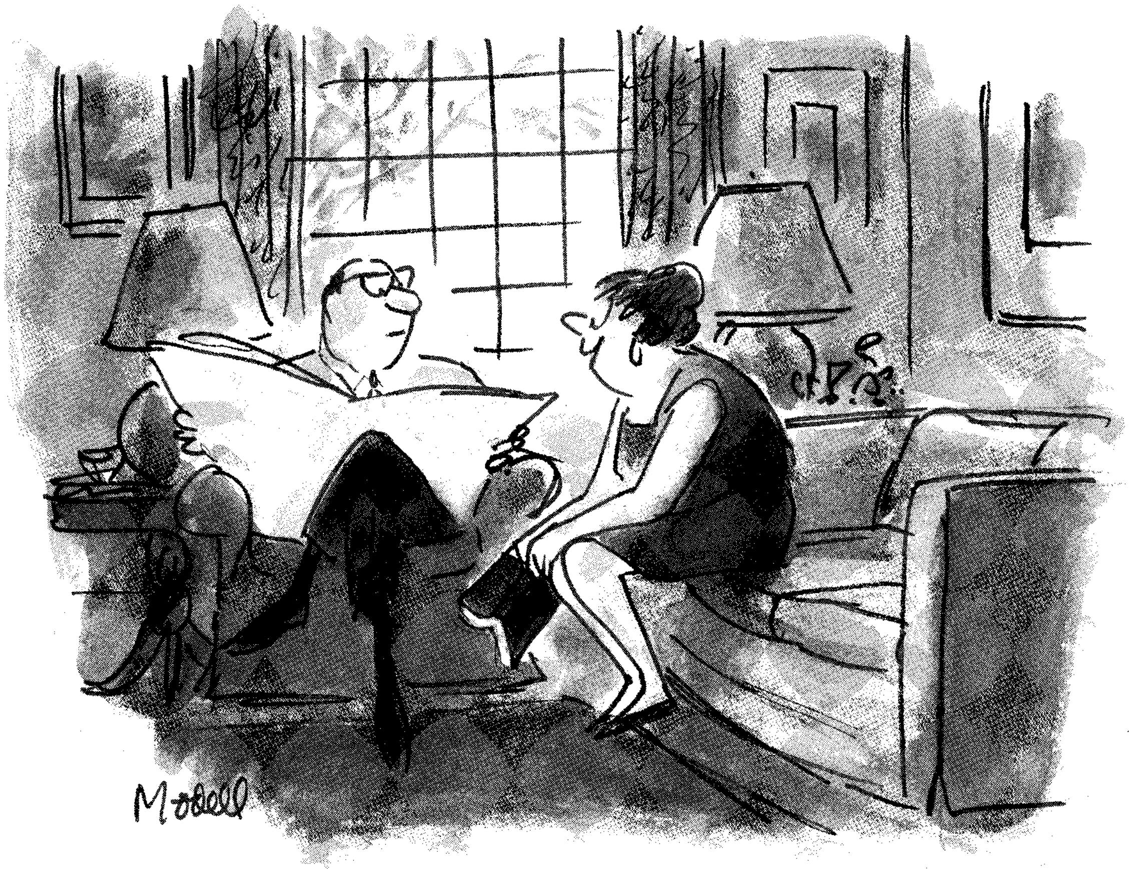
It must have felt strange to him to see them together. He stood there as the hemming went on, rotating slowly in his gown like a mechanical graduating boy on a cake, and obediently chewing on the piece of rye bread. In the memory, the grandmothers waft toward him from their two directions like different kinds of music or different smells: one woman (now long dead) ceremonial, loving and foolish, happy to be a grandmother, the other—the survivor—impatient, clever, restless in her generation, restless in family. He tries to explain to himself that the woman he has just seen is the same person who knelt on the rug.

But they should start—the last ferry to Connecticut is at six. He calls to Stephanie, and they walk back to their car.

It takes longer than he expects to find a store where they can buy a sweater. Finally he stops at a gas station, and they are directed to a shopping center half a mile or so off their route. Stephanie is excited, and when there are no sweaters in stock for girls her size, she cheerfully selects a pink nylon jacket with a zipper up the front. It has absurd white cotton lace on the neck and wrists. Jack thinks she would look better in a plain blue one but she says that the one he likes is a boy's jacket.

They have to wait on line for a long time to pay for the jacket, and when they have left the store and made their way out of the parking lot it takes a while to get back on their route. Then, on the parkway, they find

The Affectionate Dog



"Do you know what this book makes me want to do? Write."

themselves caught in heavy traffic. Stephanie is in the back seat, the jacket in a plastic drawstring sack in her lap. She falls asleep. Jack becomes afraid they will miss the ferry. He is beginning to feel stupid. There will be no pleasure in telling the story of missing the ferry on himself. It was a mistake to buy the jacket; stopping for it will have made them late.

If they miss the ferry they'll have to turn around and drive all the way back through Long Island, back into Queens, across the Throgs Neck Bridge, and then home to New Haven along the Connecticut Turnpike—an enormous journey. They are moving steadily now, but slowly. There is a slight rise, and when they reach the top he can see that the cars in both lanes going in his direction are stopped a quarter of a mile away—there is a long line of them with brake lights on. He looks at the farthest car he can see and wills it to be released and move.

Stephanie wakes up. "I'm thirsty," she says.

"We'll get a drink on the boat."

"Can't we stop now and get a drink?"

"Steffie, *no*—I'm afraid we're going to miss the boat as it is."

"Well, if we miss it can we stop and get a drink *after* we miss it?"

He laughs, but then he says, "Steff, I'm nervous, and if you make me talk I'll get mad."

They reach the ferry on time. They drive their car up the metal clanking ramps and then down to park it in the garage section. They climb out and head up to the deck. There is a stiff wind blowing. Stephanie takes her jacket out of its plastic bag and makes her father remove the tags. She sees a trash basket over by the deckhouse and runs to throw the tags into it but asks him to hold the bag, which she wants to keep. On the way back to him, she slips on a wet spot on the deck and falls. Jack runs toward her but she jumps up again, impatient with his concern. Fighting the wind, she puts the jacket on and zips it closed. Then she takes back the plastic sack and stuffs it into a pocket. She and Jack walk to the rail and lean over. The engines start up underneath their feet and then there is dark water between the boat and the dock. They watch it grow wider. When they turn and stroll down the deck, they are caught by the wind, which makes Stephanie's pink jacket billow up like a little sail. Jack sees that the jacket is long on her; it comes below her shorts and could be all she has on, besides her sneakers. Jack likes the look of her, even the purple streaks from the Popsicle. She reminds him of someone in a costume—a court jester, perhaps, someone bravely jaunty. There is one more tag they hadn't noticed flapping behind her.

Stephanie says, "Do you think Great-Grandma gets embarrassed when she says things wrong?" She has to shout to be heard over the sound of the engines and the wind.

"I don't know!" he shouts back. "I THINK—MAYBE—NOT."

"When I'm in my nineties I'm not going to say anything—just to make sure," Stephanie says loudly. She spreads her arms. "I'm blowing away!" She runs from Jack to the railing on the opposite side of the deck and then full tilt—almost full tilt—straight at him, and throws herself against him. Her hair feels soft and tangled on his chest but her head is hard. He knows he's not supposed to put his arm around her—it's a game. Sure enough, she is bouncing off him to run back across the deck. Then again she runs into him. She is pretending to be helpless in the wind and under the force of her own energy, but he can tell by the feel of her landing that she isn't. There's just a little control at the last second, a little restraint. How many of us, he asks himself, can just let go?

—Alice Mattison

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GREECE EXPELS
INDIAN GURU
FROM OREGON

—*Austin* (*Texas*) *American-Statesman.*

Mind your own business, Greece!

FAVOR

FROM around the corners of the house, from as far away as the orchard, hens shied into the yard, scurrying as they felt other hens behind them, then lagging back to feed. Two chesty matrons tumbled into a smaller black hen. She darted under a strand of wire, and when the old man turned, he could detect only her back in a fine mesh of grass shadow. She was getting wild, and Sandoval's mouth set in a hard line. He didn't want her to hide out all morning, but there was little he could do that wouldn't scare her more. He chided, "Damn cheeks, do I got all day? Leave that Lola alone. Doan go after her, now, you, or—"

He left the threat hanging over them as the hens, in a sudden gang, crowded forward. Sam looked up, startled; Lola had been the old man's wife's name. "That little one's Lola?"

Sandoval shrugged without troubling to glance Sam's way; a precise economy, long ago decided on, ruled even his movements. "Cheek, cheek-cheek, pretty cheek," he called to the black hen, his Adam's apple working as he clucked. The yard was bare except for some briarlike roses under the eaves, where the rain spilled in torrents after storms: his wife's roses, which he had clipped down cruelly after she was dead, as he pruned down almost everything too far, until there was little left to bloom. She had been seventy, and not five feet tall, and she used to come and put her body between those roses and him with his shears. Old Man Sandoval was a miser; he wanted nothing to yield too generously, too unthinkingly—worst of all, to give in such a way that he could not get his hands on what had been given and cunningly husband it. He dreaded the leaf-dappled, camouflaged clutch, the apple dropping into the irrigation ditch. He had never had any children.

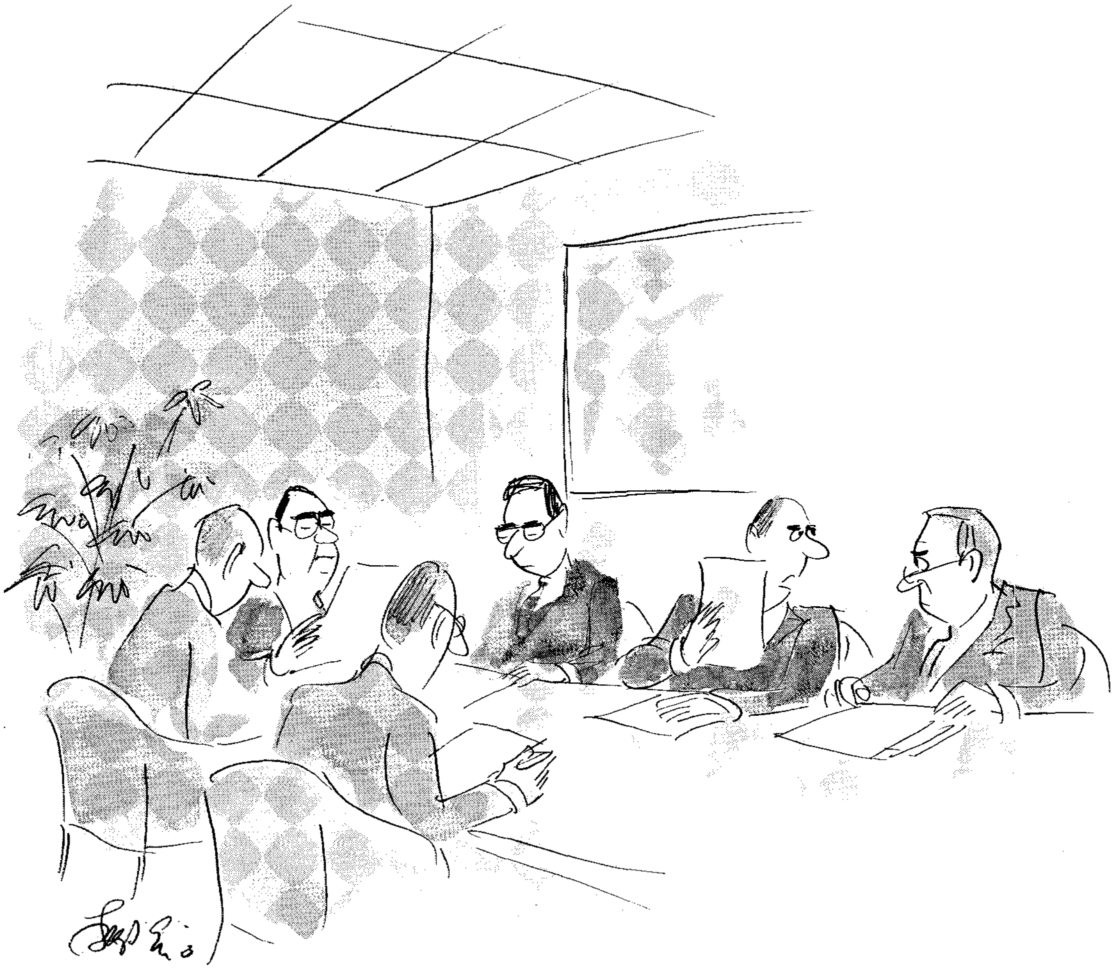
On the woodpile, Sam cradled the old man's shotgun, broke it, and peered down the barrel. Snugged to his shoulder, the walnut of the long, trim stock had a bracing heaviness. The gun was a beauty, in mint condition, and it would be impossible to find another like it. Sandoval had lost a hen and a rooster, and he'd been telling Sam how it happened: From below the bedroom window had risen the reek of skunk, but when the old man tried to climb from bed his knee stabbed him with pain, and he had to lie there, staring at the ceiling, through the hens' ruckus. Sam missed the noisy banty rooster, Chico, with his rakish tail feathers, but when he tried to figure which of the hens was gone he couldn't; they were too alike to him, with their peckish feuding, and the only hen he recognized was Lola. Sandoval had brought the gun outside for Sam to examine, because tonight, Sandoval said, there would be a moon, and he was going to wait for the skunk in the rocks behind his henhouse, wait all night if he had to—an oath sworn as the old man bent and gingerly felt his knee.

Sam meant to try the gun in the arroyo behind his own house, but he was waiting until his wife, Jenny, a painter, would be in her studio, and no longer nursing a cup of her inevitable pitch-black coffee in front of their kitchen window. She was sure he did too many favors for the old man as it was, and she refused to admit any trace of Sandoval's charm. Last evening, Sam had come home, kissed her, and said, "Jen, I finally figured out why he props cardboard around his truck."

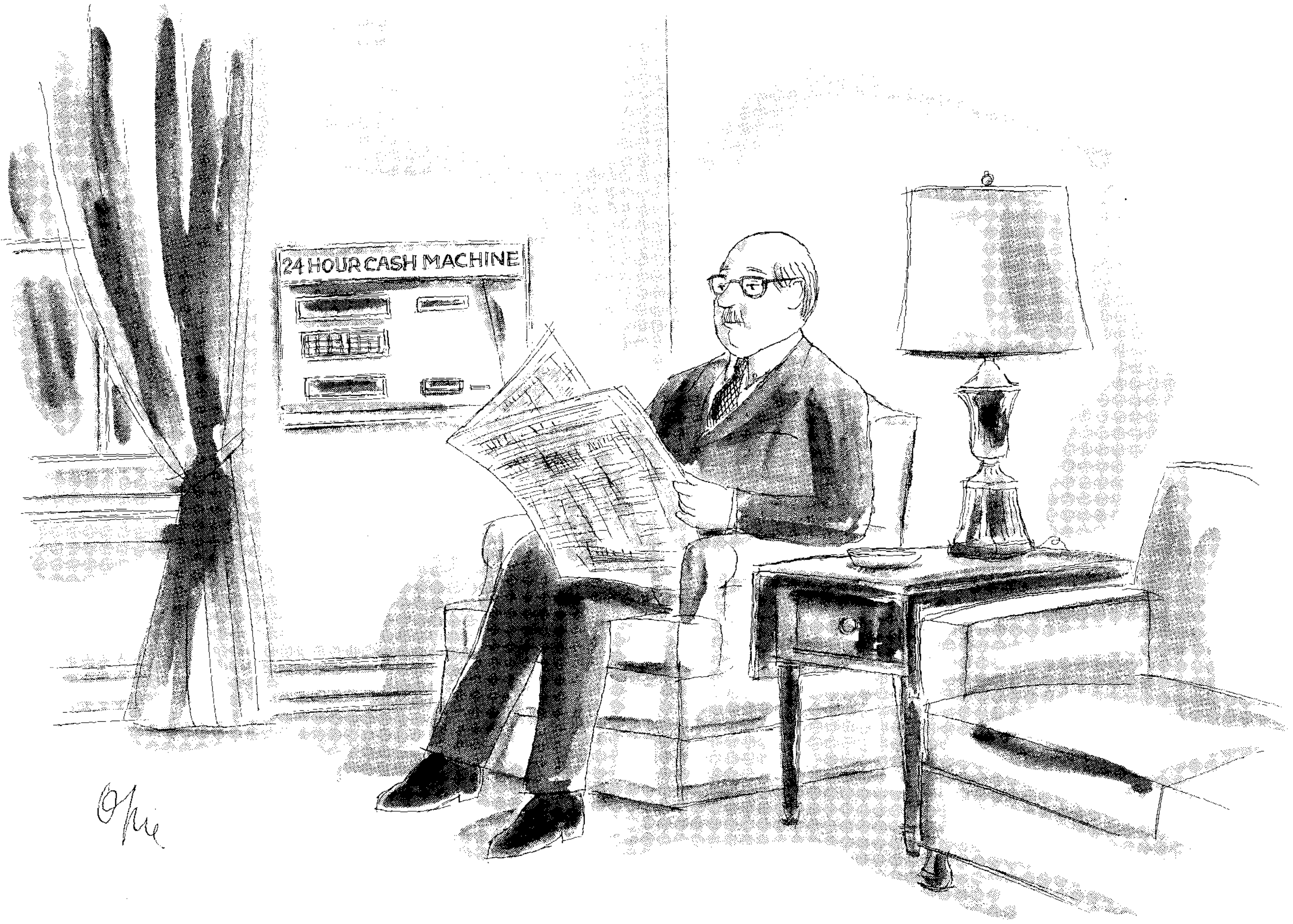
She wiped away the kiss, studying him with some dislike. "You figured out what?"

He steered her to a window. Below, in the far corner of Sandoval's yard, was the rust-spotted Chevrolet, with scraps of salvaged cardboard tipped to rest against it. "Did you ever notice that?"

"No, I never noticed that."



"*Lockhart, when everyone touched glasses at lunch, why didn't you touch mine?*"



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"Well, listen." He was still excited. "He props that cardboard up to protect his tires from the sun. He thinks it's going to make the rubber last longer."

"Oh, Sam, nobody could think that."

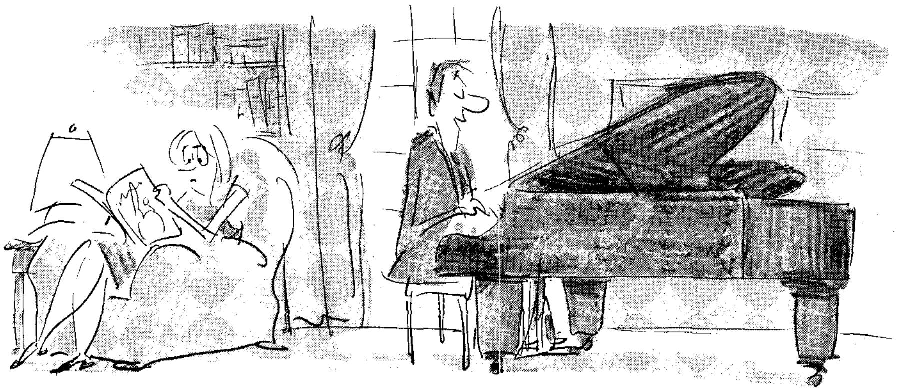
"He does."

"How do you know?"

"I just know. It was bothering me, and I figured it out. I'm getting to understand how he thinks."

He wanted to kiss her again, but she said, "I think that's so sad," and didn't say what was sad—the old man or Sam's wondering about him. Sam heard the rebuke: no insight into Sandoval's cunning would ever impress Jenny, she was so sure that time spent with the old man was another way Sam avoided repairs on their own house.

Their house: he hadn't predicted it would work as a wedge between them. At first, Jenny had handled the confusions of renovation fairly well, but before long the recriminations began. There were too many problems he hadn't foreseen, and she acted as if she should have been warned exactly how hard it was going to be. Sam could have prodded more skeptically through the house as a buyer, remarking its shortcomings and pretending to the real-estate agent that the sale could fall through, but he had been helpless—for Sam the house was love at first sight. The roof had proved to be dirt covering old, warped planks, glossed over by tar, whose bright black glister had falsely reassured him, when he climbed the ladder and leaned over the parapet, that the roof was sound. The tar had been new, but the dirt below it dampened with rain, and by November a strand of water, tinted red by the dirt, leaked across kitchen quarry tiles Sam had painstakingly laid. "The kitchen was the only room finished," Jenny said, "and now it's ruined"—though it wasn't, though a little water couldn't hurt quarry tile and butcher block, but Jenny, shaking the dirty pages of a sodden cookbook, refused to be comforted by the truth. A house in the country—there were always things wrong, he told her, especially with an old house, an unimproved house, a house they could afford: hadn't she known it would need patience? Lately she rarely bothered to argue, and he found her silences more disconcerting than quarrels—they never made love after a silence. He was a carpenter, a mender, a rescuer, and he hated knowing there was something wrong between them that he couldn't get at, and Jenny had let him live with that fact for the last edgy year. He wondered what he could try that he hadn't already; he could stay home more often, but the house oppressed him with the sense of things left undone. Originally, the house's imperfections had seemed an aliveness, even a richness—part of its character, he would have said, and did say, in selling the house to Jenny. Those flaws turned against him, settling into grim, long-standing grudges, when he had meant to shoulder all burdens so handsomely, to tend to all the details before they could occur to Jenny as nuisances. Now, no matter how hard he worked, Sam seemed errant, and for Jenny his sunny afternoons spent in the old man's com-



"... *on the avenue* ..."

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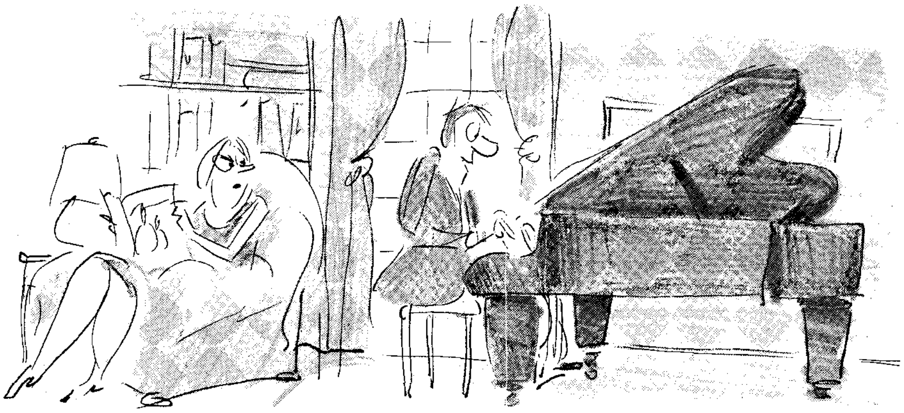

"... *on the avenue* ..."

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pany were wasted, symptomatic of Sam's failure to be absolutely (inhumanly) responsible. *Responsibility* is a favorite word of Jenny's lately, and *separation* is another. *You have no sense of*, and *Maybe we ought to think about.*

Sam lit a match and held it to a cigarette, though cigarettes were something he'd almost given up. Sandoval was hobbling across the yard, his fedora tilted to the back of his head, his unshaven jaw exposed to the sun. The edges of his eyes were red and inflamed, the lids sly and deeply arched. His hat and his breath both smelled old. He fished a cigarette from the bib of his overalls. Sam stood up for him, and they shared the match, and calmly smoked.

"I'll do it," Sam promised. "I'll get him for you."

WHEN the school bus stopped, Naranjos's blind mare hooked her big dusty head over the fence so the passing children could stroke her nose. Late last year Jenny and Sam's mailbox had been shot by someone driving by, and now that it was fall the wasps that were everywhere searching out niches had climbed in through the bullet holes. Sam sprayed the inside of the mailbox, slammed its door, and then he and Jenny ran. Wasps threaded out through the bullet holes and waited—a dozen wasps, two dozen, their abdomens jerking in rage.

"Is the wind this way?" Jenny asked. She didn't want to breathe it; she thought she was pregnant. She hadn't told Sam, though if he'd been anything except entirely self-absorbed he would have guessed it by now—she had even stopped drinking coffee. Last week, she'd taken the little jar into town, to her gynecologist's office, and he was supposed to call tomorrow morning early, but Jenny already knew what he would tell her. The wasps drifted from the mailbox; it was hard to tell if they were flying or had been blown away.

Sam said, "It can't hurt you. It hasn't hurt them."

To Jenny he sounded disappointed. "Maybe they'll come back and you can kill them over again."

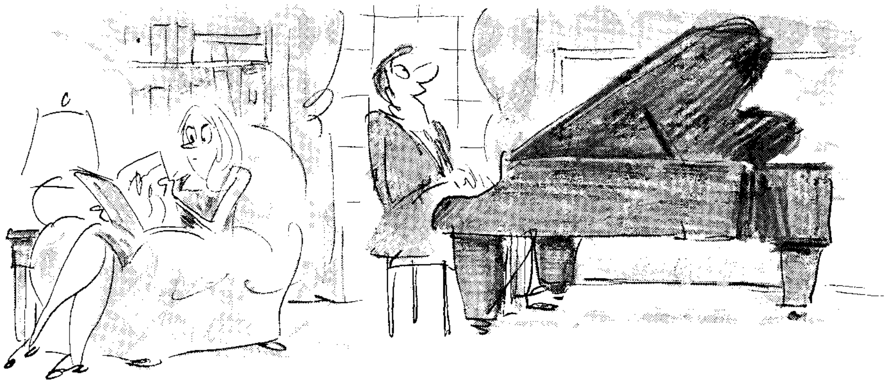
This was cheering, and he agreed, "Maybe," swinging the spray can as they walked back up the road, pausing for the old man, who was leaning against a tree; by the innocence in his face, Jenny knew they'd been ambushed. The tree was another thing that the old man had mutilated in pruning, but it appeared to have forgiven him, and bore apples in hard, small hundreds. There were none left now, and Jenny wondered where they'd gone; certainly he'd given few enough to them. She had a reason to like Sandoval, because he had signed the grant of easement that had finally cleared the title of their house to the bank's satisfaction, but her gratitude had been whittled away each time her husband disappeared to run the old man's errands.

Sam clapped Sandoval between the shoulder blades as he hunched over, coughing into a rag of handkerchief; he cleared his throat and croaked, "Good, good, *gracias*, *hito*," as if his life had been saved.

You old actor, Jenny thought; you old cheat. "*Hito*" was a word that couldn't fail to move Sam; but all the affection went one way—it went from Sam to the old man. She leaned her cheek against Sam's back, so that he was between her and Sandoval, because sometimes she had the uncanny sensation that Sandoval knew exactly what she was thinking. His voice reverberating through his own shoulder, Sam told the old man what time to expect him tonight (What time to expect him tonight?), and Sandoval limped away through his dwarfed trees. Jenny knew he was old, he was alone, and it was wrong to resent whatever use he made of Sam, but Jenny knew a number of troublesome truths that seemed to have only negligible influence on her emotions. She knew it should be simple to make up with Sam, and she knew she had a very good reason to try, and she would —she would try, if only things between them hadn't locked into a pattern so stubbornly wrong, which had not, any of it, been her fault.

THE mattress rocked as Sam got out of bed, and, asleep, Jenny said, "What?"

"Me," he whispered into her hair. It took him annoyingly long to dress, because he needed warm work clothes and couldn't remember where they were. On the bureau he found a billed cap and tugged it on, and then he lifted long johns from the floor and, from a corner, Levi's that were



"*. . . on the avenue . . .*"

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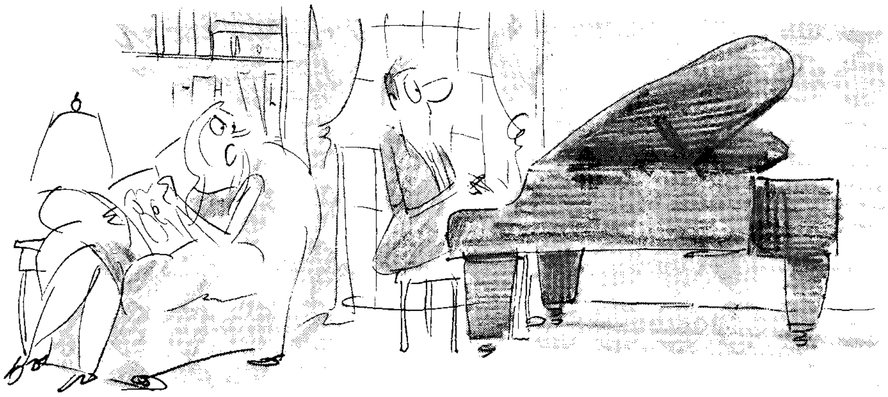

"*Fifth Avenue!*"

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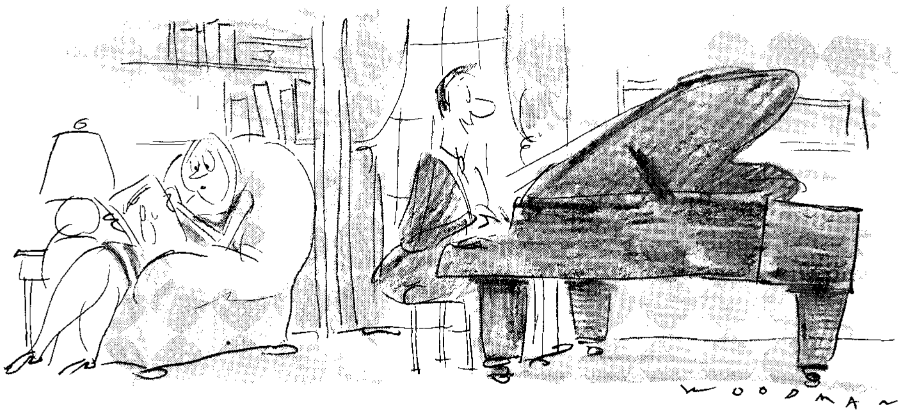

"*. . . Fifth Avenue . . .*"

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both grass-stained and oily. There was something evil about pulling on cold, dirty bluejeans in the dark, he felt, but he needed clothes that wouldn't show against the night. He emptied his pockets of change—dime against dime could betray him to a wild thing.

From the bed, while he searched for his jacket, she asked, "Do you really have to kill something?"

"The old man's losing chickens, Jen."

"You don't want to."

"I'm not in love with the idea, no."

She got up, went down on her knees, and drew his jacket out from under a chair; he wondered what impulse of helpfulness this was. "Stingy old bastard," she said.

"Well, maybe." He shrugged into the cold denim, and found a glove.

"He is. Why do you have to go? Can't he find some nephew of his or something?"

"You know he can't."

She found his other glove, balled it up, and rubbed her upper lip with it. "What's this smell?"

She was naked; he liked her small, suspicious face. "Cloves. That's a hunting glove, it can't smell too human. Give it."

"He can't find anyone else because they all hate him. I hate him. You're never here."

"Back to bed." She obliged. It was like telling a fairy tale: Sam said, "You're going to sleep again, nice and warm, and before you're up I'll be home. You'll think this was a dream."

The chill in the grass wet his sneakers as he trotted down the slope, across the road, into the weedy margin of the old man's orchard, through the still, small trees. A briar caught in his sneaker laces. Bending to pick it out, he found himself looking into the eye of a goose—whose?—worrying her own breast in deft, diving nips. Finished, she sleeked her cheek against brown feathers. They regarded each other so intently that when, nearby, an apple fell, Sam jumped. Coming out from the trees, he found the old man's kitchen lit.

Sandoval had laid the shotgun across the kitchen table. Sam liked the lamplight guttering across the rough adobe walls to the shadowed ceiling, and the warmth from the wood stove was nice, but he had to leave now if he wanted to do any good. He shook his head, from superstition, when the old man said, "You're gonna get him, I know." When the kitchen door latched behind Sam, the dark was darker; he'd lost his night vision.

At the henhouse he squinted through a chink, and though he could distinguish nothing inside, the hens continued their dovish burbling undisturbed. He clambered up the sandstone reef; his foot slipped, a pebble skipped away and struck, and down the valley a dog began to bark, waking another dog farther away. Sam climbed until he found the right shelf, wide enough to lie on, not too high for a good view. There was, for some reason, a rusty car fender lying on this shelf, and when he pushed it away its racket silenced the hens. He lay down flat, and as the stone chilled his stomach he concentrated on the smell of Jenny's hair, at that moment the most pleasant warmth he could come up with. He tried to work this warmth down to his fingers and freezing toes, but it remained in a ball in his chest. Below, nothing stirred, and the hens started in again. Sandoval's kitchen light blinked

DUSK

Mans lyfe, to be lyke a smoke or shadowe, is not
onely knowen to learned men . . . —*John Calvin.*

What do I know? Random birds. The trees.
I've split old cedar for the back-yard fireplace:
In April I and my eight years' daughter made it,
our mortar so loosely mixed I remember it ran
out under the mold—in spite of my efforts to hold it—
whose wood now kindles the purposeless fire I burn.
Intent on book or doll, inside, the girl
is silent. Shadowed, I stand out here alone.

Not quite. I lay a split of birch on the coals,
heartwood from two trees I couldn't save,
the roots all ruined; like pages off-white with age,
the paper bark curls back on itself in the heat.
There rise in smoke the gestures of vanished friends.
There in the clashing plaids of cap and shirt
is one who makes that odd toss, underhand,
building a fire as he goes. I imitate it.

Or try, as I have tried for years, and fail.
What is lost? Don making ready the coffee,
George and I kicking those little holes
of conversation in sand, our hunger sated,
belts let out. An ignorant boy of twenty,
I inwardly chafe at the way they study the flame,
the older others. George has arms like cable
strung to the knotted hands with which he points—
at the head of the lake a barely discernible eagle.
Don shuffles the kettle. His spectacles glow.
The canoes, run up on the beach, can be hauled down,
and then, I think, God knows where we might go!
Those boats were light as steam and green as lawn,
where my broadleafs faintly shine in the perfect calm,
smoke from the fireplace now a seamless line,
and I the dull bourgeois I would have despised:

I putter, I prune the trees, I weed the flowers.
Here of an evening in fall I'm satisfied,
sad, and dumb. Everything is so ordered!
The day birds warbling goodbye, the evening ones
as yet unheard. I hear alone the implosions
and curious coos, inside, of our nursing infant.
A log shifts, fumes, brings tears, through which the children's
swing set, yesterday's project, glints. Time.

Time will set the concrete. The seats will be hung.
At last my daughter will climb and sway upon them,
and the baby at length. How various is pain,
how randomly shaded with joy. The single salute
of the thrush; the dove at dusk like a breathy flute;
an owl's interrogations. The dooryard darkens
and covers my trees: the ash, the hornbeam, the pine.
Such mystery here, that smoke should be the constant.

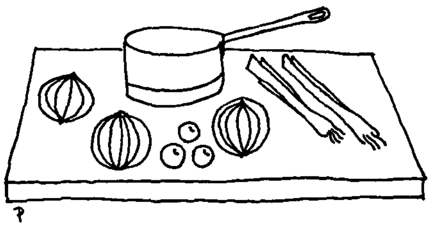
—SYDNEY LEA

• •

out, and Sam was glad, because it meant the old man trusted him enough to go back to bed. Or, he worried, it meant the old man was saving electricity, sitting waiting in the dark for Sam to succeed.

For an hour, then another, Sam lay counting alternately stars and the barks of distant dogs, guessing he would be able to spot in the grass the white chevron between snub ears, and wishing he felt better about killing the skunk. Lying there, he had begun to sympathize with it—the poor plank henhouse invited plunder, and the hens sounded idiotically cozy. Jaw to the shotgun's stock, Sam ran through his reasons. What he hated was the old man's sadness about his hens, and killing the skunk would put a stop to that. Fair enough—Sam was willing to take on this responsibility for that motive, and in his mind he had already neatly finished off the skunk's existence, leaving only the cold wait until he pulled the trigger. But the shape he finally observed, at the bottom of the reef, circling another rusty fender that lay there, moved nimbly, without a skunk's toed-in, tail-up shambling, and with many fractional hesitations and scent checks that were, to a skunk, quite unnecessary; what was coming through the cold green grass put its feet down briskly, kept its ears pricked and its tread light, and was, Sam saw, a fox.

Where the brush was deepest, the fox feinted in and out, keeping low, reluctant to show itself fully, but it was exposed as it skinnied under the fence and jumped to the henhouse ramp, where it paused. Its ears pointed forward, then back, and if Sam had whispered, the fox would have caught it. It sat, fitted its tail around its feet, and squared its shoulders silkily, as a hunting cat does for a bit of last-minute concentration—Jenny would have loved seeing that. The fox crouched, its ears angled now at the doorway, within which the hens were still foolishly burbling. Fox or skunk, Sam thought, the old man's loss was the same, and this death the end of his trouble. Sam made up his mind, a stone by his elbow chinked against another stone, the shotgun kicked into his shoulder, and the fox tucked into the doorway. The report echoed down the valley; Sandoval's kitchen went bright. Sam patted his jacket down for another shell, and cursed his confidence when he knew there wasn't one; he made the climb down sandstone, its cold grain scraping his hand. The hens sounded as if they were all dying bloody deaths, but by the time Sam had run to the henhouse door and knelt there, not even sure what he could do if he cornered the fox inside, he found only the fluttering hens, and feathers rocking down through shadow, and nothing else.

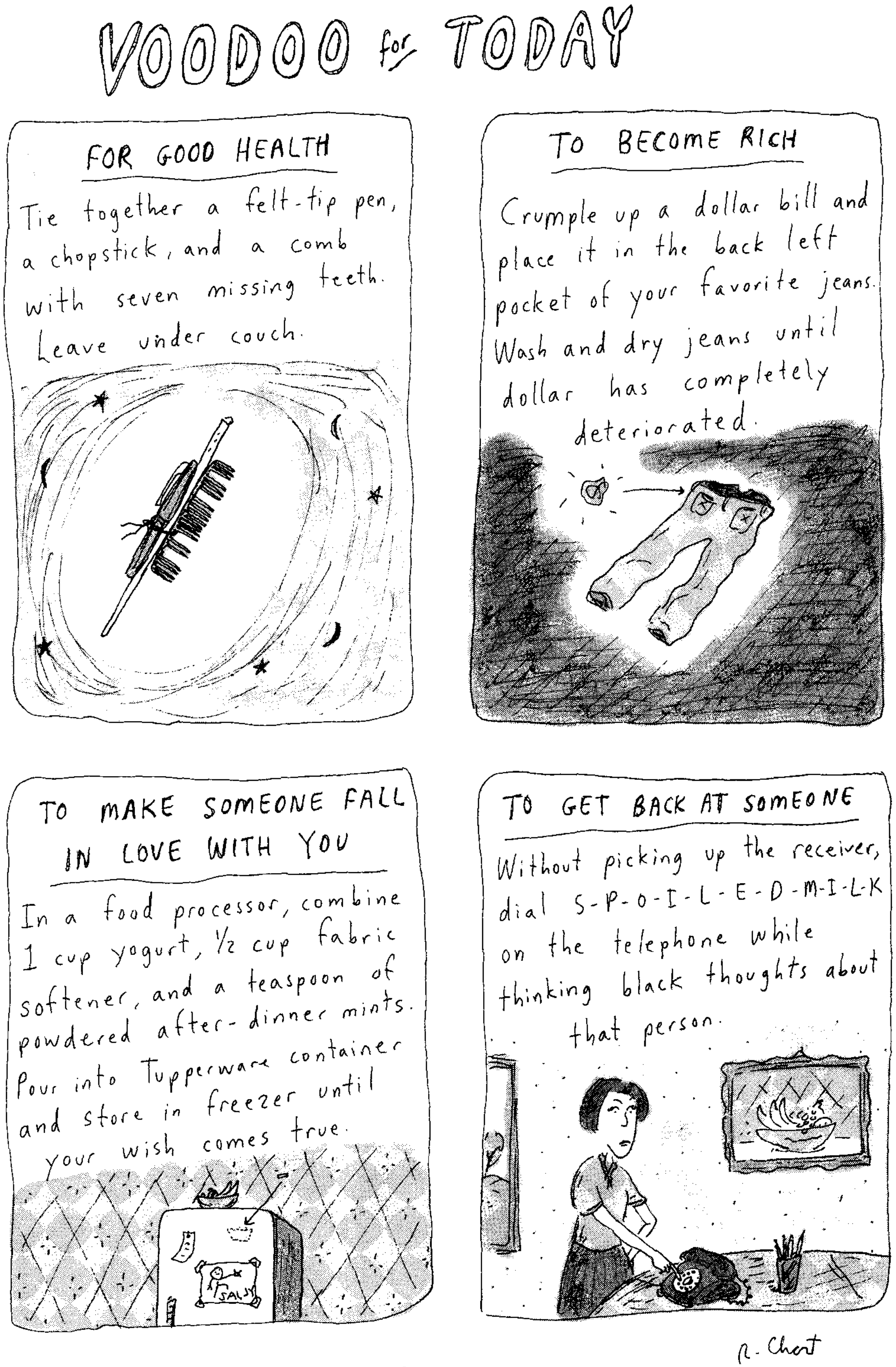


IN the warm kitchen, Jenny said, "You missed because you didn't really want to kill it." She was in her nightgown, making coffee, and she seemed very pleased with herself—with her own version of what had happened. "Was it beautiful?"

"Very—all sleek and fat from chickens. You should have seen the old man, Jen. He was so disappointed in me."

"Well, I'm not."

For once, he thought, but said, "He


VOODOO for TODAY
FOR GOOD HEALTH
Tie together a felt-tip pen, a chopstick, and a comb with seven missing teeth. Leave under couch.
TO BECOME RICH
Crumple up a dollar bill and place it in the back left pocket of your favorite jeans. Wash and dry jeans until dollar has completely deteriorated.
TO MAKE SOMEONE FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU
In a food processor, combine 1 cup yogurt, ½ cup fabric softener, and a teaspoon of powdered after-dinner mints. Pour into Tupperware container and store in freezer until your wish comes true.
SALLY
TO GET BACK AT SOMEONE
Without picking up the receiver, dial S-P-O-I-L-E-D-M-I-L-K on the telephone while thinking black thoughts about that person.
R. Chast

couldn't believe I'd missed."

She surprised him: "That was hard for you, letting him down."

"He trusts me, Jen. I'm going to have to spend the afternoon wiring the henhouse up, so he can lock it right. It needs a new door."

"Not this afternoon, you can't."

"I have to fix the way the fox got under the fence as well. Why not this afternoon?" In spite of himself, he was irritated. Well, he'd been up half the night.

"We have to go into town," Jenny said.

"Why both?"

"Because I'd like it." Behind him, she scrubbed her chin along his denim jacket, with its night smell of faint cold grassy dustiness; he always seemed a little strange to her when he came back from hunting. She rubbed the hair at his neck, which needed a trim. She said, "My doctor called, and he says that I'm pregnant, but I've known that. I've just known."

His reaction to her words was physical—a startling in his chest, like alarm. He could understand the million metaphors and references to hearts, because that was where this happened. But he was quiet; misinterpreting that, she rushed on. "If only it wasn't such a rotten time for it, I know. If only we hadn't been having problems. I can't tell how I feel about a baby, Sam, can you?"

He meant to be cautious with her. He didn't want the answer he made now to be counted against him at any future time, to be entered into the list of his failures of intuition, and a part of himself was rapidly calculating and rejecting responses. She pushed his back. "Come on, Mr. Fox." She pushed harder. "Say something."

The part of him that answered her hadn't considered strategy at all; it was only guesswork, but Sam said, "I love you."

WASN'T there sometimes a period of grace, after you happened to do something right, when you could do no wrong? When the old man had counted up his chickens and found them all there, when the fox didn't return, when Jenny brushed her hair singing, Sam guessed he had entered such a time, though a stray question from his former, troubled existence haunted him: If he had killed the fox that night, what would Jenny be like now? He knew what she would be like, and it wouldn't be good. He had come so close to killing the fox for the old man, and it would have proved to be, for Jenny, a kind of last straw. God, it was scary what he went through life not knowing.

But for now Sam believed he had pulled off an astonishing feat: he had got three—ah, four—lives into a kind of harmony.

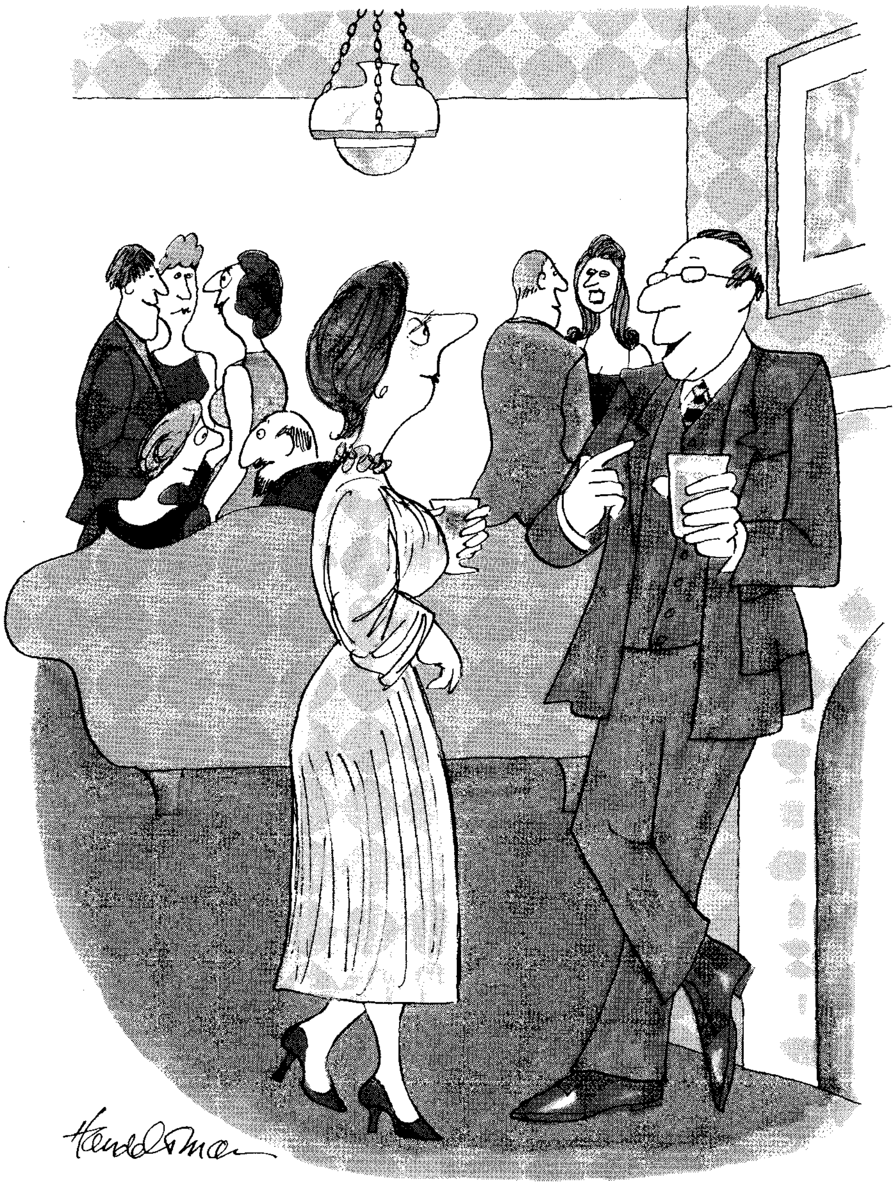
IT began to smell like snow, though there was no snow. It occurred to Jenny that there were things that had stayed undone since they had moved in which would still be undone when nine months were up—her baby would be born into an imperfect house, and this cost her some peace of mind. She stood before the house in the evening, filled with impatience. Outside, it was exactly as it had been for the last fifty years. The front of the house was eroding adobe, of a soft, quilted fawn, the same shade as the bluff that backed and appeared to shelter it. This bluff was the only thing Jenny unequivocally loved about the house. The separate bricks had weathered to a compact roundedness, all corners gone, and where the mortar had fallen out the façade buckled into a series of chinks, hollows, and inlets deeper than her fingers. In short, repairs were urgently needed, and Sam was gone again, down to Sandoval's yard, splitting kindling for the storm. The old man, Jenny knew, saved his gnarliest, hardest cedar for Sam.

She shrugged to herself, pulled her sweater higher around her throat, and cut down the slope to Sandoval's yard, where she sat on a bucket. The old man was sitting, too, not far from her bucket, but not near, either, and they nodded formally. Sam drove the wedge into a stump, extremely hard; the maul descended in heavy clops, again and again, and sometimes he let it fall and knelt to wrestle with the roots, trying to work them farther apart with his hands. The heartwood creaked like a saddle as the wedge inched deeper in.

"It's going to snow soon," Jenny said. "Can't you feel it?" She wrapped her arms around herself. Neither of them appeared to hear, but they were far beyond small talk. Sam had told her he thought the henhouse was safe enough now, and that the shot had surely terrified the fox. He'd told her, too, that the apples were in the old man's attic; sitting on her bucket, Jenny considered all that the old man would never, ever dream of giving away, and found she didn't care. She supposed that the way she thought of him now was the way Sam had thought about him all along—Sandoval was the way he was, and you had to accept him as that. Jenny was much more interested, now, in what was happening in herself.

IT was colder, it seemed almost too cold to snow, and finally it snowed. Naranjos's blind mare slept under snow, and her furred nostrils left white vapor in the air. Jenny and Sam, returning home from a late movie in Santa Fe, saw the mare as they turned into their lane, and Jenny said, "Poor horse."

"Snow can't hurt a horse," Sam said. "It's probaby warmer on her back than nothing." Brilliant light, low to the ground, prodded around the blind curve before them, and because it was hardly wide enough there for two vehicles to pass, Sam pulled onto the road's side, which was frozen hard. Jenny nestled against him, holding a handful of her hair across her face and breathing through it. The pickup's heater wasn't working properly, and her nose was cold. "Sam," she said, lifting her chin sharply. He looked where she was looking. By light flashing in circles from the snowplow's cab, Sam saw the fox crossing the lane, running just in front of the ice jetting from the slanted blade, and though the snowplow was coming slowly, the fox almost didn't make it—his head was cocked so that the black hen could rest, a dead weight, on his narrow shoulder, and he could not see where he was going, and he could not let go. —ELIZABETH TALLENT



"Me? I'm just one of those shadowy figures who inhabit the mysterious twilight world where the medical and legal professions meet."

•

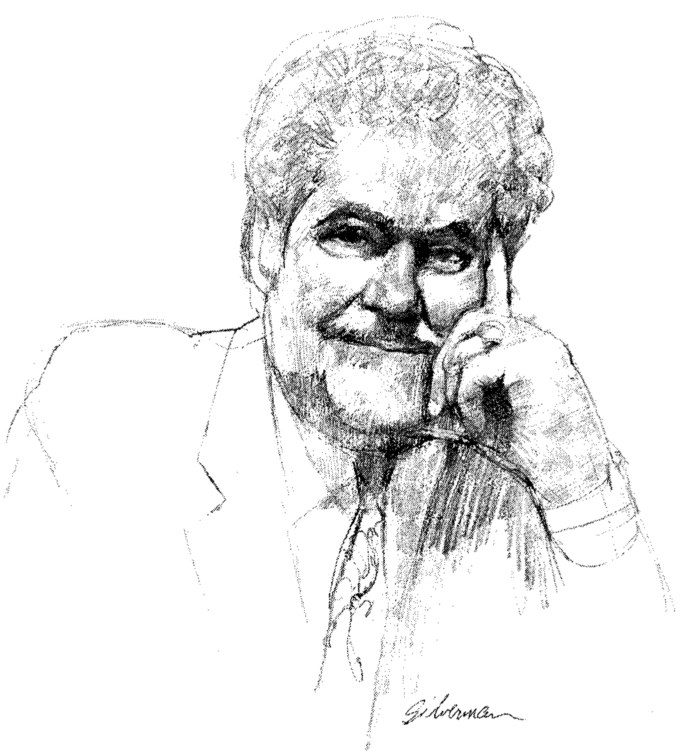
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Daily Commercial News*]

A Chinese "Wild Man" who reportedly likes to tease long-haired women was captured alive in the mountains of central Hunan province, said a newspaper report arriving in Peking Thursday.

❋ PROFILES ❋

SEARCHING FOR GREGORIAN—II

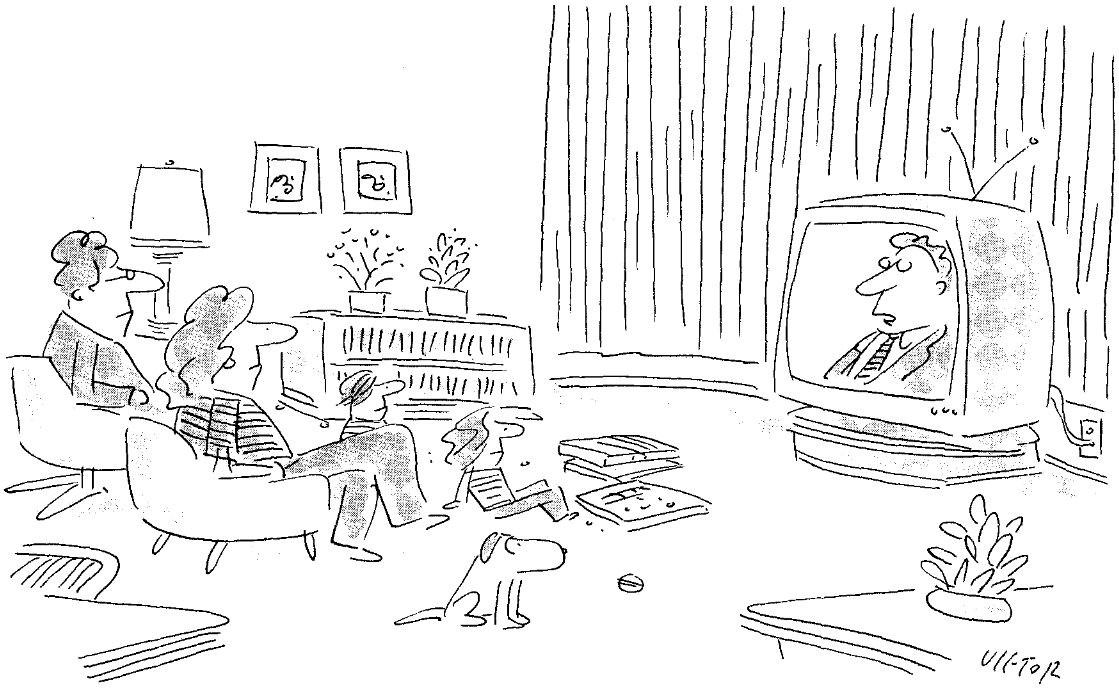


I HAVE been looking into the phenomenon of Vartan Gregorian, the president of the New York Public Library. And he *is* a phenomenon. One must approach him as one would approach an extraordinary force of nature—a tornado, perhaps, or a hurricane. Of course, Gregorian is a benign force, and he leaves behind him as he whirls through New York not death and destruction but a heightened sense that, while knowledge is power, knowledge itself is the primary goal. In searching for Gregorian, I first spent many hours talking with him, about his boyhood in Iran's Armenian community, his arrival in America, his education at Stanford, his becoming provost of the University of Pennsylvania, his disappointment at not becoming president of the university, and his notable move to the library, in 1981. I then moved around in his wide circle of friends and associates, listening to them talk about him. In a sense, the search has been like using the old card-catalogue system of the library: pull out one card and you find a reference that leads you to another, and so on, until you have at least partly satisfied your curiosity.

Brooke Astor is, among other things, the honorary chairman of the library's board of trustees. She is a lively, brilliant, attractive woman in her eighties, who gives the appearance of someone twenty years younger. She supervises every detail of the Vincent Astor Foundation from an unmarked suite of offices on Park Avenue. The suite is simply furnished, and coolly designed for efficiency. Mrs. Astor's corner office is dominated by a large oil portrait of her late husband, Vincent Astor, in the full regalia of a captain in the United States Navy. The picture faces her desk. "I've taken down most of the pictures and things on my walls—the awards and so on—because it looked too much like a doctor's office," she told me one afternoon not long ago. Not only has her foundation given millions of dollars to the library but Mrs. Astor is a close friend of Dr. Gregorian, and an adviser. She seems to have an instinctive understanding of his quixotic nature. "If I were asked to give one word for Vartan," she said, "I would say 'dynamic.' I am in awe of his fund-raising abilities. Absolute awe. He isn't feathering his own nest. Sometimes he talks too much, no question about that. His bubbling over is part of his erudition and his teaching ability. I have urged him to stick to the two-minute rule—no talking beyond two minutes—but that's hard for Vartan. He's a spinner of tales, and when he's wound up it's hard for him to stop. I am also in awe of the fact that he didn't speak any English until he was in his twenties. Imagine that!

"I am always trying to help Vartan strengthen the library's board—put people on who are valuable intellectually. I feel so strongly about New York, and especially about the use of this fund's money. The money came from New York, and it should go back here." She glanced at the portrait of Captain Astor, and at another picture on the wall, a signed photograph of Franklin D. Roosevelt. "Vincent really liked that portrait in the uniform," she said. "And Roosevelt loved to spend time on Vincent's yacht, Nourmahal. People still keep asking silly questions, such as was F.D.R. uneasy being on the yacht, with the New Deal and all that. Nonsense! One thing did worry me about Vartan and Clare Gregorian when they came here from Philadelphia. After all, they were part of the grove of academe down there. A quiet life. And suddenly they are thrown in with a ritzy crowd and money. I worried about Clare. It wasn't her style. The pace worried me. The different dinners every night. The fund-raising. But it's quieted down now, and they have settled in. You know, there's a fund-raising letter that went out in my name, and I keep getting phone calls about it, and all sorts of congratulations. They say they love the letter. They send in five hundred here, or a thousand there, or five thousand." She winked.

I WAS curious about what it would be like to work for Dr. Gregorian, and, going through my human card catalogue, I found myself, one afternoon, talking with Joan Dunlop, a stately woman who had been his executive assistant for several years after he first came to the library. She is currently the president of the International Women's Health Coalition, an organization that deals with family planning and the reproductive health of women in the Third World. Her office is in a stunning Georgian building on Park Avenue, and she herself has much of the elegance, reticence, and balance of a fine Georgian structure. "Gregorian had been at the library several months when I heard he was looking for an executive assistant," she told me. "I wrote him a letter, and received no reply. Then I made some phone calls down there and they weren't returned. I knew that his office must be in some sort of disar-



"Good evening. This is 'Guideline,' and here is today's list of standards against which you should measure your performance."

• •

ray. I had been working for John D. Rockefeller 3rd—for the Rockefeller Family and Associates—handling his population and abortion concerns. I had been going through a personal crisis—cancer, from which I had most happily recovered. I had a renewed sense of life and hope. I was about to go to work for a hotel chain, but something inside told me that, with the recovery and all that, I should make some larger contribution than the hotel business. I found out later that Gregorian had received some five hundred applications for the executive-assistant post and had gone through each of them himself. Then, one day, a friend of mine called Gregorian about me—there's a women's network involved here, and news travels fast—and he tracked me down in California. I went to see him around Thanksgiving of 1981. He was in an upset state. He hadn't yet learned quite how to handle the New York press—they hadn't caught on to his special personality. There was a fuss about the library's buying him an apartment, and some tenants in the coöperative objecting on the ground that selling to an institution meant that the identity of some future tenant would be a question mark. It was messy. He was off balance. 'I am not usually upset,' he said to me, 'and a film crew is coming in later today to take some pictures.' 'Welcome to New York!' I said to him. 'They'll forget the whole thing in two weeks.'

"We hit it off. We hit it off instantly. We talked for hours. We talked of each other's strengths and weaknesses. We inquired into one another's lives. In no way was it a linear interview. I was born in England, and I told him that when I had finished preparatory school there I had not gone to college. I had done a good deal of reading and thinking. I had read Whitehead's 'Aims of Education.' I felt that I had been defrauded by education in postwar England. England, to me, was a prison—there was no energy there, and no money. He described the duties of the job, and I said to him, 'I'll sleep on it.' This seemed to floor him, but he respected me for it. 'I would walk into the desert without water to get you in this job,' he said to me. One must understand that's the way he talks. I think he understands women better than men. He actually talks in feminist terms. That's part of the essence. Well, I went to work for him, and it was a mighty experience. He never hurts anybody's feelings. I am convinced that the University of Pennsylvania hurt his feelings, wounded him deeply, broke his private code in some way, when it didn't make him president. One must remember that when he started out at the library here he didn't get too much support from the library itself. The infrastructure there is creaky. They didn't give him too much back from the energy he expended. As for his working methods, above all he needs to trust people. This is vital in order for him to proceed. He's a master at lobbying and raising money. A turning point for him was a talk he gave to the editorial board of the New York *Times* at the end of 1981. I am told that he amazed them. He had thousands of arcane facts about the library and its history at his fingertips, and without so much as a note in his hand. He knew the history of each of the collections. He had delved into every nook and cranny of the place.

"There are dangers to his method of working, for he keeps everything in his head—*everything*. Administratively, he's a nightmare. The dialogue is a constant struggle. 'Where is the paper?' 'You have it.' 'No, you have it.' And so on. He has a passion for reading letters that contain contributions to the library—especially if they are unsolicited. These give him renewed faith in the place. There is no stopping him—he will come in and open the mail himself. Anything that's unopened he opens, and then he throws the letters all over the place. There is no such thing with Gregorian as an 'in' and 'out' basket. One day, he opened a letter and a check fell out, and he was quite excited. 'One thousand!' he shouted. 'And from someone we don't know!' He took another look. It was for a million—he had misread the zeros. Then, of course, he wanted every available fact about the person who had made the contribution.

"I think he is the strongest-willed person I have ever worked with. People find it hard to say no to him. People think his power lies somewhere in his personality and his charm, but it's something else. It's his ability to make people think differently, to alter their perspective. With Mrs. Astor, for example, you have one shrewd

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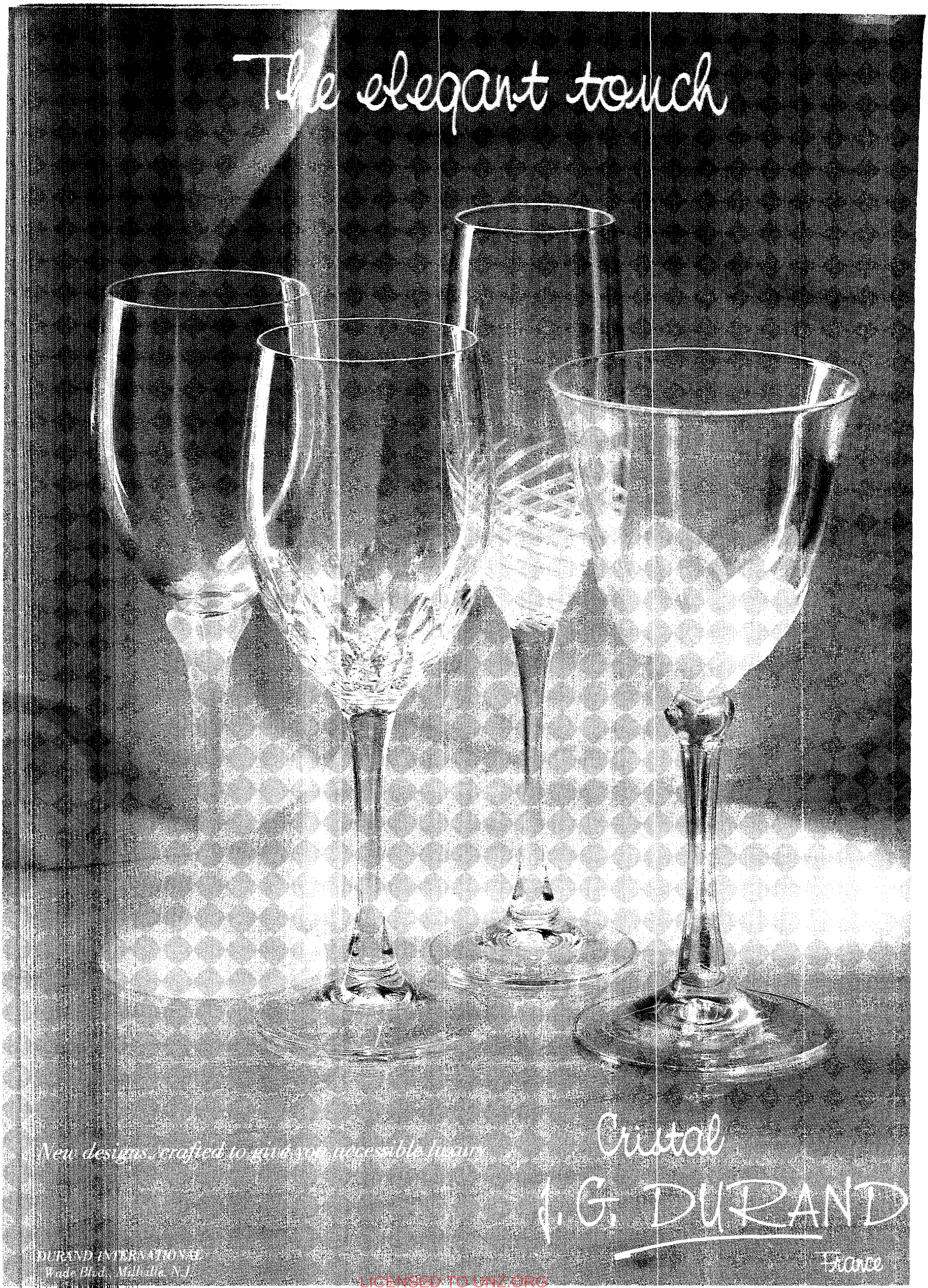

The elegant touch

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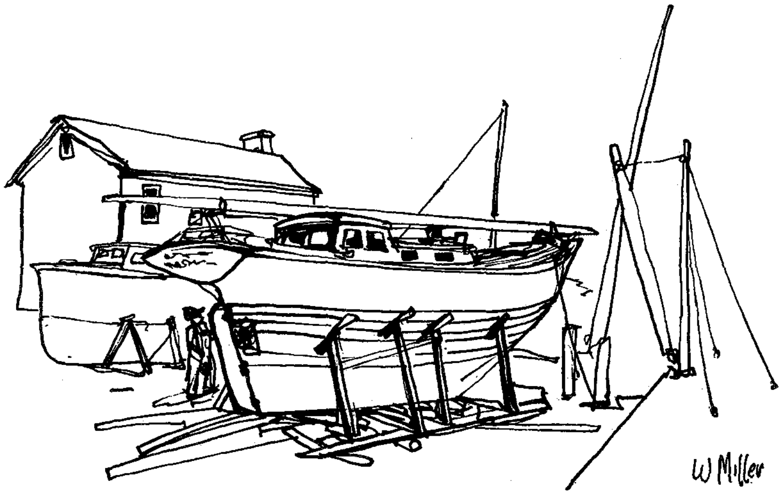
cookie working with another shrewd cookie. They are equals. Each gives something vital to the other. Gregorian's relationship with Mayor Koch is extraordinary and symbiotic. Mutual respect and affection. A big moment for Gregorian came in 1983, when he got four million seven hundred thousand dollars from the city for the library. Arthur Rosenblatt, his architectural liaison with the city, who knows the city, had said to him, 'Look, the *zoo* is getting eight million.' So Gregorian brought his staff in on a Saturday—he works six days a week, by the way, and fourteen hours a day. They planned their strategy, and Gregorian worked every level of the city government. He was a master at lobbying before the Board of Estimate and its various subcommittees. I had the great pleasure of watching him grow in sophistication and confidence. I wish I had been one of his students; it would have been an enriching experience. I go back to that day I first met him. It was symbolic. The city had been taking the library for granted. There it was, in that beautiful, aging building, just being taken for granted, and going downhill fast. It had been forgotten. And along comes a man with a funny name and puts the library back into the consciousness of the city.

"I left him in June, 1984, to do the population work I am now engaged in. I have many worries about the library. I am not certain it is being used the way it once was, what with the great university libraries all over the city. I know that the physical structure is being shored up, but I have some qualms about the managerial side of things. The whole complicated system of the library is typical of the city's erosion—a little like the transit problem. The library needs a hearty dose of personnel excellence, but it can't compete in salaries with, for example, the Metropolitan Museum. Although Gregorian sees a great many of the people in the library, there are still people he never sees. It's just too big. There are wonderful and dedicated people down there who could double their salaries somewhere else but stay because they love the place. But when they get older and retire who will take their places? I certainly don't know the answer. I worry about him. I worry that he is exhausting himself, running around the city for the library. I am not sure he is consistently supported by the troops." She stood up and took a few long strides across her office. "He hasn't defined himself yet," she said. "This wonderful man has not completely defined himself. His friends must help this man find himself."

Federal District Judge Louis H. Pollak, who sits in Philadelphia, is one of Dr. Gregorian's closest friends. The two men have a deep admiration for one another. They met when Judge Pollak, who had been dean of the Yale Law School, went, in 1974, to the University of Pennsylvania Law School, where he became dean the following year. Gregorian was then dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at the university. (He became provost in 1978, at the age of forty-four.) They immediately became friends. I, too, felt immediate friendship for Judge Pollak when I went down to Philadelphia one day to visit him and talk about Gregorian. Judge Pollak is a tall, personable, agile, youthful-looking man in his sixties, possessed of extreme courtesy and friendliness. His offices, on the thirteenth floor of the United States Court House, overlook Independence Hall and a National Parks Service structure that houses the cracked Liberty Bell, and offer a sweeping view of the broad Delaware River and several bridges. The Judge keeps his golden retriever, Bumpo, near him in his chambers; during my visit, the dog was not only alert but law-abiding.

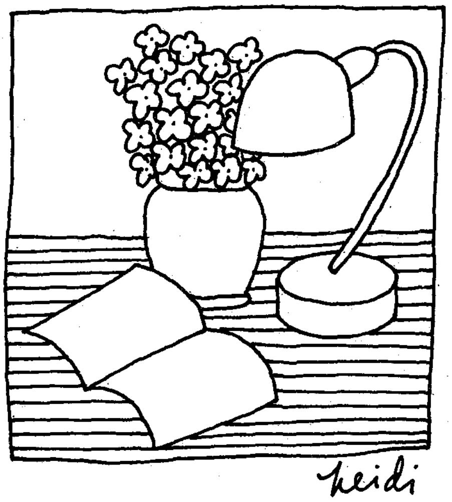
"Gregorian made his presence felt on the campus," the Judge said. "One must know that the University of Pennsylvania is an assemblage of baronies. The Wharton School, in a sense, stands by itself. The medical school is an enormous entity. And so on. Gregorian was the first dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. He was putting together a faculty of arts and sciences in a centrifugal atmosphere. People had been conditioned to think of arts and sciences on a secondary level. Now, quite suddenly, like a whirlwind, here was a dean who was interesting, who by means of energy and enthusiasm made people feel important. This was something real, and even the most jaded liked it. I came to Penn shortly after he did, and the Gregorians gave the Pollaks a reception. Here was a professor giving a reception for a professor! It is just second nature for Gregorian to make pleasant things happen. I especially grew to admire the way Clare learned Armenian cuisine, dived into it with skill and affection. For some reason, her enthusiasm for the serving of delicious Armenian food strikes a deep emotional chord in me. And Gregorian became excited about the United States. There was a good deal of food-exchanging between the two families. We would have Monday-evening dinners together, and gorge ourselves on food and sentimentality. He is a most imaginative educator. He wanted an exchange of scholars between Arts and Sciences and the law school. He felt the need for an exchange of disciplines—putting historians and philosophers into the law school. Ideas tumbled from him, notions of interdisciplines. There were the inevitable money restraints. How do you pay a professor from one part of the university who is contributing his knowledge to another part of the university? No problem for Gregorian! He would say, 'We can work it out. If there is a sound educational reason for someone to teach in another part of the university, we can work it out.' As a result, we simply allowed trading back and forth between the two schools. I had the privilege, after I went on the bench, of presiding over his naturalization ceremony. He was extremely emotional about it. I recall that when it came time for him to speak—he spoke for all those sworn in that day, and they came from twen-



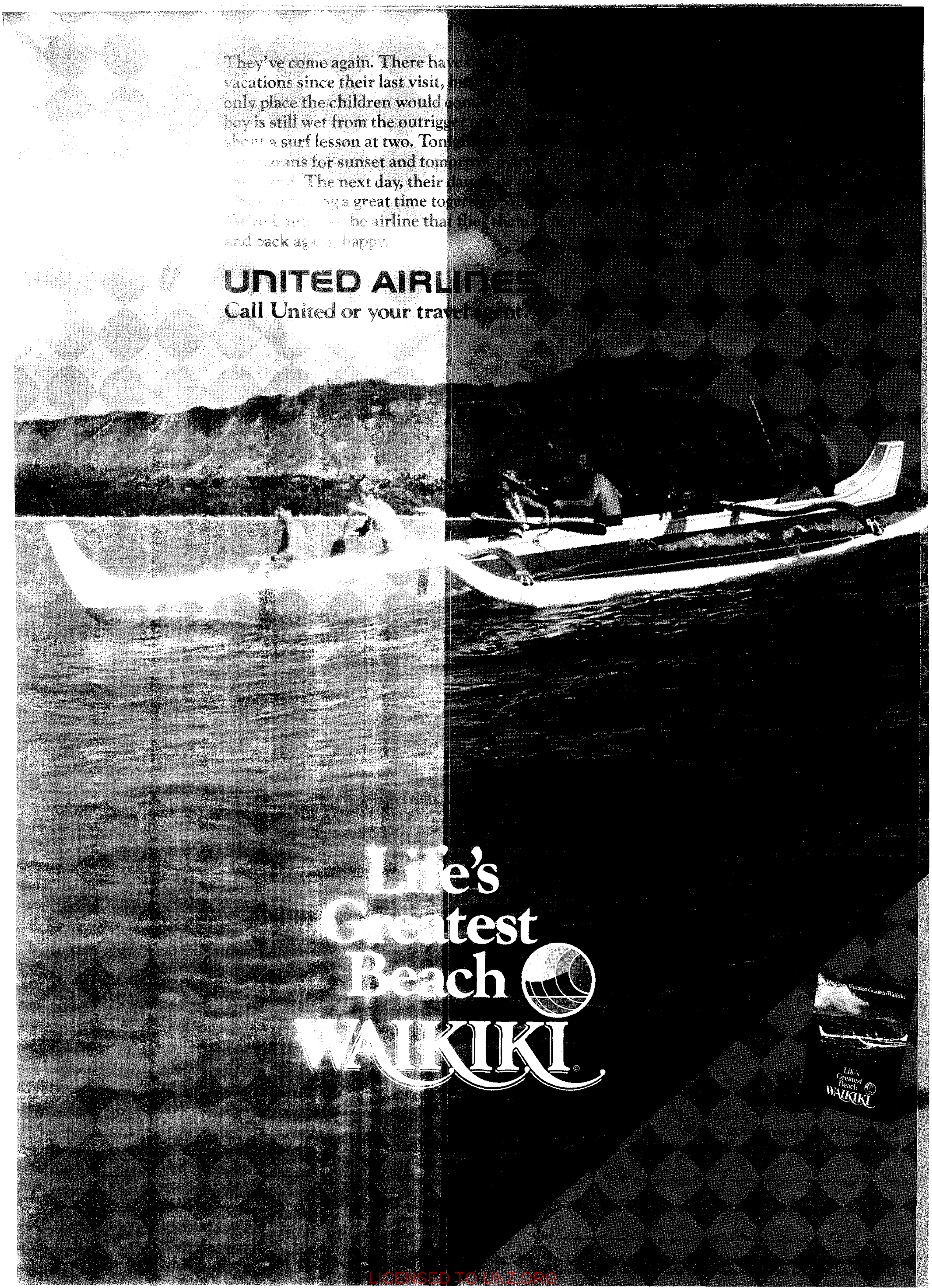
ty-seven different countries—he spoke very rapidly, much faster than usual. He was truly excited. He spoke of his deep faith in democracy. He spoke of Woodrow Wilson's notion of democracy—that one of its purposes is to reduce inhumanity and maximize hope. He spoke of Franklin Roosevelt's Four Freedoms, and I remember he said, 'In the words of Herman Melville, we are not a narrow tribe of men. . . . We are not a nation so much as a world.' "

LOOKING up Gregorian led me rather rapidly into the world of "searching"—the widespread practice on the part of public organizations and private enterprises of seeking talented people to become their chief executives. This cannot rationally be compared with the rigors and adventures that confronted pioneers crossing the vast North American continent, but discovery is the name of the game. The stakes are high, and the occupation is serious. Foundations and universities are in the forefront of "searches." It seems that they are constantly on the lookout for new chiefs, as the turnover in the higher echelons of foundations and universities bears some resemblance to the goings on in a fun house. The more I looked into the matter, the more apparent it became that somewhere deep in corporate philanthropic academic foundation America there is a list of "availables," and that this list consists of certain staple names. These staples may never actually become the president of Yale or the head of the Ford Foundation or the Metropolitan Museum, but nonetheless their names are always cropping up. Once the University of Pennsylvania had turned down Gregorian for its top post, he became an accepted name in the pantheon. Is the president of Yale about to resign? Well, then, certainly Gregorian is being considered, and papers such as the *Times* will call Gregorian and try to force him to admit that he is very close to the top of the list. (One afternoon recently, Gregorian had a hard time convincing reporters that he had not just *been* appointed the new president of Yale. "No, I have not been offered the job." "What are your plans?" His plans were to stay at the New York Public Library and "help secure its future.")

Richard Salomon is a public-spirited man who has been involved in his share of searches. He is chancellor of Brown University and at one time was the chief executive officer of Charles of the Ritz, the cosmetics firm. He retired a few years ago, at the age of seventy, as chairman of the board of the New York Public Library, but he remains on the board, and the library is one of his major concerns. He is extremely active in its affairs, and is in almost constant touch with Gregorian. I went to see him one day in his office, an unprepossessing one, in Rockefeller Center, and he filled me in on some of the events that led to Gregorian's coming to the library. In 1981, when Richard Couper, who was then its president, announced his intention of resigning, the library first advertised for candidates, as it was legally bound to do. The institution was inundated with applications, but the list was soon reduced to three or four candidates. Gregorian turned up on everybody's list. Salomon had never met him, but a lunch was arranged, then cocktails, then dinner. As on other occasions, Gregorian made a remarkable impression. "I found him frank and forthright," Salomon told me. "One of our problems was the public's view of the library. The old regime never stuck its neck out, wasn't daring, took a negative attitude. The philosophy, I am sorry to say, was 'Nothing can be done.' Gregorian's philosophy is 'Everything can be done.' There is no such word as 'no.' But I am getting ahead of myself. When the search approached the critical period, Bill Dietel, the trustee who was head of the committee, and I took Gregorian to dinner at La Petite Marmite, a restaurant near where I live, and then we went back to my place. *Our* minds were made up at this point, but his wasn't, so we were trying to sell him on the library. We tried to sell him on the intangibles of the job. He was extremely affable. He is always affable. But beneath the affability he was being distinctly noncommittal. He told us that he had to take a phone call at nine o'clock. He felt bad about the interruption, but there was no way around it—he had to take a phone call at nine. There was something dramatic about the proceedings. Promptly at nine, the call came, and he took it in another room. The call lasted twenty minutes, and then Gregorian was back. He was rubbing his hands in a sort of slicing gesture. He was beaming. 'I'm your man,' he said. 'I'm your man.' He told us that he had been talking to the chairman of a university in an area of the country flooded with sunlight. 'I like sunlight,' he said. They had offered him a car, a chauffeur, a house, and a stipend fifty per cent higher than we could meet. But he said he was our man. I wondered why. 'Well,' said Gregorian, 'if this fellow had been smart enough to tell me that he had a third-rate place and wanted me to come down and make it second-rate, elevate it to a second position, I might have considered it. But they pretended they were first-rate, and with people like that you simply cannot do business.'



"From that moment on, we held nothing back from Gregorian. We told him that we had a weak administration, that we were building bricks without straw. To give you an idea of the mood: We had been running a series of advertisements that had a negative impact on the public. They were dreadfully downbeat. In an attempt to raise money, they pictured the library in such dire straits that it had been turned into a parking lot behind the lions. We thought we were about to deal with an administrator—we had no notion we were dealing with a demon fund-raiser. He methodically went about meeting every member of the professional staff. He asked everybody at the library what his or her problems were. Every night, he takes home a bundle of work. Frankly, I don't know how he does it. His memory is encyclopedic. We are the library of last resort for the State of New York, but we had been getting only four point eight million from the state —not enough. Now things are looking up, and considerably more money is forthcoming. Although Gregorian has managed to get us the largest matching grant ever given anybody by the National Endowment for the Humanities, that is the only unrestricted federal help we get. His dream, and long-term plan, I think, is that one day this great national treasure will be



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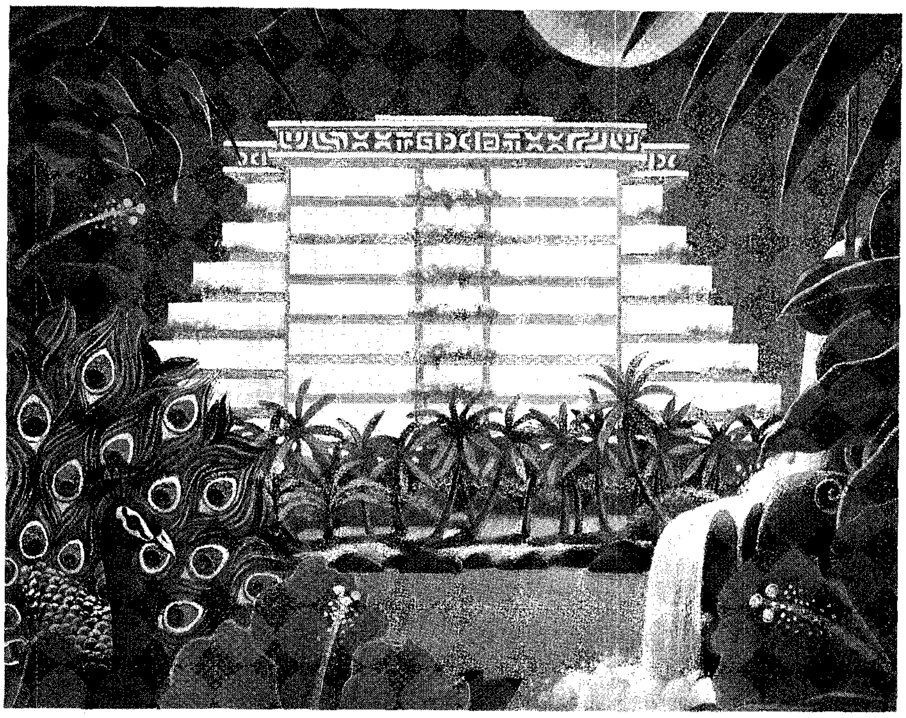

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placed on a basis comparable to the Library of Congress or the Smithsonian, as a national asset with a fixed annual amount. In the old days, the board of trustees could be counted on to throw money on the table. It would fill the bill. This is no longer true. Taxes were different then. You could accumulate money."

ANDREW HEISKELL is the current chairman of the library's board, and the former chairman of Time, Inc. He is an outgoing, ruddy, athletic-looking man of seventy—the archetype of what is commonly known as "the picture of health." I met him in an office he maintains on the thirty-fifth floor of the Time & Life Building. An oblong sign on his desk reads "I'D RATHER BE SAILING." On the wall I noticed a picture of him and Gregorian, with one of the library's lions in the background. Heiskell towered over Gregorian. "We don't look very much alike in that picture," Heiskell said to me, "but the bonds between us are extraordinarily strong. There is a kinship. I was born in Naples. He was born in the Middle East. We both came to the United States from foreign lands. He fascinates me, and I enjoy working with him at the library simply because it is fun. But it's non-stop. He goes all the time—morning, noon, and night. He works fourteen hours a day, and I worry about his eating habits. I had never met him until the library thing came up. I not only didn't know him—I didn't know anything about him. I marvelled at the way he went about his task. First, he had to believe in the library itself. Once he became enthusiastic, he spread the enthusiasm to others. His optimism can be quite infectious. He never says no. He always says, 'Sure, we'll do it.' It doesn't make any difference who comes in—a curator, a trustee, a politician—Gregorian rolls across the room and says, 'Sure, we'll do it.' A key is his sincerity, his conviction, and his word. People take him at his word. Sometimes his ideas fall of their own weight, but I think that being a historian has given him a broad perspective, a sense of time, that allows for accomplishments. What he did was put the library in the spotlight. He had to change the mood—of the city for the library, of the people in the city for the library, and of the people in the library for the library. In essence, he had to change the future. I think he used mirrors. You know, we had no real support in the city. People had turned their backs on the library. We weren't trusted to use money wisely. He has proved that we can handle the money."

Heiskell looked out the window for a moment, at a spectacular cityscape of Rockefeller Center and its environs. To people with an optimistic nature, such views must tend to accentuate the positive and make impossible tasks appear possible. The noises of the city, for one thing, are muted. Thousands of twinkling lights jabbing into the sky tend to make one forget the crush of bodies down on the streets, the gridlock, the mess. Mr. Heiskell is an alert and sensitive man, and I think that he guessed some of my thoughts just then. "One must never forget the troubles," he said. "There are times when I think it's hopeless. I say to myself, 'I don't see how we're going to pay for this.' It's a funny thing, but when I was in the private sector I never really thought about money, so to speak. Now I think about money all the time—in connection with the library. We are cursed by several things—one is having 'New York' in our name. The rest of the country doesn't like New York, runs it down. 'Nice place to visit'—that sort of thing. In Congress, it's some sort of hate word. Then, there's the word 'public.' That's another misnomer. It means that the public can use the library. It doesn't mean that we get great sums of public money. Sixty per cent of the research libraries' budget is privately financed. The research budget is over thirty-six million, and we have to produce twenty-two million of that. The Library of Congress gets more than two hundred million from the federal government. The city does give money to match the money given to the eighty branches. And, by the way, Gregorian has revitalized the branches. The Mayor now gives us a lump sum for certain improvements in the main building, and we've been allowed to take charge of much of the construction there, so that twice as much is done in half the time. In the entire system, we have some eighty different construction projects under way now, and the procedures are devilish and complex when you are dealing with the city, and with construction unions, and with the comptroller. We have come a long way from the days when officials at the library wanted the books lined up on the shelves, looking neat. You have to watch yourself in this enterprise. It is easy to look at people in terms of money, and I try never to for-

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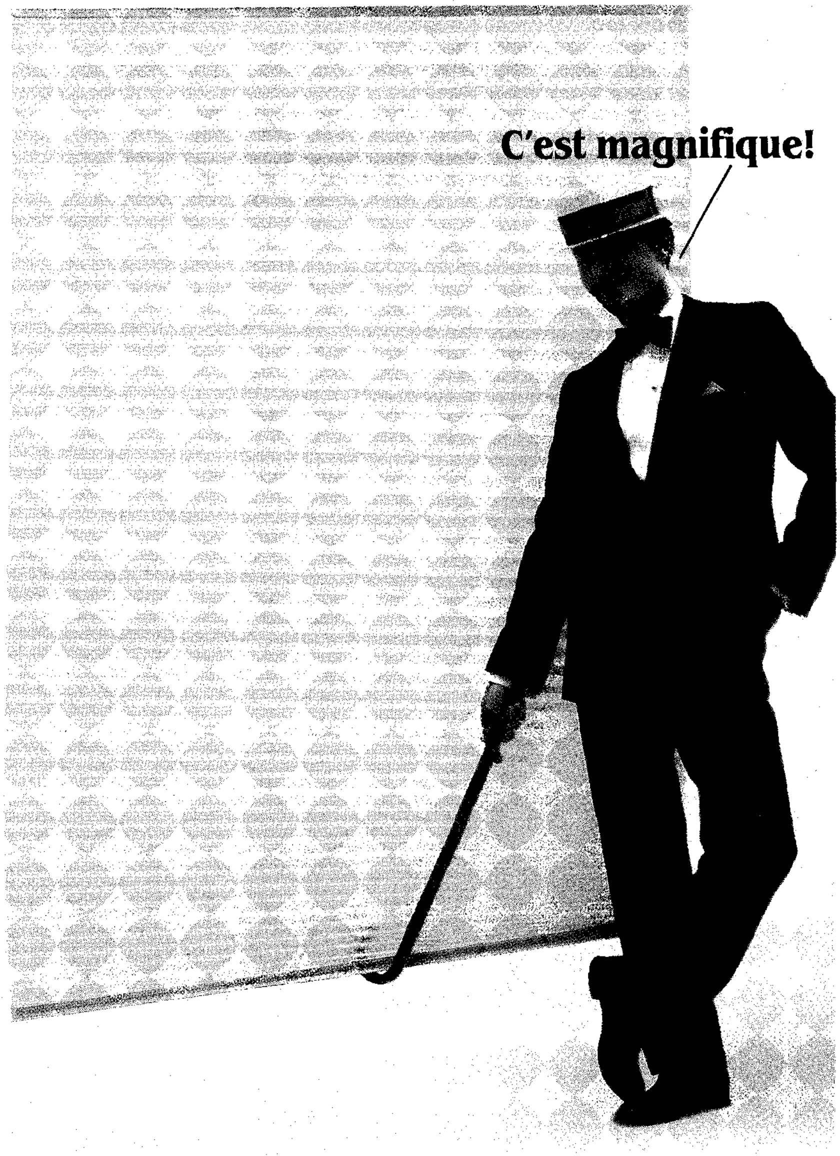

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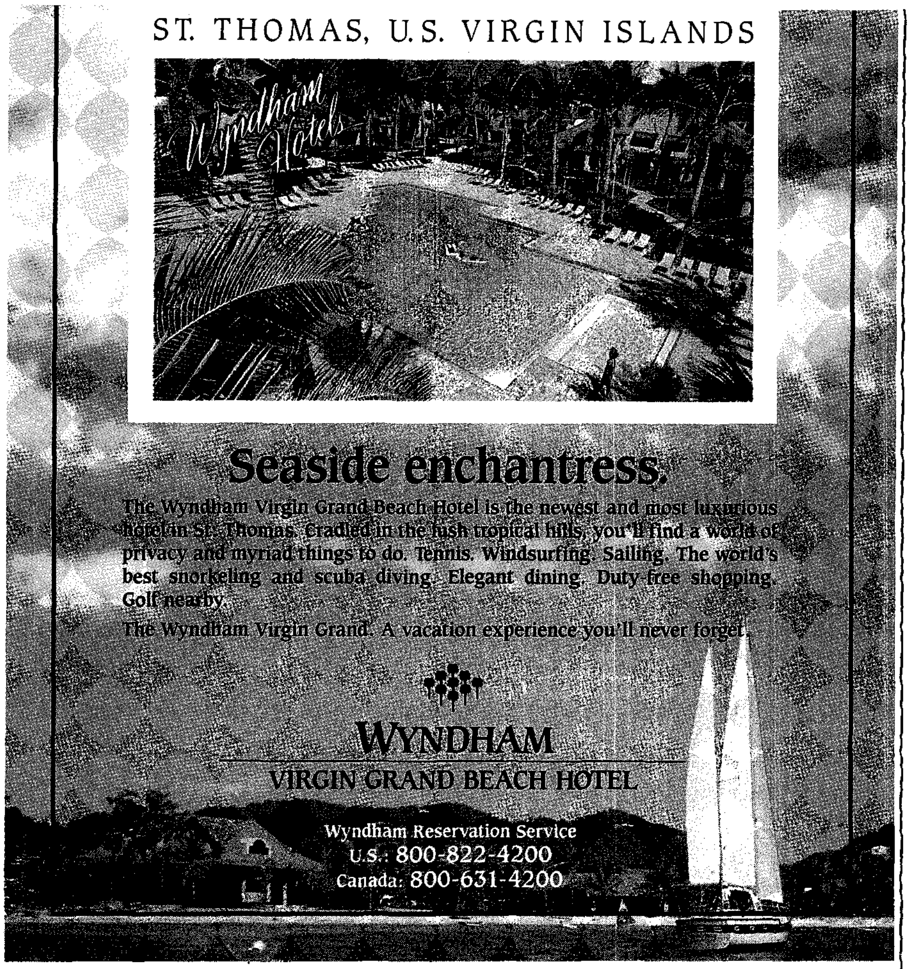
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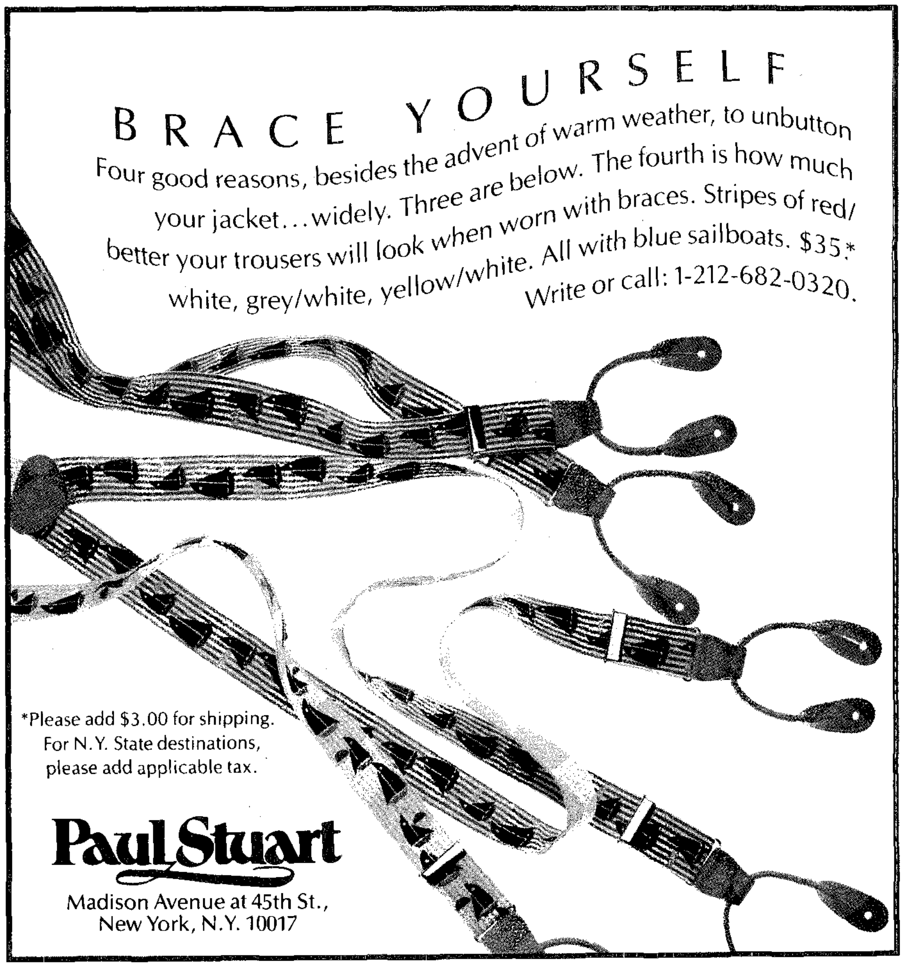
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WILLIAM DIETEL is a trustee of the library and the president of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. His office, simple and functional, is in midtown, on Sixth Avenue. He bears a certain resemblance to the current species of foundation executive whose support is essential—the times we live in being what they are—to the reading of a book in a public library. On the surface, at least, these executives seem to be an entirely wholesome lot. They smile a great deal. They keep themselves in top physical form. They dress without a trace of display. They are educated. They make what my grandmother used to call "good money." They speak softly. They do not appear to ruffle easily, and they give the impression of being (always with modesty) satisfied with themselves and the society in which they thrive. If they lived in rural areas, one could easily imagine them as leader of the local 4-H club. Gregorian works with them on a daily basis. They are the linchpin of his endeavors. Dietel told me that he finds himself constantly astounded by Gregorian—for instance, by his instinct for knowing not only where great wealth lies but how to jar it loose and make it wend its way to the New York Public Library. "I had never met him until the library post came up," he said. "When I did meet him, it was love at first sight. I must confess that we ardently courted him. We were asking him into a tough situation. We needed a charismatic character. And now we have one. New York doesn't have too many heroes, and he seems to be one at the moment. He breaks people down with that bear hug. The Calvinist mentality is dissolved by him and his approach. You know, I talked with him right here in this office. I wanted to find out something about what happened at Penn—why he wasn't made president. He wanted to know about the library. We had quite a talk. I can't tell you why they didn't make him president, and nobody at Penn gave me a satisfactory answer. As I talked with him, I realized, as Andrew Heiskell had and as Dick Salomon had, that any dream we might have of the library's future could be handled by Gregorian. He bubbles over. I mentioned casually, once, that I was going to Italy. 'You must meet my friend the Communist mayor of Florence,' he said instantly. 'He's the only bourgeois

Commie I know.' Merely mentioning Greg's name opened all doors. I was treated like royalty. Incidentally, Heiskell calls him Greg the Eleventh. I remember once I felt that he looked downcast and exhausted. This worried me. I talked it over with Dick Salomon, and we decided to give him a little party in a private room at '21.' To bolster his spirits. Someone made him a needlepoint pillow with a lion on it, and we all sang a song that was titled 'Blessed Greg' and was sung to the tune of 'From the Halls of Montezuma.' " Mr. Dietel had trouble remembering the words. "I want you to hear them," he said. "I'll call my daughter." He reached his daughter on the telephone. "What were the words to that song dedicated to Greg?" he asked her. She sang something to him, and he thanked her with affection and hung up. " 'To the stacks of the New York Li-brary, from the halls of the U. of P.' " Mr. Dietel went on to say, "That song got around. It was subsequently sung at a meeting of the board of trustees. I have a wonderful family."

BARBARA W. TUCHMAN, the historian, has a passionate interest in libraries. She has spent a large portion of her life in them, to the joy of thousands of readers. She and Gregorian have a close personal and professional relationship. I have known Mrs. Tuchman for many years, and one morning I walked over to have a chat with her, in a pied-à-terre she maintains with her husband, Dr. Lester Tuchman, on Fifth Avenue. (She spends most of her time at their home in Connecticut.) I found her, as usual, surrounded by mountains of books. She is small and alert, with features that are at once delicate and gentle and sharply angular. Dr. Tuchman, who had been busy in another room, brought me a cup of coffee. "Gregorian is wonderful with respect to the revival of the library," Mrs. Tuchman said. "He has brought it into the consciousness of the city. I have been on the board of trustees since just before he became president. I had been asked to join some years before, but I went down and looked the place over, and I got the impression that the board was somewhat stuffy—the old New York *Social Register* kind of thing. It didn't appeal to me, not at all. What was not understood until Greg came along was that public attention was needed. Not big social names but public attention. After all, the donors to the library

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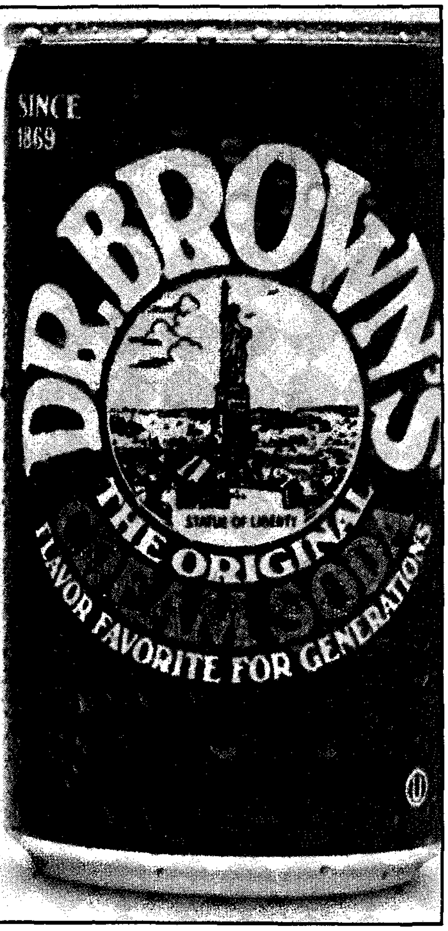

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hear the same sort of pitch day after day from the Met and the Modern and others. There is this huge fight for money in New York. It's a Sisyphean struggle. But Greg's appeal and his strength are largely that he caught on to New York so quickly and that he is a passionate librarian. Also, this city welcomes an exotic person. Lots of people feel that the social events conducted under Greg's stewardship have contributed to his success. I think it's the quality of the exhibitions—the one on censorship, for instance." Mrs. Tuchman paused and glanced out the window.

"I was speaking this morning with Dick Salomon," she said, "and he was telling me of the evening they knew Greg would come to New York. They were in Dick's apartment, and Greg said he was expecting a long-distance call." I experienced here a distinct feeling of déjà vu—a most encouraging feeling when one is going through the card catalogue. "They were so pleased when he told them he was their man. Libraries are vital to a city. You have to keep buying or the library will die. You must stay open. I myself have contributed to keeping the library open more hours. I love that library. I love the lions. Nothing sickens me more than the closed door of a library. It is unthinkable to me." It was clear that this represented to her, both as a citizen and as a historian, a true horror. "You must always remember how open New York is, how free," she said. "I can recall how the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris was closed for hours one day when I was in the middle of some critical work—the waiting, the frustration. You need a pass for the British Library. We are open to everybody. I have worked there on Fifth Avenue, doing research, and a bag lady in the next chair at the long table was making out her Christmas cards. No question that access is a question at the N.Y.P.L. That's what I always call it—the N.Y.P.L. Unlike many great libraries, ours is in an unsafe spot. The Library of Congress is on a hill. University libraries are secluded places. Here we have the broad front steps, with everybody eating lunch. The back yard is Bryant Park—drunks, drugs. I once confided my fears about all this to Greg. 'Don't worry, Barbara,' he said to me. 'We are smarter than they are.' I admire his consciousness of intellectual and mental powers, and his conviction that these powers can prevail. I think that's why he's

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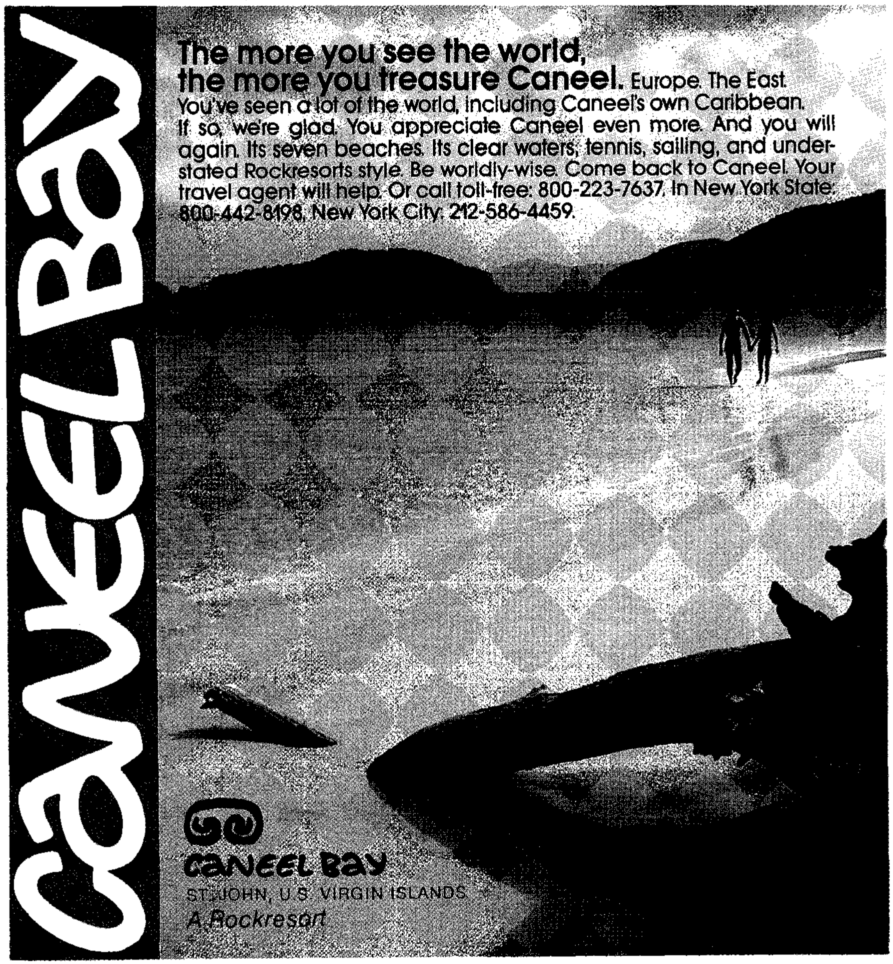

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here. I think that's why he'll stay. It's a challenging fight. Gregorian's knowledge is pretty far-ranging. Lester and I were recently at a Lincoln Center affair—there was disco din and semi-crooning and Piaf-type songs in French. Clare Gregorian whispered to me, 'Vartan knows the words to all those songs by heart, in Persian.' "

SOME weeks later, I went to the library for a strange ceremony: the temporary closing of Room 315, the card-catalogue room, the room containing some eight thousand oak drawers filled with millions of titles. This is the room that I and millions of others had been using since we could remember first going into the library. The cards were to be replaced, by eight hundred black-bound volumes—the Dictionary Catalog of the Research Libraries of the New York Public Library 1911-1971—and also by thirty-two computer terminals. The speaker at the brief ceremony in the high-vaulted room was Mrs. Tuchman. About a hundred people, including Gregorian and other library personnel, were in the room. Mrs. Tuchman stood behind a small lectern and spoke slowly. She seemed downcast. "Parting is always sad," she said. "For me, the card catalogue has been a companion all my working life. To leave it is like leaving the house one was brought up in. . . . This is a sentimental occasion, and I know I shall feel lost when the wooden drawers are gone. They are my vintage, and I shall never feel competent when it comes to giving instructions to the on-line whatever-you-call-it. . . . We are told the computer file will extend usage widely to library patrons across the country and will make their research infinitely easier and quicker . . . but the easier the process is made and the less active individual thought is employed by the researcher, the less his brain will be exercised. Use it or lose it, as they say. . . . Anyway, I would not take odds on the process being easier. Judging from the few timid pokes I have made at these machines, my hunch is that the searcher will be inundated by so many titles, and will get more than he wants to know and much that he cannot use. . . . From my own experience, many of the most interesting sources for a historical subject come from chance references in some book one has found to start with, and it requires reading the book, or at least looking through its pages, to

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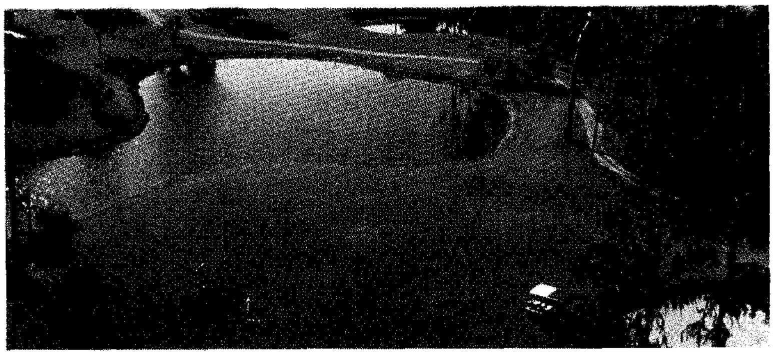

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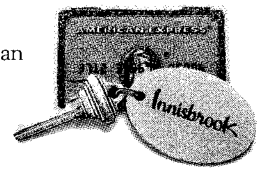

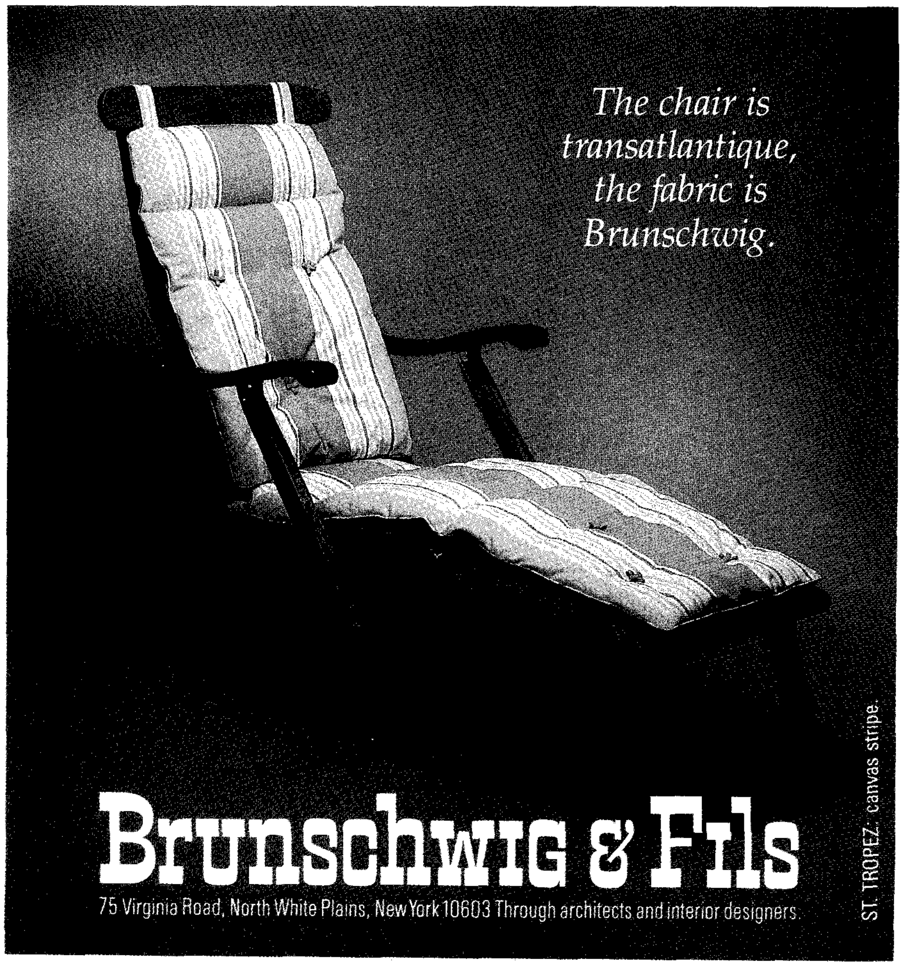
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The professional librarians in the room looked at Mrs. Tuchman with troubled expressions. This was not exactly what they had expected to hear. If Dr. Gregorian was disturbed, he didn't show it. Mrs. Tuchman wound up her remarks by graciously stating, without any marked conviction in her voice, that "computerized methods are the tool of the present and the wave of the future, and the library has undertaken a great and courageous, and, I may add, expensive venture." It was late in the afternoon of a bleak winter day, and many of the wooden drawers had already been removed. The scene was austere and lonely, and the serving of wine and canapés did little to enliven the atmosphere. Gregorian circulated through the room dispensing bear hugs.

GREGORIAN's public life would be overwhelming for even the most hyperactive executive or politician—business breakfasts, meetings all day, lunches with donors, evening ceremonies at the library and elsewhere, the almost continuous receipt of civic and educational honors. "Personally, I don't see how he manages to keep on his feet," an executive of his acquaintance, with bags under his eyes, said to me not long ago. "I lead a pretty hectic life myself, but I cannot even imagine maintaining the Gregorian pace."

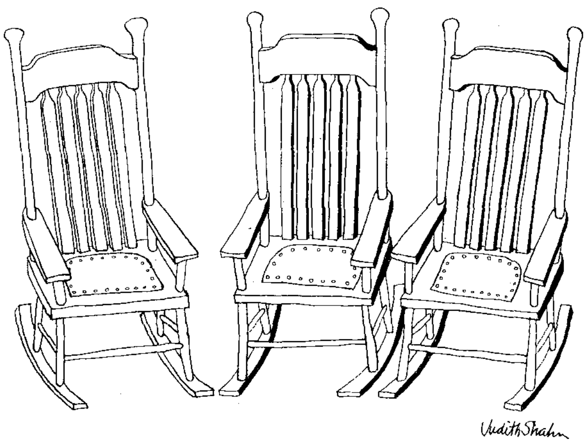
Somehow, Gregorian does manage. For one thing, he takes Sundays off, and spends a good deal of the day sleeping. "Sometimes I tiptoe into the bedroom with our sons and let them watch their father snoozing on a Sunday morning," Mrs. Gregorian told me recently. "It's one of the rare times they can see him in repose." Other times are those isolated evenings when nothing is scheduled—no lecture to attend at the library, no medal for good citizenship to receive—and on one such evening he invited me to dinner at his home. He lives in a sky-piercing high rise in the East Nineties. The lobby is flashy, with the razzle-dazzle décor that is said to inflame Bloomingdale's customers and turn them into frenzied buyers. Mrs. Gregorian greeted me at their door; she said that her husband would be home any moment. The apartment in which the Gregorians live is two apartments turned into one. As a result, the rooms are strangely shaped, with odd angles and unexpected corners. Round pillars are to be seen here and there. The floors are covered with stunning Oriental rugs. Books are everywhere, and on the walls are many framed maps of the Mediterranean area and the Middle East. "Vartan is very fond of maps," Mrs. Gregorian said, "but I honestly don't think he knows how to read one. He just likes to look at them." I noticed a great many record albums, and a stereo system. "I happen to love Fats Waller," she said to me. "That wonderful left hand. Nobody plays with the left hand anymore."

The front door opened, with a sudden gust of air. Dr. Gregorian had arrived. He embraced his wife. He gave me a bear hug. A golden retriever, which had evidently been waiting somewhere in the depths of the apartment for the arrival of its master, bounded into the living room. "Ah, Eliza," said Gregorian, embracing the dog. Mrs. Gregorian invited me to sit down at a brass coffee table that looked Middle Eastern. Gregorian said that it came from Boston. Mrs. Gregorian is a generous hostess, and she brought out and set on the coffee table a series of succulent hot hors d'oeuvres, all with a Middle Eastern flavor. There was a plate of smoked beef. There was a plate of blanched eggplant, which was surrounded by pita bread. "I use olive oil, pomegranate seed, and scallions for the eggplant dip," said Mrs. Gregorian. She was quite obviously proud of her Armenian dishes. We moved into the dining room, a corner room with picture windows, strange angles, and a lighted evergreen tree. Dinner was spectacular—a rich beef stew with a mysterious and tantalizing sauce, and a huge salad of lettuce, red peppers, Greek olives, and feta cheese. For dessert, Mrs. Gregorian had made a pumpkin mousse with fresh, pungent ginger spread over the top. "Clare does every bit of this, and I think it's wonderful," Dr. Gregorian said. He seemed deeply content, a man happy to be home.

As he had when we first met, Gregorian spoke a bit about his church, the Armenian Apostolic. "It goes back centuries, to a real split in 451, concerning a dispute on the divinity of Christ and his human qualities. The church in which I was raised uses classical Armenian in its litany. Nobody understands more than forty per cent of it, but it's used. There are few good Armenian dictionaries extant, and only a handful of Armenian phrase books, mostly out of date. I was looking at one the other night and came across the entry 'Can you tell me where I can find the nearest tenement?' "

I was given a choice of American or Armenian coffee. I chose Armenian. It was delicious, and so thick that I could have floated on it. We moved back into the living room. The lights of the city outside the picture windows, and the Triborough Bridge, with its green illumination, lent the room a dramatic air. Gregorian told me again how much he had enjoyed teaching, and what it had meant to him. He missed most of all, he felt, the idea of being in a position to forge young characters. "I was nervous before every lecture," he said. "I was almost sick from nerves, but once I started talking I could go on forever. I recall a lecture, one day, about Faust. I went on and on. An entire class stood patiently outside the door waiting to get in for the next lecture. I was carried away. Teachers are governed by three things. One, they must be enthusiastic. Two, they must remember that the student has never heard any of this before. And, three, they must tell the truth. Above all, the truth." Gregorian pronounced the word as though it were Holy Writ. "Just a word about origins, before you leave," he said to me. "I want you to see this ceramic tile of Adam and Eve, copied from a ninth-century Armenian manuscript. Adam and Eve are fully clothed, and the serpent still has hands. You can see the serpent handing over the apple."

The evening was at an end. Dr. Gregorian insisted on riding down with me in the elevator, accompanied by



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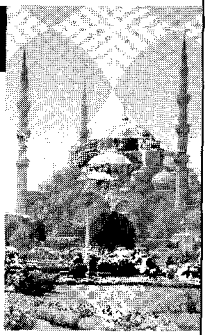

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Eliza. As we stepped into the lobby, he suddenly seemed like a visitor from another world, a bustling, compact figure distinctly removed from his immediate surroundings.

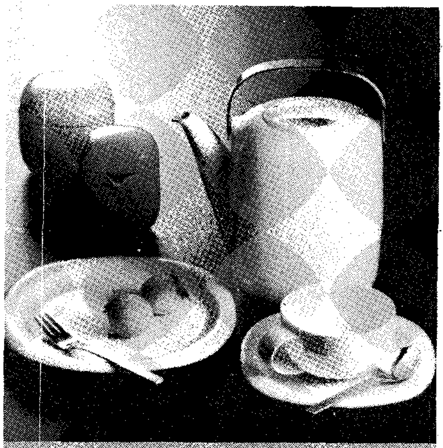
"There must be many times," I said to him, "when you are overpowered by the distance you have come from your origins."

"That happens many, many times," he said, with deep feeling. "The mysteries of my life multiply. The odd coincidences, the strange turns and twists. Things happen to me that simply cannot happen. For instance, in the very neighborhood where we live, a pastry shop has opened. Nooshin Pastry and Café. Can you believe that this is the same Nooshin café that stood on Istanbul Avenue in Teh-ran—one of the first places I ate when, as a teen-ager, I went to the capital. Transplanted here! The odds of this happening must be several billion to one, and yet it has happened to me. Just the other day, I wrote my sister of this coincidence. My life is filled with such puzzles, endlessly beckoning, endlessly mysterious, endlessly fascinating."

A FEW days ago, I walked over to the library. It was the middle of the day and the middle of the week, and the library was crowded. Room 315 had been reopened, after being restored to its original appearance, as designed by Carrère & Hastings. It is a dignified room with big windows. The card catalogue was gone, of course, and I missed it. Some people were pulling the huge printed catalogue volumes from the shelves; others were standing in front of the thirty-two computer terminals. I tried my luck at one of them, hitting the keyboard of the terminal with my own name, which had been in the card catalogue. Green letters instantly flashed on the terminal screen. "Type HELP," they said. I realized that I was in the grip of technology, and needed patience, perseverance, and an open mind. I felt blue about this until I walked into one of the enormous reading rooms behind the catalogue room. There sat hundreds of people, quietly reading. There was a slight murmur in the room, almost a whisper, and it sounded like low music of the spheres. As long as there is this reading room, these people, this murmur, I thought, we are safe. Perhaps.

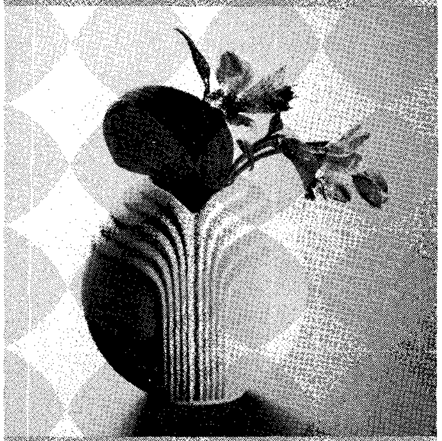
—PHILIP HAMBURGER

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)



'Suomi.' Fine china, designed by Timo Sarpaneva, Finland.

'Fuga.' Full lead crystal, designed by Elsa Fischer-Treyden, West Germany.



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Beneath the crowded waters
Of the sailing pond; because
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In May, there are countless
Children, and the gardens
Are filled with laughter
And shouting that could al-

Most sound, if you closed
Your eyes, like the furious
Confusions of a battle.
But the bordering roses are

Sorbet pinks, and the leaves
Of the chestnuts so pale-
Ly green they seem formed
From seawater and plankton,

So that, down the long tunnels
Of the promenades, the
Slow rental ponies
Are painted with a shade

That increases their shyness
And importance. A uni-
Cyclist turning figure eights
In the sand, and the usual

Circle of men playing *boules*,
And a group of white-
Frocked teen-age girls—young
Apprentice surgeons? or

Meat-market clerks?—with
Flecks of blood high up
On their sleeves. And
Out in a glade cordoned off

With chains (like Paradise,
It's not to walk on but there
To see) a woman has spread a blue
Bedsheet and placed a rock

At each corner—she smiles
At the world from her place
In the world, and she is not
Changed, nor should she be,

By the sudden, ecstatic cry
That says: Open your eyes, the
Sky's overhead, the treetops
Are swimming through the warm

Spring air, and the instant
Of death is just rising in
The pond, where all is lovely,
And crazy, and contrived.

—Sherod Santos

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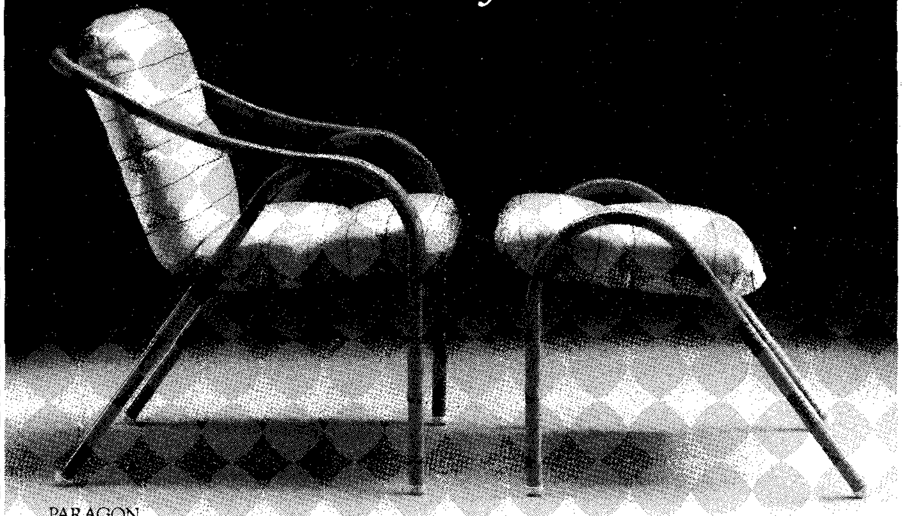

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A JOURNEY TO ARGENTINA

NO one, I suppose, travels to another country without some expectation of what he will see, hear, or otherwise learn. In the case of a recent visit to Argentina, my expectations were perhaps more than usually firm. I was last there in 1958, on an assignment from the Carnegie Corporation to meet with economists on the university faculties of a half-dozen or so Latin-American countries—Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Costa Rica, and Guatemala. (Nothing about American academic life is more rewarding than the travel it arranges for its more fortunate members.) On that earlier journey, I went one night with a number of other economists to dine at a large and somewhat boisterous restaurant in the La Boca district of Buenos Aires. In the course of the evening, a woman of the place sat down beside me and asked why I looked so sad. "He is an economist," one of my Argentine colleagues informed her, "and an economist naturally thinks about our inflation." Twenty-eight years ago, the inflation rate was between twenty and thirty percentage points annually. Until the heroic efforts at stabilization undertaken last summer by the Alfonsín government, it had been well over a thousand per cent a year. Obviously, I could expect to hear much about inflation.

I knew also that I would hear much about the Argentine overseas debt. This, now amounting to around forty-eight billion dollars, is smaller than that of Brazil, estimated at a hundred and three billion dollars, or of Mexico, at ninety-six billion. Like many others, I had been following the history of this indebtedness. It goes back to the days when the large international banks—Citibank, Chase Manhattan, Manufacturers Hanover, and the unfortunate Continental Illinois—were speaking well of their success in "recycling" the Saudi Arabian and other OPEC oil revenues. The recycling consisted partly of passing along deposits lodged in their care as loans to Latin-American and other countries. I had noted, too, the innovative semantics of the banking industry as these loans ran into trouble. The language of modern banking has its special fascination. Loans that cannot be repaid were once said to be in default; by the more casually spoken they were said to have gone sour. Now they are "rolled over" and then "rescheduled." Then, if not kept current, they become "problem loans." And if the default continues they are reclassified as "non-performing assets." Few observers have been so abrupt as to say of the Latin-American loans that unwise bankers made foolish loans to irresponsible or incompetent governments—circumstances that did not enhance the likelihood of prompt repayment.

I went to Argentina with further thoughts on this matter, concerning the American precedent. In the eighteen-thirties, a number of American states—Pennsylvania, Louisiana, New York, and Mississippi among them—borrowed prodigiously to build canals, turnpikes, and railroads, and to establish banks. Around two hundred million dollars, perhaps more, was borrowed—a huge amount given the heavy dollars and the small populations of the time. Much of this money was recycled from the surplus savings of Britain—from the far more affluent British financiers and citizens. After the panic of 1837, these loans went extensively into default. Some states eventually paid; others, not without indignation, rejected all responsibility for what was held to be an indefensible financial aberration. This precedent was repeated after the Civil War, when states and localities accorded guarantees and subsidies to the railroads they hoped would come their way. When the railroads went into bankruptcy—among them such distinguished enterprises as the Union Pacific—many of the guarantors declined to make good. Overseas as well as domestic investors went again through the wringer. Default was not confined to the United States; British investors are still awaiting a return on their equity investment in the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways, in Canada, which were taken over after the First World War by the Canadian government, along with another ailing property, the Canadian Northern, and made into the Canadian National Railways. None of these defaults, it should be noted, proved permanently damaging to American or Canadian credit.

There was also earlier and less than encouraging experience with Latin America. In 1890, the great British banking

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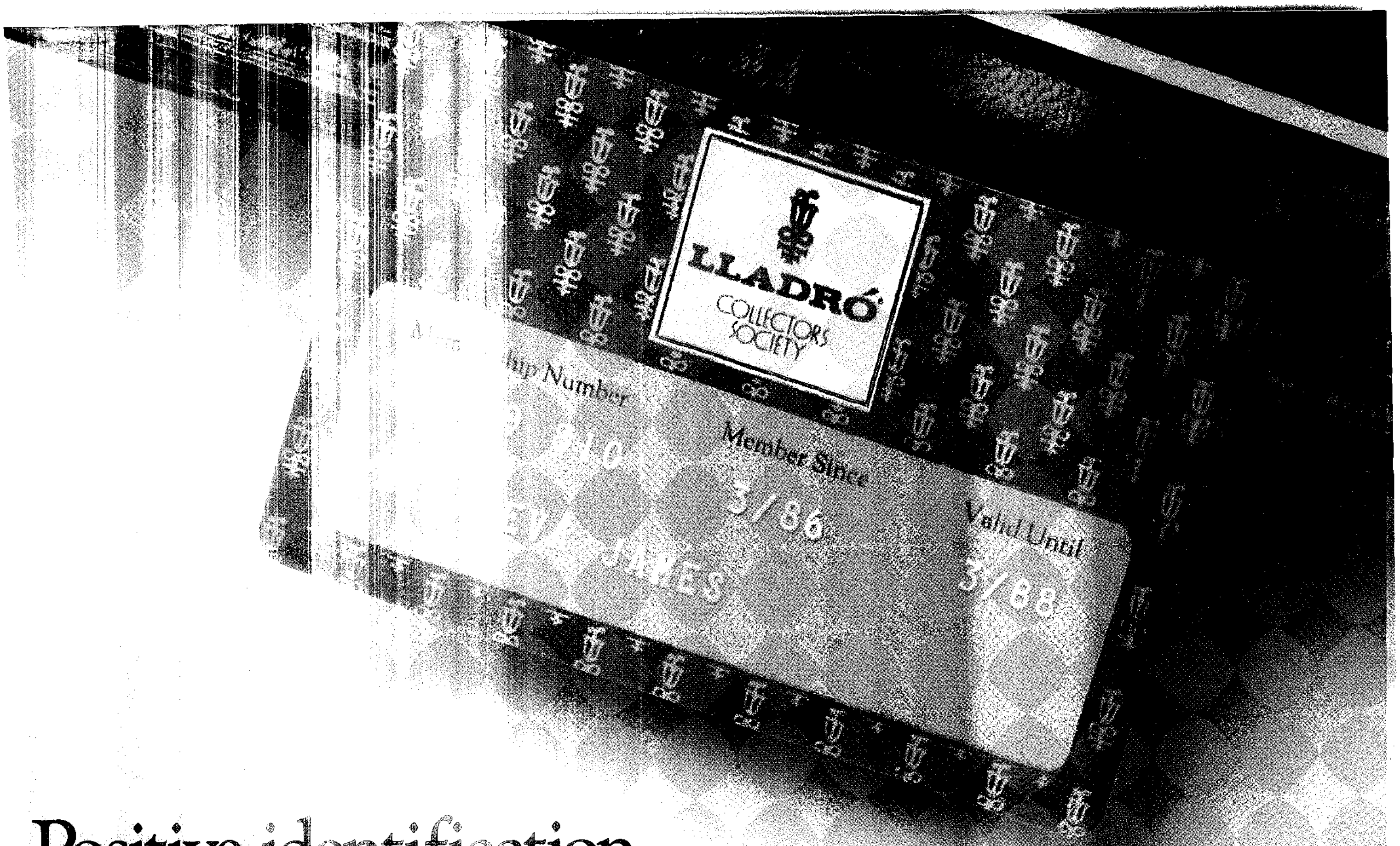

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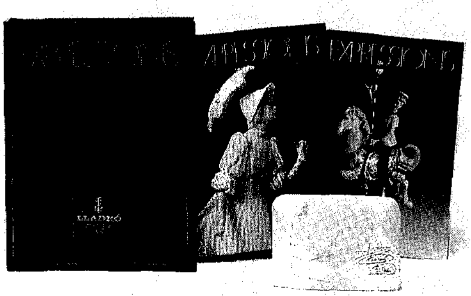

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house of Baring Brothers & Company found itself with twenty-one million pounds in defaulted Argentine loans in hand. It was threatened with bankruptcy, and the Bank of England mounted a historic rescue operation. In the nineteen-twenties, American banks and investment houses lent money both freely and injudiciously to Latin-American governments. A loan appreciation of the National City Company—the ancestor of Citibank—which later came to light reflected the mood of the times: "Peru: Bad debt record, adverse moral and political risk, bad internal debt situation, trade situation about as satisfactory as that of Chile in the past three years. Natural resources more varied. On economic showing Peru should go ahead rapidly in the next 10 years." After the 1929 crash, these loans, not surprisingly, went—in the primitive language of the time—into default.

Nor is the record of seemingly more responsible governments perfect. In the years following the First World War, the debts of our wartime allies and others came to be considered a serious burden on international commerce and well-being. Calvin Coolidge was adamant on repayment. ("They hired the money, didn't they?") But Herbert Hoover granted a one-year moratorium, and later, in the New Deal years, the loans—those of Finland apart—went into default. In 1934, the Johnson Act, which prohibited further loans to the defaulting governments, was passed in rebuke, but, again, no enduring harm was done to the credit of the borrowing countries. One goes to South America with the feeling that the precedents in international finance as regards debt repayment are not impeccable.

My trip to Argentina was once again under philanthropic auspices; my wife and I were guests of the Arturo Illía Foundation, an Argentine scholarly organization devoted to democracy and remembering in its name Argentina's last previous democratic President. The foundation has close relations with the present government, which it serves in a modest way with economic advice, and derives support from the Friedrich Naumann Foundation, a German endowment that contributes to good works in Argentina.

The beginning of our journey was not wholly auspicious. Our departure from Boston, on a dark and disagreeable Thursday last November, was under a heavy fall of rain; our plane was very late arriving in New York, and we made our way to Aerolíneas Argentinas with only minutes to spare but in time to discover that the flight to Buenos Aires had been cancelled some days earlier. No one from the airline had thought to tell us. We spent the night at a hotel near Kennedy Airport, and the next morning the phone rang steadily as callers ranging from the protocol officer of the President of Argentina to the American head of Aerolíneas Argentinas expressed their sorrow at this oversight. While waiting for that day's flight, we read and went for a long walk around one of the airport parking lots. We arrived in Buenos Aires in midafternoon on Saturday. By the time we had accomplished the twenty-mile drive from the airport into the city—through heavy traffic and along a nicely landscaped boulevard defaced by randomly placed billboards—and had settled into the Plaza Hotel downtown, a full twenty-four hours (less two for the change in time) had elapsed since we left our lodgings at J.F.K. Argentina, one still feels, is not next door.

Our hosts had arranged for a day of rest before serious business began, but economic discussion was well under way even before we reached the hotel. We were advised, as a practical matter, on the passage of the currency from the peso to the austral. The old banknotes survived; it would have cost too much to print new ones. The last three zeros were simply ignored. Thus, a ten-thousand-peso note became ten australs. The austral had actually gained a bit on the dollar in recent weeks. "Argentina has one piece of good fortune," one of our hosts said reflectively as we sat stalled in the dense afternoon traffic. "We are self-sufficient in oil."

For our day of recreation, we were taken on an airplane ride of around an hour and a half to the Iguazú Falls, of the Río Iguazú, on the border between Argentina and Brazil, a region of tropical aspect and vivid red soil. The falls are higher than Niagara but less voluminous. The main cataract plunges with a highly impressive roar nonetheless, and by way of variety there are some twenty smaller ones. The water, unlike the fairly fresh blue of Niagara, carries an infusion of the surrounding soil and is slightly brown, as is the rainbow that one looks down on from the top of the falls. There is no trace of human habitation—a great improvement on Niagara. The falls

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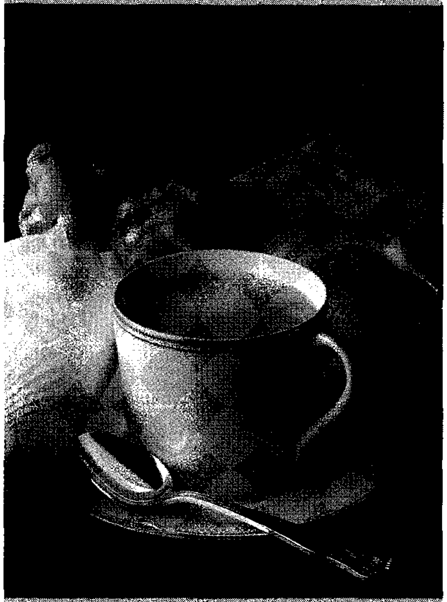

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are just as the first Europeans, who were drawn to them over several hours—some say days—by the roar, saw them, in the sixteenth century.

Our day ended back in Buenos Aires, with a long discussion of the Argentine economy with two extremely well-informed businessmen. On the following Monday, I had a morning meeting and luncheon with the Minister of the Economy, Juan Sourrouille, and a dozen or so economic officers of the government. In the ensuing days, there were seminar sessions with government, university, foundation, and other, variously employed economists; two luncheon meetings, one with leading bankers and the other with industrialists; breakfast with members of the Argentine-American Chamber of Commerce; and a long dinner-and-evening discussion with President Raúl Alfonsín, members of his government, and his economic advisers, at the Presidential residence, which is on a ninety-acre stretch of parkland on the edge of Buenos Aires. On three other evenings, I gave lectures on economics and arms control. There was a smaller turnout for the session on arms control than for those on economics; one of my hosts pointed out that in Argentina there was no "real peace bloc." People felt safely distant from the nuclear dangers of the Northern Hemisphere, he said. The nuclear winter, which Argentine crops and cattle would not survive, was not yet a clear and present threat. This misconception I tried my best to correct in my lecture.

There were some lighter moments. We walked down Calle Florida—the great shopping street reserved for pedestrians—and looked at the diverse and well-stocked shops. We were taken on a six-hour boat trip around and through the Paraná Delta, an extraordinarily intricate system of waterways adjacent to Buenos Aires. And one morning I had a two-hour visit with Jorge Luis Borges, who was exuberantly pessimistic about all Argentine politicians—and generals—and their works.

Over the week as a whole, however, economics was the preoccupying topic. It was not easy, as one viewed the shops of Calle Florida, the enormous new office buildings, the dense motor traffic, and the generally relaxed and well-dressed crowds of Buenos Aires (where almost half of all the people of the republic now live), to think of this as a country of chronic economic crisis. Around Buenos Aires, in the shantytowns, there is a vast underclass. These towns the visitor does not see. But, talking with economists, one certainly cannot feel that there is any lack of understanding of the crisis. Argentina has a notable tradition in economic research and instruction; Raúl Prebisch, who is now in his mid-eighties (he was in Chile during my visit), was one of the pioneers in the economics of Third World development. There are many others. It is one of the more evident and unhappy curiosities of our time that two countries especially well supplied with economic talent—Israel and Argentina—have had, at least until lately, two of the most ostentatiously mismanaged economies. Perhaps in the case of Israel, with its great military need and preoccupation, there is some excuse. For Argentina, which is one of the most richly endowed countries of the world and subject to no hostile threat, real or plausibly imagined, there is no similar justification.

THE explanation of the modern Argentine problem—especially the propensity to inflation and, latterly, also to economic stagnation—goes back a half century, to a major change in the way the economic role of the state was perceived: a role that is to this day not fully appreciated in countries of later development, such as Argentina. In neither Argentina nor other, similar countries was inflation a major concern in earlier times. The gold standard was generally—although not quite consistently—taken for granted. Any undue pressure of purchasing power on the economy from the earnings and expenditures of workers, businessmen, public employees, and the military caused prices to rise. Gold then flowed out as the country in question became an expensive place from which to buy and an easy one to which to sell. A crisis—later to be called a depression, thereafter a recession, and finally, in pursuit of economic nicety, a growth adjustment—put things right, although, of course, in a notably painful way. From the diminished foreign and domestic demand and the greater overseas competition came diminished sales, unemployment, business failures, reduced farm income, and lower public revenues. All these combined in varying measure to reduce the competing claims on the economy. The Great Depression—which reflected the collapse in income flowing from the speculation and plush foreign and domestic

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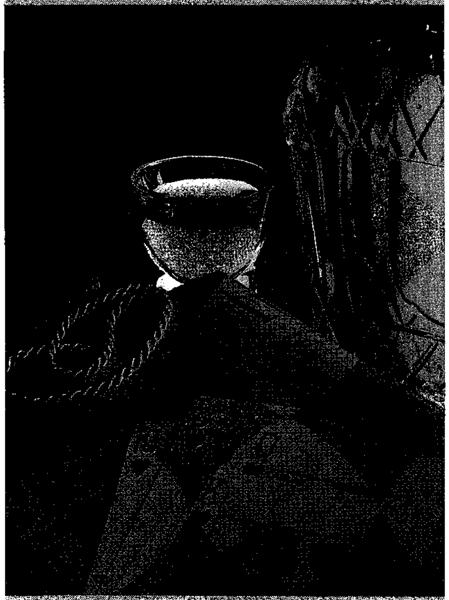

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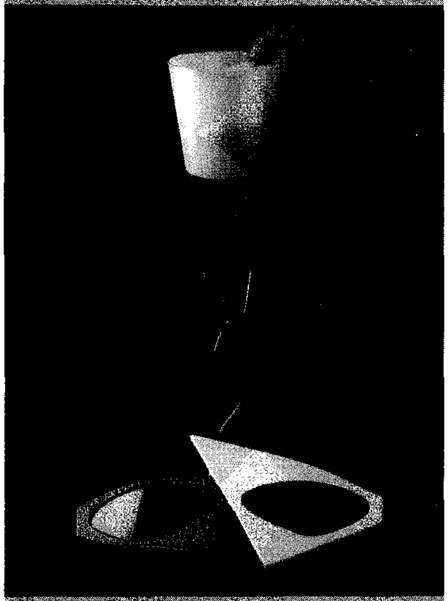

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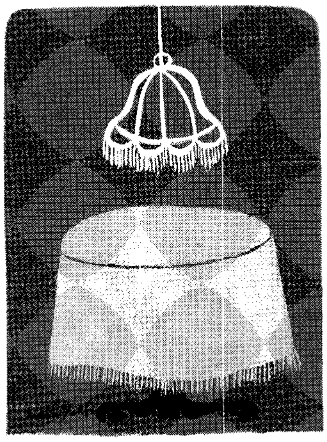
lending of the nineteen-twenties, along with other, more complex causes—was a striking example of this process. So was the suffering imposed on workers, farmers, businessmen, and the citizenry at large.

The influential voice bringing the old design to an end was that of John Maynard Keynes. His "General Theory of Employment Interest and Money," published in 1936, held, in effect, that the government, not the automatic mechanism of the gold standard and the market, should henceforth control and arbitrate the various competing claims on the economic product. If the claims were too great, they would be brought within the capacity of the economy by taxation or reduced public expenditure. And if, as in the stagnant years of the Depression, the demand for goods and services fell below what plant and workers could provide, the government would supplement it, adding spending of its own for presumptively useful purposes or for people in need, or, by reducing taxes, would allow more private expenditure—all with the purpose of bringing the system back to capacity operation. From these actions came the enduring identification of Keynes with deficits in the public budget—deficit spending. But in the Keynesian scheme it was equally essential, if purchasing power or aggregate demand was in excess of capacity, that the economy be restrained in a humane way by the government, and not by the detached cruelty of depression and recession. These were seen as threatening the very survival of the system; Marx had said with no real regret that the capitalist crisis would sound the death knell of capitalism.



From this great change has come the modern problem of Argentina, of other Latin-American countries, of Israel, and, for that matter, of the United States as well. It was assumed by Keynes (or, anyhow, by his followers) that the actions required for too much and too little demand would be opposite but equal—basically symmetrical. It was also assumed that the needed actions would be equally feasible for all governments. Alas, what was economically symmetrical was not politically symmetrical. The politics of expansion—increased public expenditure, tax reduction—turned out to be highly agreeable. Those of curtailment—tax increases, reduced public expenditure, wage and price restraint—were politically repellent. And while the politics of curtailment may be possible for strong governments, they are not for weak governments, pressed by the poverty of their people. Such measures have not been possible in recent decades for governments in Latin America, including the government of Argentina.

In everyday explanation, the recent Argentine inflation was the result of the unlicensed printing of money: if the printing presses were somehow stopped, the inflation would be over. It is not as easy as that. The deeper and more intractable causes of the inflation were claims on the economy far in excess of the ability of the system to supply—claims by businessmen seeking higher earnings; by trade unions seeking more wages and benefits; by the generals protecting their turf; by numerous public industries, many under the auspices of the military, operating at astonishing losses; and by the civilian public services (approximately twenty per cent of all employment in Argentina is provided by the government, including the military). Finally, there were the claims by the international banks—the foreign creditors.

All recent Argentine governments yielded more or less readily to these claims—yielded to business, the unions, the military, the public enterprises, and the public sector generally. They frequently evaded the claims of foreign creditors by borrowing more from them. To increase taxes, impose price and wage restraints, reduce military and other public spending, increase charges, and insure greater efficiency in the money-losing public enterprises (and forthrightly excise some of them) was politically too difficult. The loans from abroad eased the situation for as long as they were available; as for the various competing claims, they were simply accorded the income they sought. Because the total was in excess of the capacity of the economy, prices were bid up, or pressed up by wages, and at a steadily accelerating rate. The money needed to satisfy the claims was indeed borrowed from—created by—the central bank. But this was a detail—in all respects a consequence, and not a cause. And everything became vastly more difficult when, in the late seventies and early eighties, the flow of foreign loans came to an end and repayment was demanded.

Among the claims on the economy, there was one that did not get met. That was for funds for new investment. No one spoke in favor of investment; it was, in fact, suppressed by high interest rates. The absence of new investment and the insufficient replacement of the old resulted in economic stagnation—a minimal increase or a decline in production in what is potentially one of the richest countries in the world.

These matters were the ones under discussion in Buenos Aires during my visit—how to reduce the various claims on the Argentine economy, how to negotiate the claims of the external creditors, how to revive domestic investment and growth.

IN June of 1985, some months before my visit, a major step toward the accommodation of claims on the economy was taken. This was the adoption of the Austral Plan—by common consent, an exceedingly well-thought-out design. Its most publicized but—in some respects—least important feature was the introduction of the new currency; complementing this was a series of moves addressed to the claims on the economy. The first was a freeze on wages and prices, with the double purpose of limiting the increase in the money income and the resulting money claims of business and labor and of altering expectations about inflation. This would make unnecessary the protective action undertaken by businessmen, unions, public workers, and others, who, expecting price increases, had been impelled to ask for more income to cover themselves and insure their real purchasing power as prices went up.

The Austral Plan also included an increase in taxes—along with an effort to make tax collection more effective—and a reduction in public expenditure. (Indeed, the military budget has been cut by around a third in the last two years.) Tariffs on imported goods were increased, and so were the fees and prices charged by public enterprises. In a new and much discussed step, a compulsory-savings plan was put into effect: individuals and businesses are required to postpone some present expenditures against the promise of a larger, later return. (My visit followed by a few days one from Franco Modigliani, of M. I. T., who won the 1985 Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Science and is a popular and much respected figure among his economic colleagues—not less so in Argentina because of his Italian origins. He was critical of the forced-savings plan as—among other things—too small to be effective, and his adverse comments received wide press attention. I held that it was worth a trial. No one can charge North American visitors with undue influence if their observations cancel each other out.)

A final and critical step will be to win postponement, in one form or another, of foreign-debt repayment. The urgency of this has been reduced somewhat by temporary financing arranged through the International Monetary Fund, and during my visit there was much discussion of possible further help from the World Bank—as had just been proposed by the United States Secretary of the Treasury, James Baker—with the loans to be used for new investment.

The initial response of the Argentine people to the Austral Plan was, as the international press noted, highly favorable, and this was affirmed when the Radical Party of President Alfonsín won a substantial (though by no means overwhelming) mandate in the congressional elections held last autumn. The mood I encountered during all my conversations, including those with the President, was strongly optimistic (although he warned me in a thoughtful way that those with whom I had been meeting were distinctly in favor of the plan they had devised). The difficulties are gravely evident, however. All the claimants on income have their spokesmen—some have political parties—and in Argentina, as everywhere else, it is taken as a manifestation of political weakness, even of bad faith and cowardice, if leaders and spokesmen soften their demands on behalf of their constituencies. Though prices and wages were being held by the freeze when I was there, there was no apparatus for enforcement, and some price inflation—two or three per cent per month—was continuing. Wages were constant, and real wages had thus declined. Early this month, because of the upward drift in consumer prices, the Labor Minister was forced to announce that

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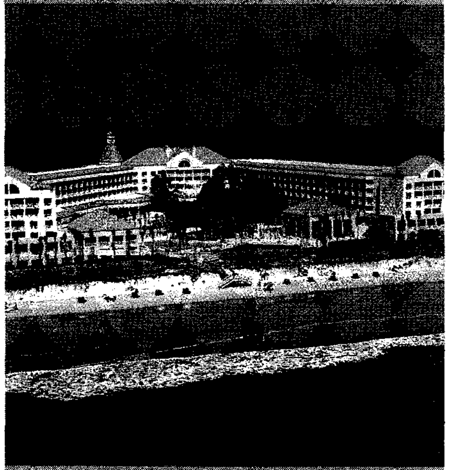

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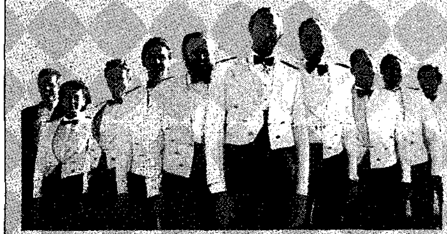
negotiated wage settlements would be allowed for the rest of 1986, in a range of eighteen to twenty-five per cent. Sooner or later, all price and wage ceilings will have to be lifted, or they will become ineffective and irrelevant. To insure against a further increase of both prices and wages, demand and supply need to be in close balance when the controls are lifted. This requires that the tax increases and the public-expenditure reductions be effective, that the budget claims on behalf of the public enterprises be reduced, and that the overseas claims be eased—all these being steps replete with political difficulty. Additionally, the years of inflation and of unpopular and resented governments have greatly weakened the tax system and have left a legacy of comprehensive tax avoidance. This is especially true of the affluent, who have long been moving their money into foreign bank accounts and foreign investments as an escape from both domestic inflation and taxes.

During our visit, the erstwhile Argentine military leaders were on the defensive in two trials: one in the civil courts, concerning the grave human-rights abuses in the years of military rule—the mass deaths, disappearances, and torture—and the other within the military itself, to establish responsibility for the ill-advised and highly incompetent operation against the Malvinas, elsewhere known as the Falklands. However, there is still an evident need for caution where the military budget is concerned. The generals have in the past shown their willingness to move in on politicians; they have some eighty thousand troops at their command. That a country devoid of any plausible enemy must support an expensive military establishment, with obligatory military service, is one of the absurdities of the age. But it is an absurdity protected by the weapons of those who are served by it.

The publicly owned industries—steel, railroads, petroleum, ordnance, a host of lesser enterprises—are also a problem. The socially owned enterprise was once seen as the benign fulfillment of the socialist dream. No longer. Socialist governments in France, Spain, and Italy have spent a major part of their time and energy seeking ways to reduce the cost of sustaining archaic, money-losing firms that were unloaded on the government by private enterprise—or ways to dispense with them entirely. So it is in Argentina, for Alfonsín's Radical Party. One of the officials with whom I talked in Buenos Aires noted with sorrow that the yield of the forced-savings plan in the early months was falling well below the deficit in the state-operated railway system.

The I.M.F. has urged, as a condition for its continuing help with the Argentine balance of payments, that Argentina reduce its budget deficit to four and a half per cent of the gross national product. Argentine government economists consider five per cent a reasonable and possible target. (The deficit of the United States is now around five per cent of its gross national product.) What is reasonable and possible actually depends on what is cut—a distinction that the I.M.F. has not made in the past. Its demand for "austerity" has regularly been taken to mean a reduction in social programs—those on behalf of the old, the impoverished, the handicapped, the ill. There is no case for such savings in Argentina, or in any democratic nation that tries to make them. As regards cuts in military spending and the public enterprises, the case is very strong.



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There remain the claims of the foreign creditors—the international banks and their acolytes who joined in the once seemingly imaginative opportunity presented by those loans. It was a grave miscalculation, and creditors do not ordinarily escape miscalculation without cost. And an easing of the terms of repayment—a virtually indefinite extension, combined with lower interest charges—or perhaps even a moratorium, could well be in the interest of the banks, since to ease the claims on the Argentine economy would increase the chances for success of the present stabilization effort and thus for later repayment. If the stabilization effort fails, and inflation again accelerates, with accompanying economic stagnation—the denial of investment that goes with inflation—the banks have a very good chance of getting nothing at all.

The Argentine economists and officials with whom I talked, and also the bankers and industrialists, were overwhelmingly committed to a negotiated repayment. Once, in a large meeting, when I inquired whether there was support for a unilateral suspension of payments until stabilization was assured—a course that had recently been taken by Peru—I was rather sharply rebuked for asking the question. But there was agreement that, along with the other demands on the economy, this one, too, had to be reduced. There is the added problem that, unlike other claims, foreign debt must be repaid with currency earned by an excess of sales to foreign countries over purchases therefrom. The Argentine trade balance is favorable at present, in considerable contrast with that of the United States. But Argentine agricultural products, which make up by far the largest part of that balance, are in competition with great world surpluses in wheat, corn, and other crops; moreover, they must contend with the severe protectionist measures of the European Economic Community and Japan, and with American abundance, which largely keeps us from being a market. Only the Soviets, with their enduring agricultural problem, come strongly to the rescue. Trade conditions, too, require a liberal attitude on loans from overseas. Our bankers need also to bear in mind that the foreign currency that the Argentinians spend on loan service and repayment does not get spent on American manufactured goods, with resulting employment and reward. The banks, in the light of their past errors, should not expect too great a claim on Argentine overseas earnings.

ONE evening in Buenos Aires, I was interviewed on "Tiempo Nuevo," a widely watched discussion program on television. My interrogator, an uncommonly self-confident man, pressed me concerning my view of the Argentine prospects for economic stabilization and resumed economic growth. I carefully declined prediction but affirmed my hope for success. This hope he abruptly discounted; there had been too many failures by too many Argentine governments in the past. He could not condone wishful thinking. I warned him, perhaps a trifle sharply, of the occupational disease of television figures and numerous other public persons, which is to associate wisdom with a mood of extreme pessimism. He should struggle to rise above such a tendency, I said. The next day, on Calle Florida, people stopped to tell me of their approval, and President Alfonsín sent me word of his. But on the plane back to New York I did not find myself wholly sanguine. The week had provided impressive evidence not only of the intelligence of the Argentine effort but also of the obstacles to the achievement of its goals. I had no doubt, however, that we should hope for success and—with the leverage available to us, particularly on loans old and new—give our best support.

—JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

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THE MYSTERIOUS MIDDLE WEST

[*Adv. in the Odon (Ind.) Journal*]

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—*Kansas City (Mo.) Times.*

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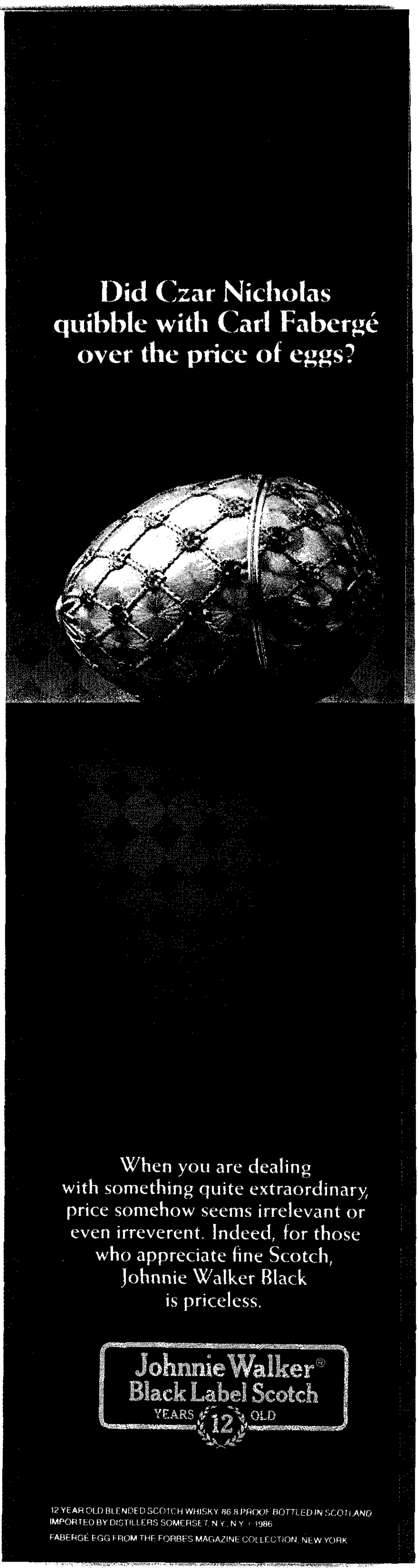

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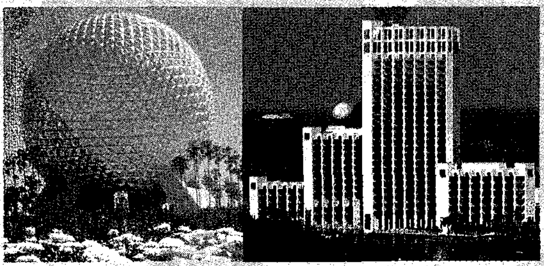

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE INCIDENT AT NAPLES

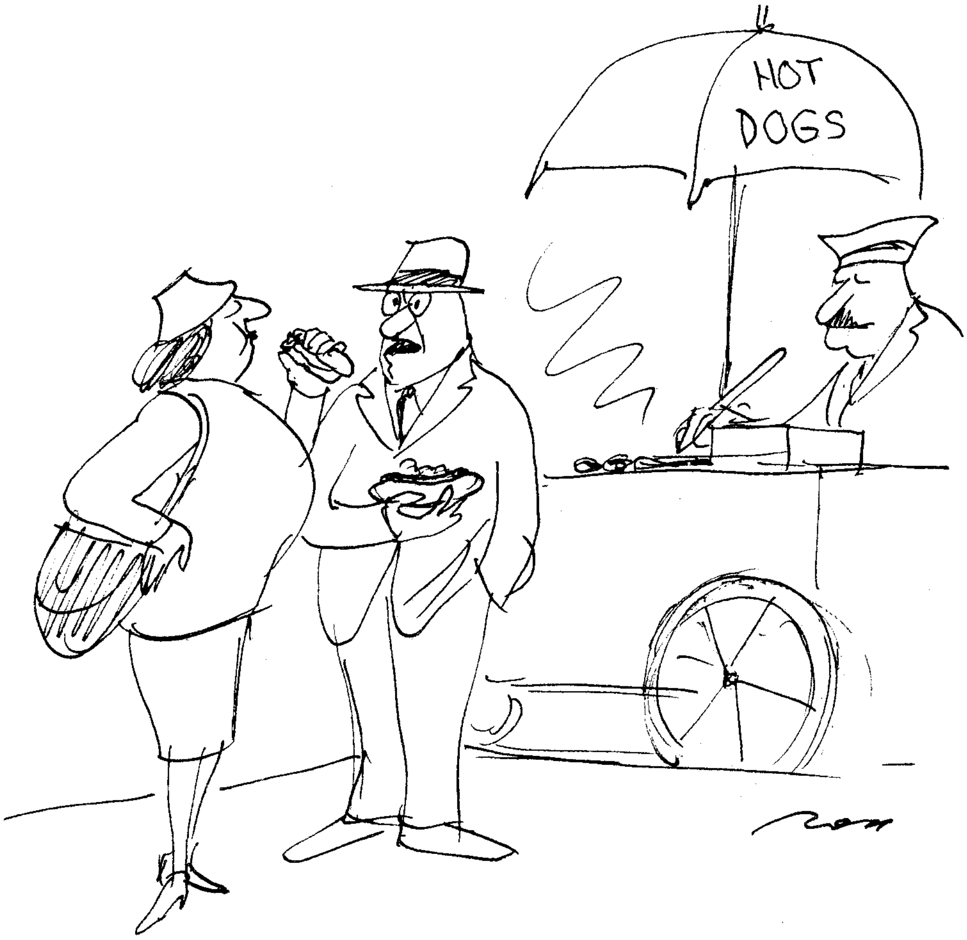
HONOR and Virtue. Those are the names of two great crenellated round towers that flank Porta Capuana, in Naples. This ancient city gate, of the dark local stone called *piperno*, was once part of the fortifications of an Aragonese king: a feature of the city walls, where its fellow-towers—still visible at intervals along certain thoroughfares—all bore distinctive names, like Glory and Hope, Victory and Strength, while still others were known as the Duchess, the Siren, the Saviour. At Porta Capuana, the decorated white marble arch between the towers was designed by a Renaissance artist—the Florentine architect and sculptor Giuliano da Maiano. There, just inside the walls, the Neapolitan law courts are immured in a massive castle—picturesque, legendary, and grim—set at the rim of the ancient vortex of the city. Outside the gate, a dry moat; then a busy open ground, site in past centuries of gardens and of a celebrated outdoor theatre; now traffic-ridden, populous, poor, and unresolved; exposed, in high summer, to a grimy sun: Piazza San Francesco.

On a Saturday in mid-July, in the early evening—in broad daylight, as the saying goes—I was knocked down there by two young men on a motorcycle. A familiar story in Italy today: the victim carrying, most indiscreetly, a bag; the assailants—the *scippatori*, as they are called in Naples—motorized, swift, skilled at snatching, careless of maiming. The victim, from instinct or defiance, attempts to retain the bag; is in consequence thrown to the ground by the velocity of the motorcycle and dragged some distance—feet or yards—until the bag has conclusively changed hands.

We had been walking, my wife and I, through Spaccanapoli; that is, we had been following the Greek and Roman decumanus that still creates "the split of Naples" at the city's heart. There are two or three of these long, narrow, parallel streets, crowded with grand and decaying monuments, with churches and convents, palaces, arcades: a forest of tiny shops and habitations where magnificence and squalor share a roof. "The great sinful streets of Naples," as an English poet—Arthur Hugh Clough—defined them in the eighteen-forties. Through a hot afternoon, we walked, as we had walked a thousand times, along the lava pavements of Via San Biagio dei Librai and Via Tribunali; and, for the first time in years, carried a bag—one of those canvas shopping bags with reinforced handles. We had this unprecedented bag because we had been delivering books for rebinding. At the binder's shop—a slot in the wall of a steep, traffic-flooded alleyway—we had chosen colors of leather and endpapers, exchanged some words with the amiable young man in charge, shaken hands. One book remained in the bag—an old red guide to the city, with our pencilled annotations of many years—along with a sweater, a change purse, and a pretty scarf of blue Indian silk. Walking toward Porta Capuana, I held the bag self-consciously, folded under my arm, keeping close to the buildings. Without the bag, wearing nothing snatchable, we would have been in no danger whatever.

As we walked, we stopped to enter churches, to look at pictures and altars. Donna Regina was closed, but Santi Apostoli, with its paintings by Lanfranco and its Borromini chapel, open: these two nearly adjacent churches acutely illustrating the Neapolitan paradox of historic splendor set in extreme poverty. On the tenement beside Donna Regina, a begrimed notice from the Fascist era continued to pronounce those busy dwellings unfit for habitation, while within the church of Santi Apostoli a state of long neglect—contrasting with the restored adjoining monastery—now appeared to border on abandonment.

These summer evenings in Naples belong to the poor. By mid-July, the well-to-do have left their modern flats—up on the Vomero hill or along the Posillipo cape—for coastal or countryside villas or for travel abroad. And more modest families are weekending, at least, at nearby holiday "developments" on the Campanian shore. Doctors, dentists, lawyers will be hard to find before September. Many businesses close down, to reopen only at summer's end, and signs announcing long vacations proliferate on shop



"*This* is supper?"

fronts throughout the town. In the hot mornings, small brown boys trot, barefoot and near-naked, through the town on their way to the sea, and crowds of children appear on the rocks along the harborfront, undeterred by polluted waters or by the consequent prohibition on bathing there—a prohibition seldom observed or enforced. All afternoon, the city languishes in the long siesta, reviving only with the approach of night. At dusk, in the ancient central quarters, shutters are flung back, Neapolitans appear at doors and windows and on the innumerable small balconies that project from upper floors. Men and women and whole families saunter into the cooling streets to take up their parts in the vast theatre of city life—a performance in which tourists rarely appear and few outsiders can even claim a walk-on role.

As we passed, that summer evening, through Spaccanapoli, the revival was under way. In a dusty crevice between palazzi, beneath a tiny pergola of grapevines, a family celebration was taking place: a wooden table was crowded with dishes, bowls of fruit, bottles. These people waved to us and called, "But watch out for the bag." In Via Carbonara, where the long, straight street still follows the line of demolished city walls, the upper church of San Giovanni a Carbonara, one of the supreme monuments of Europe, was closed and neglected, as it has implacably been for twenty years. Near the foot of its great outer staircase, a woman was roasting American corn on a brazier for a group of barefoot children. "Would you like some? No? Well, goodbye. Watch out for the bag." In the church of Santa Caterina a Formiello, across from the law courts, in the inner shadow of Porta Capuana, a priest called us aside: "This is a dangerous neighborhood. Watch out for the bag." Yes: we were about to take a taxi; we were being careful. "Well, watch out."

Just outside Porta Capuana, we stopped to look back at the arch spanning the roadway between the two towers. Down in the moat, the dry, circular moat, at the foot of either Onore or Virtù—I can never remember which tower is which—a rat was on the prowl. We watched it a few moments as it scuttled in the refuse—a big one, reddish-gray, with yellowed fangs. Then we turned away, to look for a taxi in Piazza San Francesco. My wife—S., henceforth—was the first to spot one: she has a formidable eye for taxis. As she walked into the piazza to hail it, I, too, stepped forward.

The *scippatori* struck instantly. They must have been stalking us, or stalking the bag, for some time—everyone we later spoke with thought so—and at that moment, within sight of the taxi, I made things easy for them: I dropped my guard. Unrolling the bag from under my arm, I held it by the handles, down at my side—normally, in fact. I never saw them or heard their machine. They came silently, from behind. But when I felt a tug I realized at once what was happening. The well-known and much-rehearsed lesson of what to do at such a moment—*let go*—was forgotten. I tightened my grip. They pulled harder. I held on. *I* was pulled: pulled down, and dragged. Not very far, five or six yards, my right side bumping along the pavement. I blacked out. I was told later that the motorcycle roared as it sped off, but I didn't hear it. When I came to, a few moments later, there were people around me, talking and trying to lift me from the ground.

For the next few minutes, my understanding was blurred. Memory remains fragmentary. I am carried a short distance and set on a metal chair on the sidewalk. (Later, I learned that the chair had been brought out from a little hardware shop.) Someone is holding a cloth to my nose—a cloth that feels wet against my face. My tongue discovers a broken upper left tooth. Then, suddenly, my wife is on her knees in front of me, asking frantic questions—in English of me, in Italian of those about us. I hear myself reassure her, in an unfamiliar voice, that I'll be "all right in a minute." The cloth is removed from my nose and something cold substituted—small circular ice "cubes" held in someone's hand. They are there only briefly. "*Troppo sangue*," someone says. "Too much blood." The ice removed, a new cloth is substituted, which I hold. Now I can see more of what is close to me and directly ahead. From the left, into that field of vision, there comes a hand, holding a pair of glasses—mine, rescued intact from the street. I take them, murmur thanks, the hand is withdrawn. There is talk around me. I hear "*telefono*" and "*ambulanza*," but a firm masculine voice says, "Quicker to take him ourselves. Come, Signora, we'll drive you." Two pairs of arms lift me to my feet and guide me; then I am being eased into

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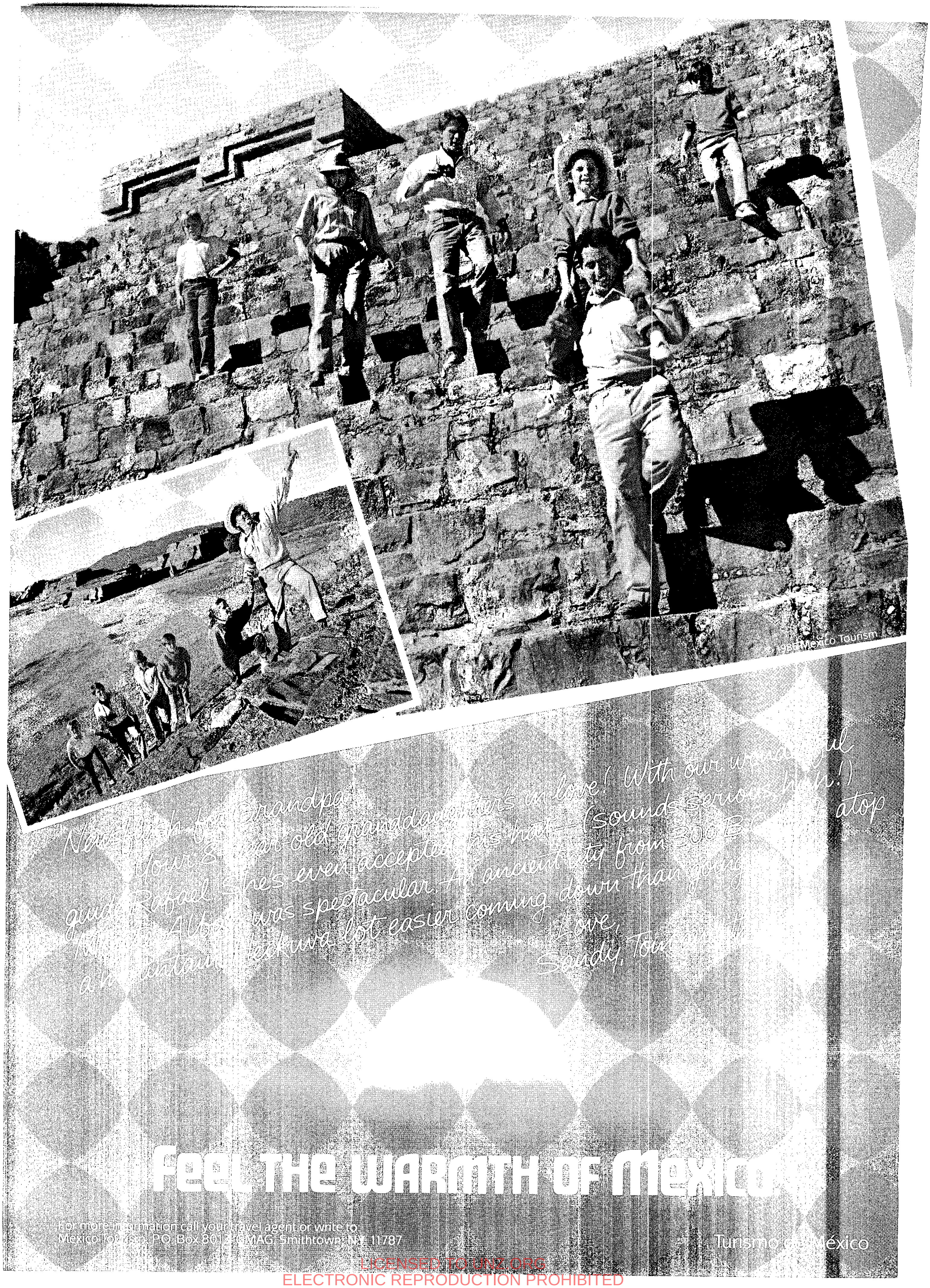
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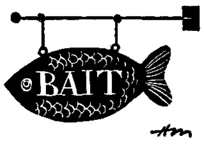
the back seat of a car. S. enters from the other door and holds me. We set off very fast, the driver's hand on the horn.

S. told me later that the driver's companion was holding a white handkerchief out the car window. We had often been spectators of this Italian street drama—"*l'emergenza*." Speeding cars bearing ill or injured to the hospital, Klaxon blaring, handkerchief flying, traffic and pedestrians making way. This time, we were the protagonists.

As we lurched in the speeding car, my vision cleared enough for me to become aware of how much blood there was. My second nose cloth was now saturated and dripping, the front of my dark-blue shirt sodden. A rent in the right leg of my trousers showed red gashes and black street grime. There was blood over my wife's white shirt. I was beginning to feel a trickle at the back of my throat, and to wonder what to do about it; I told myself I mustn't stain our rescuers' car. We made a sharp right turn. I caught sight of a large sign: "Pronto Soccorso"—emergency. We dashed across an open space and stopped. The car door was flung open on a rush of hot air. I heard our driver shout. Then I seem to have passed out again, or become vague: I remember being carried and lowered, and hearing S. say, "*Grazie infinite*." She was thanking my Samaritans; she told me later that they at once drove off, deprecating their intervention.

I am lying on something hard and flat—an insubstantial stretcher, set on the ground. Through its sagging canvas my body touches a cool pavement. Looking up, I see faces staring down at me—the faces of men and women dressed in white. One of the women crouches beside me and begins to wipe my face gently with something soft and cool. She deserves a better response: lying there on my back, I feel my throat filling up and begin to choke; I snatch the cloth from her hand to catch the blood I cough up. As I raise myself to do this, I am aware that something is wrong with my right shoulder. I hear myself ask "*Dove siamo?*"—"Where are we?"—and the answer: "Loreto Mare."

For a brief time, after we had returned to New York and I was reading here and there in the new red Naples guidebook—the inestimable *guida rossa*—that we had bought to replace the precious annotated copy snatched by the *scippatori*, I tried to find diversion from my battered state by tracing "Loreto Mare"—its formal name, I had learned, is Ospedale di Santa Maria di Loreto—to an ancient, identically named Neapolitan establishment celebrated in musical history. Founded in the sixteenth century, that Santa Maria di Loreto, where Scarlatti was once a teacher, had been one of the city's "nests of singing birds"—a number of orphanages and shelters for homeless children, whose early students included Cimarosa, Porpora, Paisiello, and Pergolesi, and which formed the nucleus of the Naples Conservatory of Music. But that association of names proved only partly valid. The celebrated predecessor had been destroyed by bombing in the nineteen-forties, and the building to which I was taken, its jerry-built replacement, had inherited only the name, which in common parlance is shortened to mere "Loreto," with "Mare" added because of its proximity to the Naples waterfront and to distinguish it from a similarly named hospital, Loreto Crispi, in a more prosperous part of the city.



There was, I think, some justification, quite apart from their names, for my confusing this twentieth-century building with one four hundred years older. I had barely glimpsed its exterior walls before my sagging, primitive stretcher and I were placed on a wheeled frame and rolled inside the building; and the ambulance bay itself, as I had seen from my recumbent position, was in a state of dilapidation and decay. (I learned later that the hospital, poorly built in the first place, had suffered earthquake damage the year before and repairs had been bureaucratically delayed.)

Inside, too, the room into which I was taken was squalid: walls were scarred and marred, equipment was meagre. It did not resemble any other hospital I had seen. But the young doctor (his name was Capuano)—bearded in the manner of a Fayum portrait, which he in any case resembled—was deft and humane as, with his equally considerate paramedic assistant, he quickly took up the work the nurse had begun outside: cleaning my face and hands with wet cotton, drying them with threadbare towels, stanching the still flowing nose with pellets of gauze, peeling off bloody shirt and ruined trousers, gently feeling head and shoulder and leg, treating abrasions, and all the time quietly asking questions.

At his direction, I was soon wheeled down a corridor and into "Radiografia." There a young X-ray technician, also Fayum-bearded, was equally adroit and gentle, apologizing for having to twist my shoulder into position for filming. (The twinges left me with little doubt that I had suffered a fracture.) I was helped into my stained and torn clothes and escorted back to the table in the emergency examining room.

Not that my only companions during the first aid and the filming were members of the hospital staff. S. had been called back to the entry to talk with police, whom the hospital had summoned, but her place was amply taken. Ambulatory patients in white hospital gowns, accompanied by family or other visitors, trooped in from adjoining corridors to learn the news and sympathize with the latest arrival.

"*Ch'è successo? Ch'è successo?*" and, on learning the facts, "*Dio mio! Hai sentito? Da New York!*" Following me into the X-ray room, where they were not discouraged and proceeded to watch from behind a partition, they pressed sympathy and apologies. "*Madonna! Che orrore!*" or "*Coraggio, Professore!*" Some trooped back with me to the outer room, where we were joined by new recruits and received exclamations of "*Mannaggia!*" and "*Caspita!*" All asked what I had lost in the bag. Several told of friends or relatives ambushed and robbed in corners of the city: "Nobody is safe. What terrible times." I told them that nobody was safe where I came from, either, but they seemed to prefer that Naples enjoy, as it were, a special reputation. "*È veramente vergognoso. Che brutta gente!*" Doctors and nurses came and went as we awaited the results of the filming. No new casualties arrived: it was a quiet moment at Pronto Soccorso.

The two young policemen S. was talking with, she told me later, were courteous. They would, of course, be visiting the scene of the crime, but there was small likelihood that the assailants would ever be identified: *scippatori* usually operated in neighborhoods far from their own; some came from outside the city. As she answered the questions they put to her, her thoughts were elsewhere—on the X-rays that were being taken. She foresaw that these might tell no trivial tale—reveal conditions calling for intervention and perhaps hospitalization—and, unaware of the quality of the care I was being given a few feet away, she saw dilapidated Loreto Mare as a place to depart from. And she thought of our friends Ella and Carlo.

The previous evening, we had dined with Ella and Carlo at a restaurant on the harborfront. We had enjoyed the hiatus of that summer night—the sailboats swaying at their moorings close to our table, the stars adrift in the night sky. How good, our friends had said, to steal a few moments of respite: their house had been undergoing repairs after being damaged in the earthquake of the previous autumn; now they were preparing to leave the hot city two days later to attend their son's wedding, in Switzerland.

The assumed urgency of finding a new hospital or a private clinic overcame S.'s reluctance to disturb friends seized with their own preoccupations. She concluded her narration and signed the police report. Turning out her buttoned-down pocket of small change, she found one essential telephone token. From a memory not usually retentive of numerals, she extracted the unlisted number.

In the dank earpiece of the hospital's only visible phone, Carlo's voice responded from a more ordered world. "Carlo," said S., "I hate to make this call. I need advice. We are at Loreto Mare." The tale was told in a couple of sentences.

Before she finished speaking, Carlo cut in: "I'm coming at once." Unhesitating human solidarity.

Turning from the telephone to rejoin me, S. found that the two young policemen had followed her, accompanied now by a third officer, middle-aged, with ginger-dyed hair, a thin, foxy face—and yellowed fangs. He was dramatically upbraiding his underlings for having interviewed her before his arrival: he alone, he barked, had the prerogative of demanding details in such a case. They were vainly trying to justify themselves: "*Maresciallo* . . ." He interrupted them. "Not that it matters," he said loudly, now addressing himself to S. "You must face it, Signora—those thieves will never be caught. Never are. Hundreds of them work this city day and night; they change *quartiere*. But we're not as bad here in that way as you are in New York. You're from New York, I see." He slapped the paper in his hand.

The two younger men showed uneasiness. Chauvinism is unusual, and ill-regarded, in Naples.

S. agreed that something similar, or worse, might have happened in New York.

"Come with me," the *maresciallo* shouted. "I'll take your deposition properly."

But S. refused to go over it all again. "Bureaucracy," she called it. "*Basta con questi discorsi.*"

The *maresciallo* agreed at once. "*Brava, Signora.* Entirely right." And, turning to the others, "You hear what she thinks of your bungling? *Burocrazia, bah!*"

"*They* were perfectly civil." Exchanging glances with the young innocents, S. walked away. She wasn't followed.

HAPPY to see S. come into the casualty room. She watches awhile, talks with Dr. Capuano, who comes and goes. Somehow, while the work proceeds, we learn a little of the lives of our medical men, and they discover that we are two writers long acquainted with Italy and partly residing near Naples, and that we had planned to leave the city the very next day for Rome en route to New York.

A nurse now extends an invitation to S.: "Would you like to wash your shirt? It will dry quickly in this heat." They disappear together. Time passes.

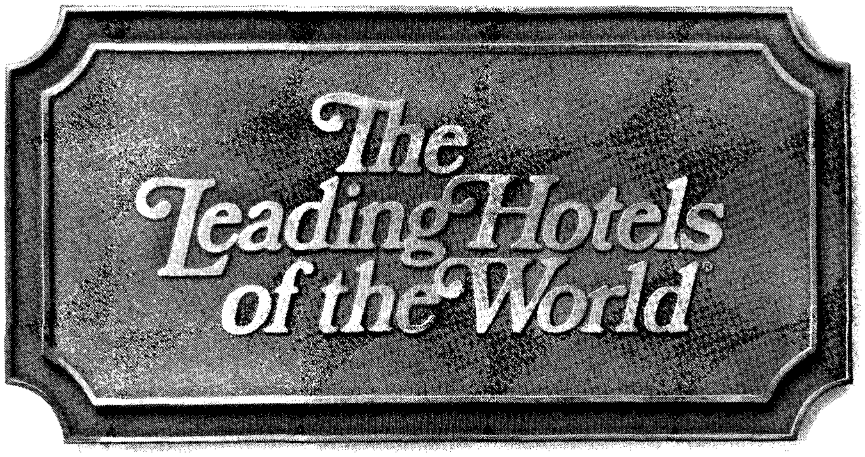
In the nurses' little common room, S. has cleaned her shirt and put it on again, still damp. From time to time, she goes to the hospital entrance to watch for Carlo's arrival. And now, as she investigates once more, a taxi dashes up the ramp and Carlo jumps out. A brief embrace, wordless, and S. tells him that the excellent care given by Loreto Mare may make a move to a clinic unnecessary. Then Carlo is in the room with me, tall, solid, with a wonderful directness: the practicality that can appear without incongruity in the convolutions of Italian life. He explains that he was delayed by having gone first, in error, to the other Loreto. His handsome presence changes the pace: Dr. Capuano comes in with the X-rays and reads us his findings. (I translate from the hospital file we were later given.)

> *Cranium:* Fracture of nasal pyramid, with opacity of maxillary sinus.
>
> *Right shoulder:* Fracture and fragmentation of surgical collar of humerus.
>
> *Upper lip:* Torn.
>
> *Upper incisor:* Broken.
>
> Multiple contusions on the right side of body.
>
> *Curable in ten days.* [The Italian formula for "Ten days in the hospital."]

Dr. Capuano says: "The right-shoulder fracture and the bruises on that side are obviously the result of being thrown to the ground and dragged. But the nose and mouth damage can only have come from a direct blow. Since you were unconscious for a moment or two, I'm afraid you were given a knockout punch to make you drop the bag." He goes on to say that the nose needs attention of a kind not available at Loreto Mare, and that he has accordingly telephoned another hospital—Carlo recognizes the name at once—to say that an ambulance will deliver me there shortly. Before I leave Loreto Mare, my shoulder must be strapped, and his assistant will do that work immediately.

The paramedic is a man of early middle age, simple, kind, quietly self-possessed. His own assistant is waiting, spools of bandage in his hands: this is a youth, perhaps twenty, who watches the bandaging from the moment it begins. He is still but eager, ardent, recording every action. There is something impressive about the intensity of his absorption. And, as is so often the case in Naples, he seems, in attitude, in physiognomy and expression, a figure from a seventeenth-century painting, simultaneously impassioned and composed.

The work is done in almost complete silence and with an expertise that makes the manipulation of a broken shoulder almost painless. Almost. When I react to a particular pressure, there is a "*Scusate*," and, after a few moments, some words about the different kinds of pain resulting from injuries like mine: the break itself, the repair, inevitable weeks of pain and patience. "And then, sometimes, a different pain," the paramedic says. "Not only physical. Curious. But common, very common. That, too, goes away eventually." I hear that, and think I accept it easily, as a warning. Actually, I "forget" it almost immediately. For the bandaging is now completed; the upper arm is strapped to my side; a sling is devised for the forearm. It feels not exactly better but relieved,



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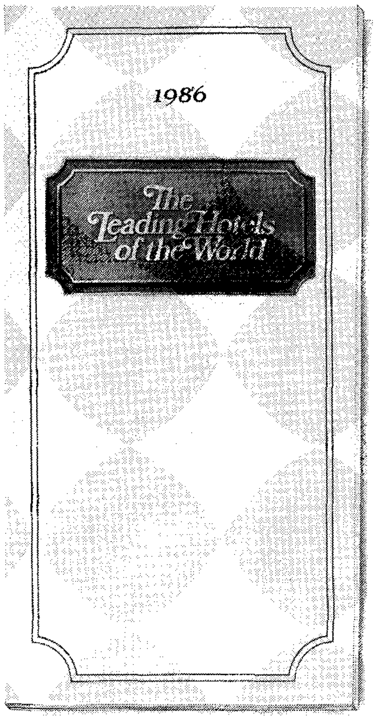

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secure. However, the shoulder begins to ache. Dr. Capuano, consulted, gives me a shot of painkiller—my first since the mugging.

Handshakes all round. S. asks Dr. Capuano about payment. A bill? The Doctor shakes his head. "No bills here. This is a national hospital."

"But we're not nationals."

A smile. "No bills except for special medication, and your husband hasn't had any. Let's hope he won't need any. Good luck!"

Outside, where our rescuers had delivered us, an ambulance has just brought in a new casualty. A young man is groaning as he is carried past us on a stretcher. We are the outbound passengers. Darkness has come on. The night air is hot, thick with gasoline fumes from the nearby shorefront highway. The Vesuvius is black above the lighted towns along the gulf. It is nine-thirty, and we have been at Loreto Mare about three hours.

At Loreto Mare, I had noticed that whenever I was on my feet one or another of the attendants was holding my arm. And now I am not allowed to enter the ambulance on my own, or to sit; I am slid in, prostrate on the same kind of flimsy stretcher as before. Soon, siren wailing, we are heading for the Rettifilo, the broad, straight avenue which was cut through some of the city's worst slums a century ago as a belated hygienic measure following a calamitous epidemic of cholera. Stretcher and I bounce on the metal floor of the speeding car: my strapping proves its worth, and welcome hilarity accompanies the vain efforts of my companions, reaching down from their seats, to keep me in place. Carlo and S. speak of the excellent care I have been given: if it is equalled in the next hospital, there should be no need of a private clinic. Carlo points out that private doctors are, in any case, almost unprocurable in this season.

What I first see of our destination, as the siren cuts off, is another "PRONTO SOCCORSO" sign, a short tunnel ending in a vast, dim, silent courtyard, and another pair of orderlies waiting at a door. One small light burns at the entrance of the huge complex of this second hospital. (S. told me afterward that what immediately caught her eye was a sign saying "OBITORIO"—morgue. Carlo, who saw it, too, was hoping she hadn't noticed it. In the brief tunnel, a porter's hutch was stained with age-old interior filth.) A stretcher is ready, this one on wheels; but, following the shaking up in the ambulance, I prefer to walk. From the dimly lit admissions office—a small, bleak room giving onto the courtyard—we are taken into a tiny elevator. All about us is an older squalor than that of Loreto Mare.

My nose, for a time quiescent, was bleeding again. I began to feel dizzy, confused by a crowd of white-clad figures with strange faces milling about me. Someone eased me into a chair. I heard voices asking S. and Carlo what was wrong with me; and as my head cleared I seemed to be surrounded by a crowd of Pulcinellas—men and women with huge eyes, large noses, and strange mouths. They were inquiring how I felt, and, as at Loreto Mare, expressing indignation against my aggressors. Above the white hospital gowns, the abnormally large eyes were dark-ringed; many faces were bruised, mouths distorted. As I became more alert and responded to their kindness and their curiosity, I learned that these were dental patients, most of them spending a day or two in this national hospital after multiple extractions of teeth—especially wisdom teeth, in some cases all four at once, this kind of surgery being covered in Italy by national health insurance and performed, if one wishes, in a hospital. Again, these people are mostly the poor; none would have more than modest means at best. Among them are pretty, sad-faced girls who, perhaps from diseases of the mouth, seem to have lost most, or even all, of their teeth; and elders looking ghostly in their white gowns, like companions of Dante or Virgil at nearby Avernus.

Such was our arrival at the Ospedale Cardinale Ascalesi—"l'Ascalesi," for short: the second of our two Neapolitan public hospitals. This building, we later learned, was indeed ancient, having started life in the fourteenth century as a convent and shelter for "fallen women," dedicated to Santa Maria Egiziaca (St. Mary of Egypt), a penitent fifth-century prostitute. Its transformation into a "modern" hospital had begun during the First World War; in 1931, it had been renamed in honor of a Cardinal in Naples; repeatedly refitted, it had been bombarded in the Second World War and, like Loreto Mare, damaged again by the recent earthquake. To arrive there in darkness and pass under the phantasmal arches of its decaying cloister was to enter in imagination the Hogarthian world of eighteenth-century hospitals—something of the impression one receives, for instance, in London at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where Hogarth himself has depicted, over the great stairway, the sufferings of the afflicted poor.

But similar, too, to Loreto Mare was the exemplary quality of the personnel. Very soon, there appeared the doctor on night duty—Dr. Riccio, we learned later. Like Dr. Capuano at Loreto Mare, he was young, with a fine face, firm hands. He told us that the *otorino* (so the Italians abbreviate "otorhinolaryngologist;" in America, the short form is "oto") was on weekend call: had been telephoned at his house, on the Vesuvian slopes, and was on his way, a laborious nighttime drive around the Bay of Naples through summer-weekend traffic.

Meanwhile, a bed was found, where I should rest before being X-rayed again. (Bureaucracy, Dr. Riccio said with an apologetic smile, required a new set of films.) Two young orderlies appeared and escorted me, one on each side, along the hall. We turned into a good-sized square room with four beds, one of them empty. Unshaded central light glared in a high, fissured ceiling. A scarred plastic wainscot ran around the walls five feet up from the floor; one tried not to imagine the rot behind it. Above, an antediluvian flaking and peeling. On my bed were a clean sheet and a pillow without a case, its ticking stained. My escorts lowered me carefully. Both of them already knew my story. One, stocky and jolly, with a high-pitched voice and a rich Neapolitan accent, volunteered his own *avventura:* in his case, no physical injury but a big money loss. He had gone to a post office and withdrawn his savings to pay for a new car. As he left, a seeming lounger edged him against a building and revealed a pistol in an inside pocket: "Quick—everything you've got." How had he known? His partner, on the watch inside the post office, had adroitly laid a white thread on the shoulder of the chosen victim's jacket. "An old trick, it seems, but a new one to me. The police showed me the thread. Live and learn. We'll be back, Professore, to take you for your X-rays." (I am not a professor, but in Naples, where designations are inspired by appearance, one perforce acquires an idea of one's type.)

On one of the three other beds, a

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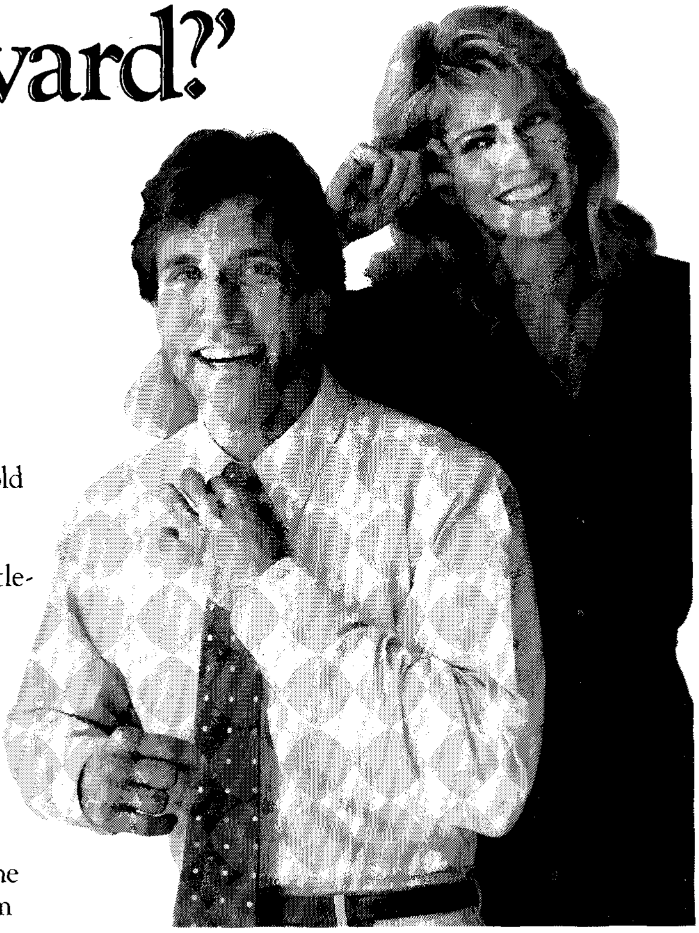

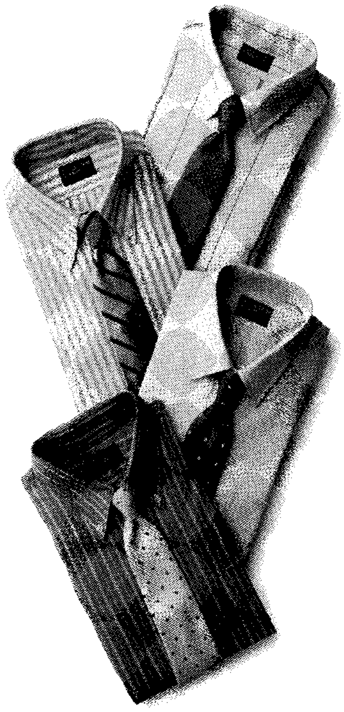

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lump swathed in a sheet breathed heavily. The two remaining patients were youths. One was playing chess with a visitor, clearly his older brother, perched facing him on the bed. His neighbor had laid out a game of solitaire. Both patients seemed unmarred: perhaps they were to be operated on the next day. After hearing the orderly's tale, they asked me mine, and expressed the usual sympathy and lack of surprise—"*Purtroppo, Napoli è così*"—before resuming their games. Each patient's sheets were different: in Neapolitan public hospitals, family and friends often provide the linen. The hospital expects it. Food as well: the bedside table of each of my three roommates was loaded with wine bottles, bread, fruit, bulging plastic bags and paper parcels. The air held a homely suggestion of bananas and garlic.

Seeing me installed, S. left to call a taxi. From our hotel she would bring replacements for my ruined clothes and some money and miscellanies; no one yet knew how long I'd be here at the Ascalesi, or where I might next go. (Earlier, uncertain whether S. would be able to leave, Carlo had telephoned Ella to come with a few of his things; we are about the same size.) The two orderlies now returned, and, one on each side, as before, with Carlo following, we set out for the new X-rays. Loftiness and solidity—and an occasional segment of vaulted ceiling—were sparse reminders of the hospital's conventual origin; all else was scarred plaster or whitewashed plywood along a warren of featureless corridors. The last stretch of our walk took us through a high, darkened ward of perhaps twenty beds; a single light glimmered at the far end of the center aisle. The room was still. There was a patient in every bed, in most cases recumbent; a few, sitting up in the dark, watched our passage. One or two silently waved. The dim light at the end was at the foot of a flight of stairs. At the top, a nurse led us into Radiology, and for the next half hour my head was filmed again—and again—this time from a greater variety of angles.

During radiology, I had seen a youngish man and a very pregnant woman pass through the anteroom and disappear, and it was they—he now in a white coat—whom I found awaiting me when I was taken by my squad to the office of the *otorino*. Giving me his hand and his name—Apuzzo; he was short, dark, and vibrant—he immediately presented me to his wife. "I'm sure you appreciate the reason for my delay," he said apologetically, and they both smiled. "We live on the far side of Vesuvius, and I had to be careful. Weekend driving is dangerous here, as in the States." I wondered a little at his saying "the States," in English, and at his having brought Signora Apuzzo with him for company: she was pretty, and probably slender in her usual state, but her delivery seemed imminent. "It's not often we see an American here," the Doctor said. "We're just back from the States ourselves. We visited New York and Washington. Such beautiful cities! Such splendid hospitals! *Povera Napoli!*" The last words, accompanied by a gesture and an ironic grimace, brought resigned agreement from our companions. "Well, now to work."

Dr. Apuzzo proceeded to give my left nostril what he called a temporary packing, a nurse assisting and the orderlies sometimes lending a hand. He used wet gauzy tape, dyed green by a solution from which he drew it with tongs. His touch was delicate, and he asked several times whether he was hurting; he wasn't, but he pushed firmly, and continued to do so long after I thought the nostril full. I saw that one entire tape had gone in (I couldn't calculate its length); and he began with a second. When he ended, the nostril felt heavily stuffed. A few other attentions ended the session. For a time—perhaps quite a long time, he said—there might be some bleeding into the throat; eventually, it would stop. I should avoid precipitate movement of the head, hold it as upright as possible; the packing should be regarded as an emergency measure, to be removed, for further examination, in a day or two.

He let me look into a mirror: the first glimpse of myself as victim. Not a face but a sphere of contusions. Nose discolored and swollen—in part, certainly, by the bulk of the packing. Across the nostrils and up both sides of the nose, a strip of adhesive to hold in the gauze. Right cheek lacerated, and red with Mercurochrome. Pointing to a clot that was beginning to form on my upper lip, Dr. Apuzzo said he had considered stitching the cut but thought it might heal on its own. (It did, and its quarter-inch white scar on the lip's redness is now the last visible trace of the attack.) For the first time, I had a good view of the shoulder strapping done at Loreto Mare: upper arm bound to side, forearm freely resting in its sling. The gap left by the broken-off tooth suggested that I not smile too broadly at my misadventure.

"I'll speak with the *primario*," the Doctor said. "Dr. Riccio. He'll tell you the rest of the story."

I thanked him and his nurse, and asked to be informed when the Apuzzos next visited New York, after the *lieto evento*. He assured me that he, at least, would be coming, eager to visit more of our splendid hospitals. He gave me his card: he lived, and had his private practice, in a small town called Poggiomarino. "Despite its name, it's not on the sea." Now, after the careful drive to the city, and the painstaking work—he had been with me over an hour—they would drive carefully home. The baby would be born in the country. "We love the country," he said. "You must visit us." Handshakes; and the four of us walked back, as we had come, through the darkened ward and the dim, dingy halls.

Outside "my" room we find a party in progress. Ella has arrived, and she and S. are in the corridor: their lovely faces, their contrasting beauties—dark and fair—and their pretty clothes (Ella an angel in blue and white linen, S. a Modigliani), their air of summer health and well-being. And, chatting with them, even at this hour, a dozen or more patients. Though I now see them clearly, it isn't only my vision of them that has changed. Most of the women patients, and some men, have shed their hospital gowns and are in pajamas, plain or fancy; one or two of the women are wearing print wrappers. The arrival of the foreign visitors has lifted spirits, created a diversion. The faces with the darkly circled eyes and marred mouths are more animated now. Everyone greets me. How do I feel? Better? I already look better! All will be well, Professore; everything passes away. Such is life; such is fate, our destiny.

It is well after midnight. The orderlies insist on helping me back onto my bed. But I no longer feel the need or the wish to be there. The firmness of Dr. Apuzzo's packing has given confidence: alertness returns. I wonder how long I have been away from the room. An hour? Two hours? The chess game is over; the brothers are talking in low voices. Beside them, the solitaire, too, is completed; the young man lies on his back, staring at

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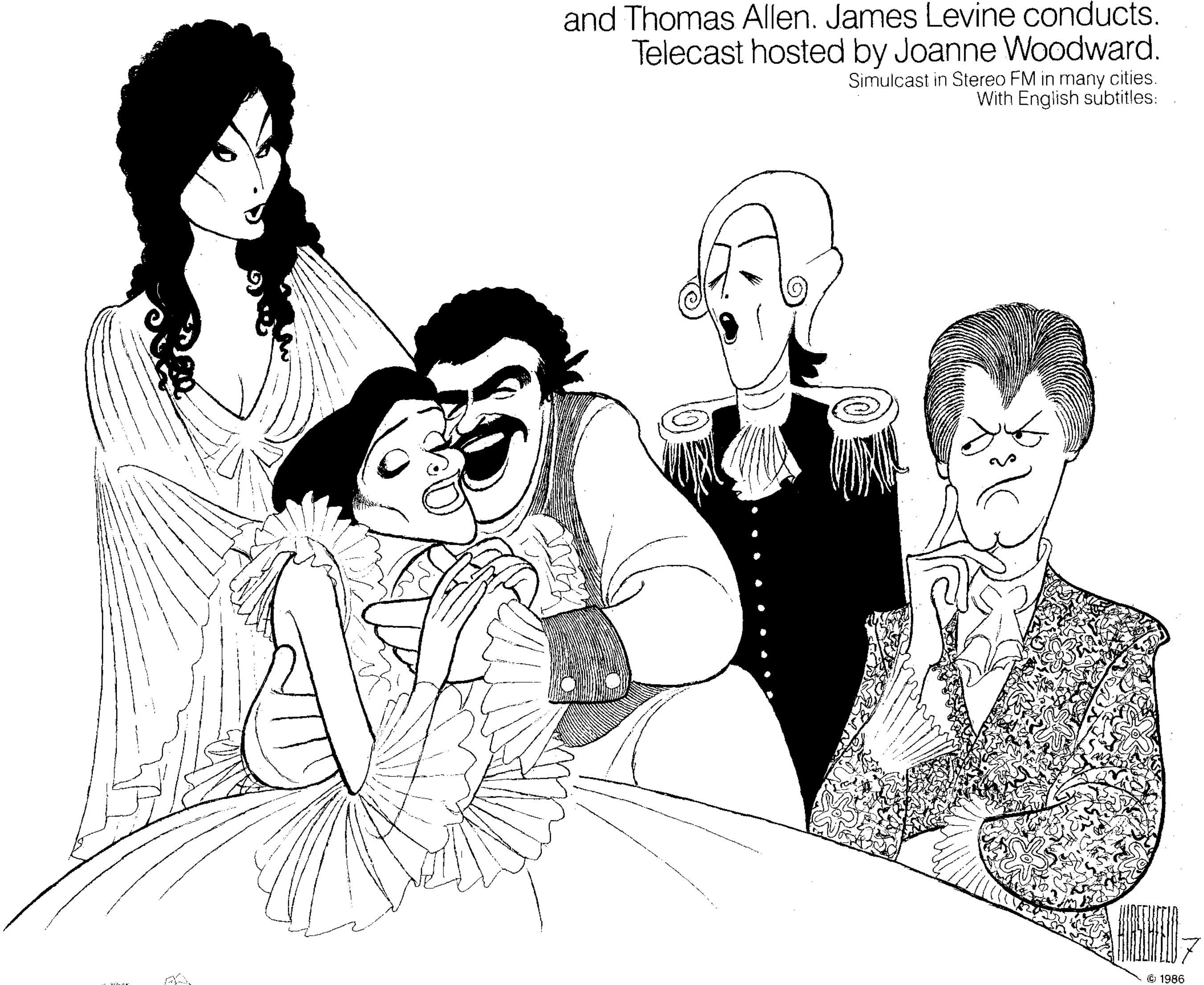

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the ceiling, where the yellow bulb still burns.

I pazienti. And I am thinking of the Italian word *patire*, which means "to suffer," and feeling that these fellow-patients of mine embody, in their very definition, pain, endurance, and a certain needful philosophy.

There is a change in the third bed: my arrival has been heard. From the sheet emerge first the head, on two pillows, then the pajama-clad body of an elderly man, several days unshaven. He sits up, rubs his eyes and his white-stubbled jowl, stares at me and my bandages—and, seeing me sitting up against a single pillow, at once silently offers me one of his. The corridor sounds are subsiding; out there the light has dimmed. And suddenly I sense a greater silence as well—beyond the open window. A hush has descended: yes, even over Naples.

As I look back now, I realize that all those details following my return from the *otorino*, still vivid to me today, were compressed within a few moments—that, in fact, scarcely was I on my bed when S. and Ella and Carlo were with me, and I was changing into a pair of Carlo's white cotton pajamas, brought by Ella. The jacket, as it brushes against my lip, at once shows a spot of red. We talk in low voices, the three perching around my bed. We speak of the patients in the hall, of human kindness and medical skill. Ella tells of a road accident in Holland when she was thirteen. It was at the end of the war. She had suffered privation, malnutrition. The accident brought face injuries, plastic surgery in Sweden, her mother's country (we had always noticed a faint scar)—the surgery, with local anesthetic, so painful that she begged her mother to stop the doctors. Now she is grateful to have gone through with it. Looking about my hospital room, she says, "To think that last evening we were sitting by the sea, serene." And I hear S., seated on my bed, quote Petrarch on the unpredictability of existence:

O nostra vita, ch'è si bella in vista,
com' perde agevolmente in un mattino
quel che 'n molt'anni a gran pena
s'acquista.

That sense of human helplessness under the vicissitudes of existence is now to become more acute for me always: an indelible remembrance of Porta Capuana.

We are quiet, even tranquil. This unlikely being together, the four of us, here, in the earliest morning, amid the suffering of others: these uncanny few moments of peace.

Dr. Riccio, appearing at the door, asks S. to accompany him; and she, soon reappearing, beckons to Ella and Carlo. Ten minutes or so pass, during which I'm again required to recite my mishap, this time to the old man who has offered me his pillow. He expresses an unprintable opinion of my assailants. Reënter Dr. Riccio with my wife, both smiling. The Doctor addresses me. He has had messages from Dr. Apuzzo. First, X-rays suggest no grave head damage. (Dr. Riccio interjects, "You can thank God for your luck. Such muggings can be fatal.") Second message, a repetition of what I had already been told: In three days, removal of packing, and reëxamination. I am welcome—more than welcome—to stay at the Ascalesi until reëxamination, says Dr. Riccio. In fact, he would officially advise that I do so. But he knows—my wife has pointed out—that in less than three days we can be at home, where we now must dearly want to be, and where our own doctors can take over. Dr. Apuzzo having expressed no objection, Dr. Riccio can, on one condition, release me: we must sign a document assuming responsibility for leaving the hospital.

For a pair of New Yorkers, there appears to be no choice. Nevertheless, S. carefully reads the necessary paper and signs it with hesitation: it states that I am leaving the hospital "*contro parere sanitario*"—against professional opinion. Carlo goes to telephone for a car to take us to our hotel. Soon, over his borrowed white pajamas I am slipping a long raincoat—another of Ella's provisions. S. gathers together our few belongings.

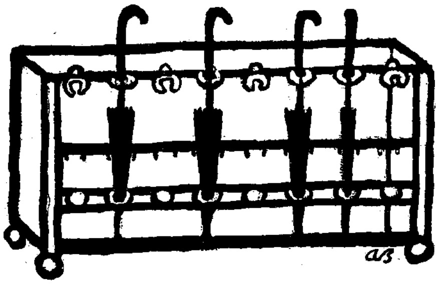
Once again, there is no question of payment. We are not even permitted to make a donation.

Dr. Riccio has his way of seeing us off. "Your shoulder—isn't it acting up again by now?"

"A little."

"Just a moment."

A quick injection, handshakes all round, and the four of us are in the tiny elevator.



Carlo has telephoned one of the Casillo brothers, a pair of genial drivers who act as free-lance chauffeurs for a number of Neapolitan families—and, by extension, occasionally for us. We had, in fact, engaged a Casillo—we never know which one will turn up—to drive us to Rome later today. And now one of them, roused from his bed, is awaiting us beside his car in the huge, dark, vacant hospital courtyard. As we emerge and walk toward him, his eyes enlarge. Today, in retrospect, his shock and words of sympathy merge in my memory with those of the night porter at our hotel, where Casillo delivers us a few minutes later, after a swift trip through a ghostly city—a city free, in those hours, from the strangulation of traffic. The phantom in Dr. Apuzzo's mirror had been no great surprise to me; my fellow-patients in the hospital were accustomed to disfigurements more drastic than mine; and Carlo and Ella, who would doubtless have muted their dismay in any case, had both been forewarned. But the shocked reactions of our driver and of the hotel's night concierge now bring home to me how startling I must appear to others in my new "public image."

Carlo's parting words, as we embrace at the hotel doorway: "Be sure to get the morning paper. You may be in it."

Wrought up and exhausted, we go to our cool, beautiful room. The curtains have been drawn against the dawn. The sheets have been turned down, our slippers placed on bedside mats. The beds are soft, luxurious, and inexpressibly welcome: a return to good luck. Yet the consciousness of the suffering and squalor and of the skill and kindness we have just come from is intensely with us as we turn out our lights for a few hours' sleep.

We have had a bad experience, even a hideous one. Having survived it, however, we have the means and ability to extricate ourselves from its most sordid realities and to lick our wounds in privileged conditions. We have checkbooks, credit cards, passports. In my briefcase, on a desk near the windows, there are two plane tickets for the following day. We are experienced in organizing departures, adepts at the science of travel. Since my injuries are not incapacitating, we have been able to take up our few belongings and leave the Ospedale Ascalesi and its patients to their unchanging fate. The

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unfairness of this contrast is not lost on us. From a generosity that is profoundly Italian, and particularly Neapolitan, no one has made us feel it.

WE wake, of course, to the onslaught of our new circumstances. S. is up quickly, to dress and do our packing, and to go out to make an official report of the crime at the Naples Questura—the police headquarters. The Questura will provide her with a confirming document that we will need in New York—not least in connection with insurance claims for the prospective American medical expenses, already mounting in the mind's eye.

It is a burning, brilliant morning. I lie in bed looking at the volcano, wonderfully clear in the dry air, and at the sails of innumerable small boats setting out for Sunday regattas. An hour passes, perhaps two hours, and S. returns to tell me of her expedition to the Questura, in via Medina: a walk of fifteen minutes through hot, depopulated streets, past the decrepit palaces of Pompeian red and the great dark castle of the Angevin kings—the castle known in Naples as the Maschio Angioino, in accordance with the south Italian tradition that a show of power is ever masculine.

Two uniformed police, each with *il mitra*—that is, with a machine gun—were on guard at the entrance to the Questura. After explaining her mission, S. was directed into a featureless ground-floor office, where her *denunzia* would be made. She seated herself at a desk where a slight young man in civilian clothes was shifting a stack of papers. When, putting his papers aside, he quietly asked her business, his mild, considerate manner was disarming in the grim setting. And as he copied her information on a long, lined form their questions and answers became a discussion rather than an interrogation. In return for her name, he politely offered her his own—Giovanni Cannavacciuolo—and they exchanged a smile for the shared difficulty of unwieldy names. Having inscribed her profession, of writer, he laid down his pen to ask earnestly, "And what future, Signora, do you see for the arts in such an epoch as our own?"—a question that occupied them for some time. Giovanni Cannavacciuolo went on to speak of his tiny property, no more than a field, in the hills south of Naples, which he would probably never have the means to build on, but which he visited whenever possible, merely to sit in silence looking out over countryside and sea. Friends and family urged, at times, a more practical outlook. He appreciated their reasoning, but doubted he would ever cut a wide swath in the contemporary world. Ironic but not unhappy smile.

Their transaction completed, these two stood up and shook hands. "How do you propose to return to your hotel?"

S. said she would walk.

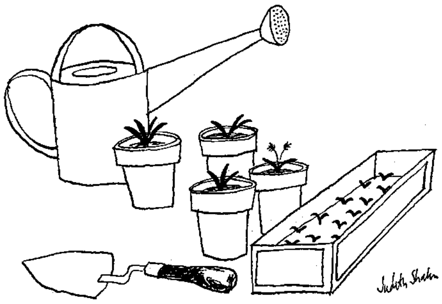
"No. I'll telephone for a taxi—if only because, after such an experience as yours, my dear Signora, one may feel too solitary. Let us spare you at least that lonely walk." In via Medina, he handed her into the waiting cab.

S. HAS brought back with her the morning paper, the Naples *Mattino*, but we do not figure in the crimes of passion and dispassion reported there. I think how easily I might have been summarized in two lines: a defunct incautious tourist.

At noon, half a dozen members of the hotel's staff assemble at the main door to bid us a quiet and solemn farewell. They perhaps believe that, having welcomed us on our Neapolitan arrivals over so many years, they are now witnessing our last departure. I am then carefully settled in the car and do my best to hold my head in the advised position as Casillo drives us north through the lush midsummer of Campania and Lazio.

THE hotel in Rome, where we had reserved "our usual" room, was already aware of my mishap. In telephoning that morning from Naples, S. had asked that a doctor call on us late in the afternoon. Now, following another kind welcome, we establish ourselves in the familiar Roman room; I have something like a bath; and the doctor's arrival is soon telephoned to us by the hall porter, who accompanies him upstairs and introduces him.

An elegant young man—though no more so, in his well-tailored street clothes, than his Neapolitan counterparts in their gowns—Dr. F. tells us he has just come from duty at one of Rome's largest hospitals, where he is in the department of internal medicine. He has been sent to us, at the hotel's request, by the International Medical Center, which maintains a register of doctors speaking foreign languages. After hearing our story—not in a foreign language—he checks my bandages, glances into my throat, asks how I feel, and, on a sheet of his stationery, rapidly writes, "No objection to travel by air," together with my name and his own; and on another sheet he jots three prescriptions—one for *cotone emostatico* (blood-clotting cotton, in case my nose injury should hemorrhage on the plane), one for painkilling pills (he has himself given me a preliminary shot), and the third for an antihistamine. His fee for these services—he is a very efficient young man, and has been with us for about ten minutes all told—is a hundred thousand lire, at that moment the equivalent of seventy dollars. S., having divined the sum, has the money discreetly ready in her hand. It is no more, perhaps much less, than a doctor in a great American city would charge for a similar Sunday house call. My Neapolitan doctors, who provided hours of free care in their hospitals, might conceivably ask the same if they were called in privately by a prosperous patient—since they, I have learned, maintain private practices. Dr. F.'s services in the Rome hospital to which he is attached would, in turn, be free.



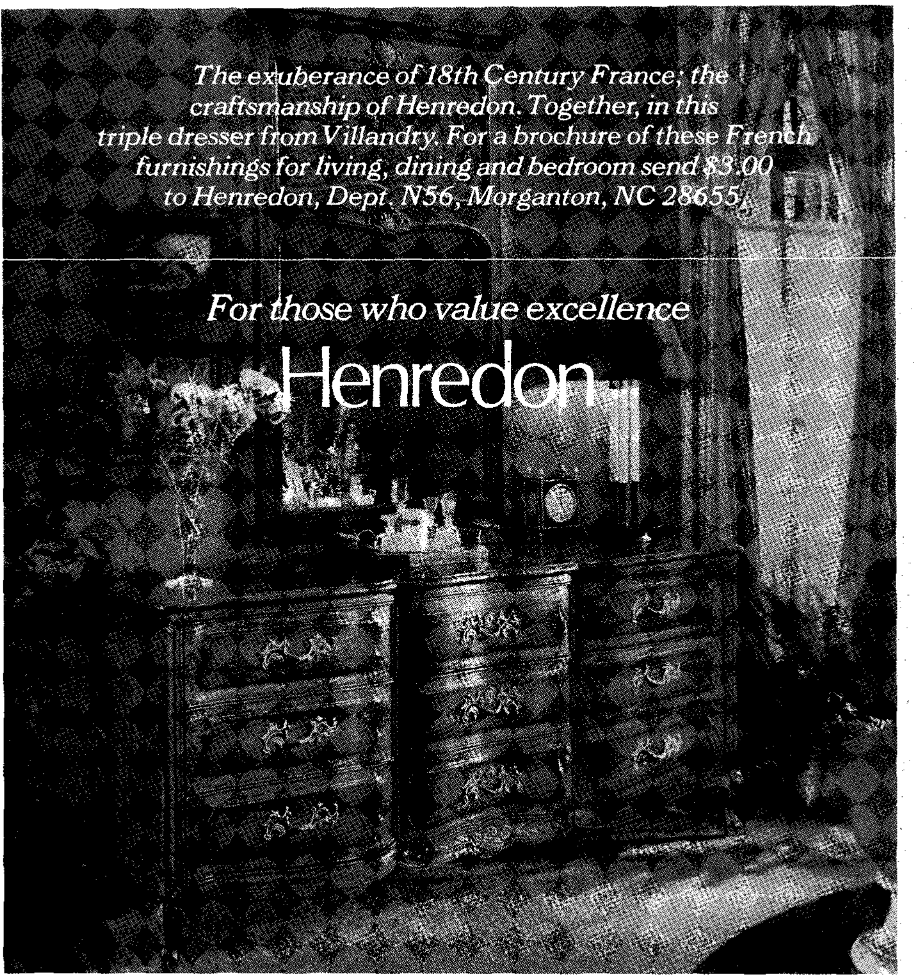
S. had made two other telephone calls that morning: one to the answering service of our New York physician, describing my injury and asking for an emergency appointment on our arrival in New York next day; and the other to a Roman friend, who now arrives at our hotel-room door. This is Giulio C., a political analyst on the staff of Radiotelevisione Italiana. He has driven in from his beach house at Fregene, west of Rome, where we were to have dined that evening. Sunburned, vigorous, in jeans and white shirt, Giulio sits by my bedside, commiserates, and, as though in deprecation of his radiant appearance, cheerfully recounts an experience in the mountains of Greece, where, one summer, he was riding pillion on a friend's motorcycle. Striking loose gravel on a sharp curve, both men were thrown to the ground and badly scraped. The nearest village being without a doctor, emergency treatment was provided by the proprietor of the local café, who without prior announcement poured methylated spirits on the travellers' wounds. "Everybody enjoyed our screams," Giulio recalls. "Especially those of my friend. He's a tenor, and gave them high notes from arias until the agony abated." Nostalgic pause. "They loved it. A musical people."

We laugh, we talk awhile, and once again feel comforted. As Giulio ends his visit, he assures us that we will have an easy flight, next day, with Alitalia—words we take to be simply an expression of his optimism.

At Rome airport the next morning, however, we find that Giulio has been active. When we ask to exchange our economy reservations for first class, we learn that he has been in touch with a tenderhearted friend in the airline offices; and we are now offered, with the compliments of the company, "in consideration of the incident at Naples and of your long loyalty to Alitalia," a pair of front seats in business class—as spacious as anything available "upstairs," and more secluded. We install ourselves, and throughout the flight I am cosseted with hot and cold towels, extra helpings of dessert, and good-humored sympathy from the chief stewardess, whose name is Nadia. Dr. F.'s painkiller is effective; the packing holds firm; bleeding into the throat is not excessive. And I doze off.

At Kennedy, Alitalia has a wheelchair waiting. Our baggage appears quickly. Customs waves us through. The taxi-driver is indifferent. Home at last.

WERE we spoiled, perhaps, by the immediacy and human fellowship shown us at Naples? Unreasonable in expecting something of the same concern in New York? Now, established in our apartment, we discovered that my predicament had somehow run out of urgency en route; that senior medical specialists in New York are no less inclined than their Neapolitan counterparts to desert the field in the summer months; and that the status of outpatient at one of the city's greatest hospitals can involve interminable waiting, demoralizing anonymity, and a sense of removal from the normal reciprocity of existence. Yes: outpatient. Having signed myself out of one hospital against professional opinion, I was now as-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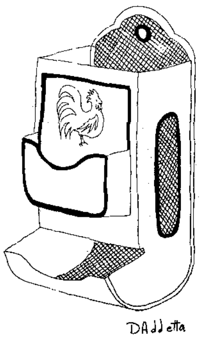
signed, at another, the status of outpatient—which, it was felt, would assure me more serious attention.

By no means subscribing to the hypothesis that order drives out compassion, I yet could not help contrasting—on the day following our return to New York—the air of haste and condescension diffused by my new *otorino* with the simple kindness shown by his recent predecessor. In the shabby Ascalesi, Dr. Apuzzo had wistfully recalled just such splendors—of pastel carpets, polished desks, and gleaming walls—as adorned this new specialist's suite of rooms within the hospital, where the great man and his staff of assistants, secretaries, and receptionist pursued their tasks, and where long windows gave onto summer lawns and the river.



Having extracted, with pincers, Dr. Apuzzo's long tape from my nose, this doctor cursorily inspected my nostril before handing me over to his assistant, a pleasant young woman, who arranged for yet another battery of X-rays. That evening, at home, a neglected remainder of the packed tape began working its own way from my nose. I was able to extract the entire second length of it (the first inserted, and therefore the bloodiest); and, the next day, to set at rest the apprehensions of the X-ray technicians, who had meanwhile reported its inscrutable presence. My new oto himself wasted no time in regrets for his oversight: "That Italian certainly did a hell of a packing job."

Another onslaught of X-rays was now required.

I mentioned increased bleeding into my throat.

"Just plug that up." S. had already done so, using the cotton prescribed in Rome by Dr. F. "Shouldn't give you trouble."

That night, I awaken to find blood pouring from my nose. We hastily dress and take a taxi to the hospital's emergency room, all the while attempting to stanch the flow—and unhappily reminded of our precipitate journey one week earlier to Loreto Mare.

It is after midnight. It is, in fact, the early morning of July 23rd, and I am speaking of the year 1983. Entering the hospital, we find ourselves in a curious atmosphere. Some hours earlier, the singer Diana Ross has given a free concert on the Great Lawn in Central Park. After the performance, gangs of thugs have ambushed, attacked, and robbed segments of the dispersing audience and others in the vicinity; and any number of shocked and beaten victims have been carried to hospitals for emergency treatment. Making, in the wake of these events, our own bloodstained appearance on this hospital scene, we represent, perhaps, a last straw for that night's exhausted and distracted staff. In any case, we have a desolate wait—much of which I spend filling out forms and mopping my face, sometimes simultaneously. The few other chairs are unoccupied. A television set flickers overhead, mercifully inaudible. It is during this long interlude that my eyes, above the dripping towel, meet my wife's and I say, "Let's go back to the Ascalesi."

Two hours and a large ice pack later, we are again in a taxi, on our way home. It is perhaps 3 A.M., and we are becoming reluctant experts on pre-dawn conditions in the world's great cities. We are also learning something about urban violence around the world.

Informed about the bleeding the following day, my cheerful specialist discounts the likelihood of recurrence: "A little blood looks like a lot."

Two nights later, in the course of a violent and frightening hemorrhage, we return to the emergency room; and, after another dismaying and dehumanizing wait, I receive my first serious examination since reaching New York. My oto (and I have already decided to relinquish my claim on him) has on this occasion alerted his young resident at the hospital, and she—proficient, pretty, and kind—takes me in hand, gives me meticulous attention, and admits me to the hospital. There I remain for a week, recovering not only from my wounds but from the exhaustion and discouragement of recent days; and reflecting, in my bright, expensive room, on diverse aspects of what is now apparently called "caring" and used to be called humanity.

I reflected, not least, on that very question of language: of mighty words displaced by flimsy ones; of sentiment turned to sentimentality, and essentials debased into pleonastic "situations." Even the kindest of my new hospital attendants—and many were very kind indeed—spoke to me across an artificial barrier of polysyllabic indirection, where my "stressful situation" was being "checked out," and where I could never simply be told but must everlastingly be "notified" of my "ongoing status." All my Neapolitan rescuers had used direct, expressive words, words still vigorously derived from human experience: none had lost—as yet—the power of valid speech, or been persuaded to embrace pretension in the name of professionalism. And I wondered how long their luck might hold.

I also pondered what Gibbon might have called the rise of brigandage around the world. I wondered about brutality: its many faces—some of them official ones—and its consequences, both personal and global. And if I thought about affection and friendship, and about civilization itself, these appeared more precious and more precarious than before.

My hospital days passed. I became an outpatient once again, closely familiar with the waiting rooms and stacked magazines of oto, orthopedist, and other healers. At the call of my name—of my first name only, it often was—I would enter the doctor's bright office, carrying my ever-replenished set of X-rays. My head and shoulder gradually ceased to pain me; and my ear ceased, also, to miss the note—not only of concern but of the personal—for which it had been so grateful in Naples. If there was a question to be asked, one learned to have it ready and to speak quickly, for one's moments with these specialists were few. One doctor in particular was like an indifferent priest opening and closing the slide of his confessional on a busy Saturday night. Medical friends tell me that, among New York hospitals, Bellevue holds something of the place of the Ascalesi and Loreto Mare, and that I would have found there something of the same devotion.

THROUGHOUT these weeks, I had occasionally remembered the warning given me by the paramedic at Loreto Mare who devised my first sling. That evening in Naples, as the young assistant watched with his rapt and tender attention, the older man had spoken of the "different pain"—of the mental anguish that can follow such a brush with one's fellow-beings, such a loss of control over one's existence. When, from time to time, I recalled his words, it had been to congratulate myself on my sustained good spirits—continually remarked on by friends—which seemed to have with-stood both the experience itself and the rough-and-tumble of my New York medical adventures.

Depression did come, however. It appeared abruptly, when my final Velcro sling had been discarded, my breathing was clear, my lacerations had healed; when my teeth had been ingeniously repaired; when the first of the formidable bills had arrived and been paid. But that "different pain" into which I was morosely plunged took its changing forms through several sombre weeks. Like Joseph Conrad's victim of another Neapolitan mugging—in his story "Il Conde"—I was "shocked at being the selected victim, not of robbery so much as of contempt." From all this, too, I eventually surfaced—thanks to affection, to friendship and professional skill, and to time itself.

ABOUT ten weeks after my "incident," we returned to the Gulf of Naples. That season, when the grapes are being harvested all through Italy, is perhaps the most radiant of the year. We have often spent it on Neapolitan shores; and, one brilliant morning of this particular October, we paid a series of visits in the city itself.

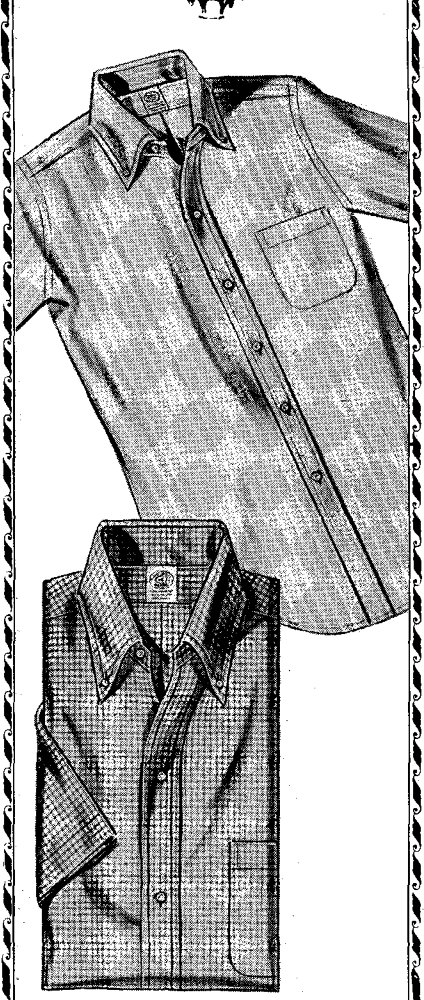
As we drove up the ramp at Loreto Mare, I saw that a patch of worn turf, scattered with refuse and planted with a pair of stumpy palm trees and a clump of dusty oleanders, preceded the entrance to "PRONTO SOCCORSO"—that paved entrance where I had lain on my first stretcher. A few yards away, the cars, trucks, and trams roared and rattled on the waterfront road, past the church of Santa Maria del Carmine and the unrepaired effects of the bombardments of 1943. The young Dr. Capuano, Fayum-bearded, was again on duty. Shaking hands, he approved my appearance with a quiet smile. We talked a little in the shabby room where I had received such fine attention, and where I now felt more poignantly than ever the odds stacked against this valiant staff. Taking us to the rear of the hospital, Capuano showed us a small group of masons and plasterers at work on a ruined corridor—municipal workers at last assigned to tackle the earthquake damage of the year before. We left our thanks for the considerate radiologist, and for the philosophical master bandager, whose warning I had first undervalued and later understood.

Next, the Ascalesi. As our taxi entered the covered passage leading to this second hospital, S. showed me the "OBITORIO" sign—cryptic in all senses—that had done little to relieve her spirits on our earlier visit. The ghostly predawn quadrangle of ten weeks before was now in full sunshine and crowded with cars, ambulances, and busy Neapolitans, the meridional nature of the scene once more emphasized by a group of palm trees. I could now see that the courtyard was lined on three sides by lofty arcades—the arches shabby and decayed, but noble still. Fitted between the arches, a barbershop and a tiny bar; in the latter, a group of white-clad clients clustered at the espresso machine.

On the taxi ride from Loreto Mare, our driver, whose forehead was bandaged, had expressed approval on learning our destination. During the previous night, he had suffered a head injury; and would be glad to have, at the Ascalesi, an injection for pain that was beginning to trouble him. By way of explanation, he added that he was Puteolan—a native of Pozzuoli, the ancient seaport that is now a western suburb of Naples. His explanation was in fact clear to us. For many months, Pozzuoli had been experiencing an acute new series of its immemorial seismic shocks: the phenomenon of bradyseism, which causes land to rise or fall. Each day, at Pozzuoli, houses were crumbling and inhabitants being evacuated. "It was our turn last night," our driver told us. He had seen his wife and children safely installed with relatives in Naples, and had set out to work as usual. But the trauma was beginning to make itself felt, and he would ask for a little attention at the Ascalesi.

As we entered the hospital, we immediately discovered the cheerful orderly who had recounted the theft of his savings. With a roar of "*Dio mio!*" he opened his arms and gave me, to my astonishment but not displeasure, a delighted hug. A new wave of bandaged patients and their visitors drew round to hear our history, and to show—like all good listeners to a tale—first horror, then suspense, then relief and joy. Tears were shed for this return of ours, this act, as it was called, of faith and solidarity.

Now the father of a healthy daughter—"*una bella femminuccia*"—Dr. Apuzzo greeted us warmly. Drawing us into his little office, he carefully examined my nose and congratulated me on the exemplary treatment administered by those wonderful New York hospitals he longed to revisit. He waved away my thanks for his own



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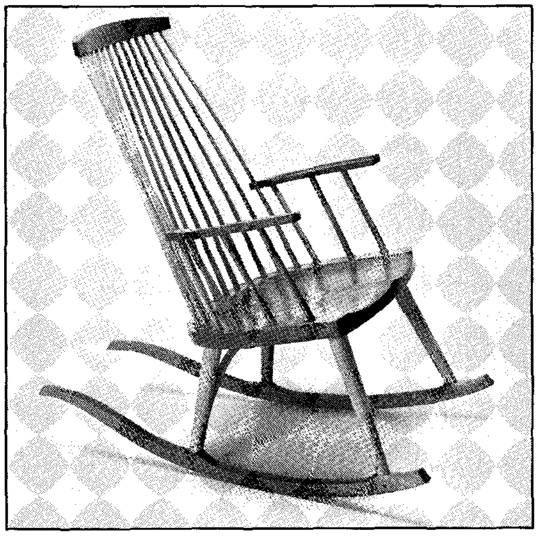

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skill—no novelty, as he supposed, to one familiar with the expertise of the New World.

As we emerged into the Ascalesi courtyard, we saw that our driver's bandage had been changed. He now felt, he assured us, quite equal to taking us on our last call. So we found ourselves, on that beautiful autumn day, back at the massive towers of Porta Capuana. Honor and Virtue. We looked up, as before, at the sculptured arch of Giuliano da Maiano, and down at the moat where, the previous July, we had watched the scavenging rat. We walked across the strip of road where the *scippatori* had struck and I had injudiciously kept hold of our bag.

On that July day of the "incident," a chair had been brought out for me. My glasses had been retrieved, and ice held on my wounds. And we hoped now to leave our thanks for these and other gestures that, in their way, had contributed much to my recovery.

As you emerge from Porta Capuana, there is a café on a nearby corner, almost facing you across the roadway—the roadway where, long ago, there were gardens, and where, in seventeenth-century summers, the players acted in their open theatre. At the café, we now introduced ourselves and made our explanations to a youngish man standing by the cash desk—a man who, dressed in sports clothes rather than white jacket, was clearly in charge, perhaps the owner. He showed no surprise. It is a neighborhood, after all—or an open-air theatre—that has presumably seen everything. But he heard us with close attention and, after a short silence, said he would relay our thanks to those concerned.

He then said, after another pause, "I remember that afternoon very well."

Our turn for silence.

"I had the child in my arms." He was looking at us in the same way as before, unblinking. "I had just lifted her from the stroller. Then the *scippatori* arrived. Fast." Short pause. "Making their getaway, they knocked over the stroller. I'd taken her out of it the moment before they crushed it."

The three of us stood there without a word.

He said, "She's all right." Then, "You look all right, too."

I agreed that I was.

"That's good," he said. "Well . . . And now, what will you drink?"

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lost Souls

I WOULD dearly love to see Federico Fellini work on material that doesn't come out of his world-weary loins. If he worked with a script that had a story and characters and some propulsion, and if its contours made it impossible for him to get a bellyful of decadence and soullessness or to display grotesques, hermaphrodites, or even transvestites, he might be renewed and show fresh aspects of his poetic imagination. He might once again show some joy in moviemaking.

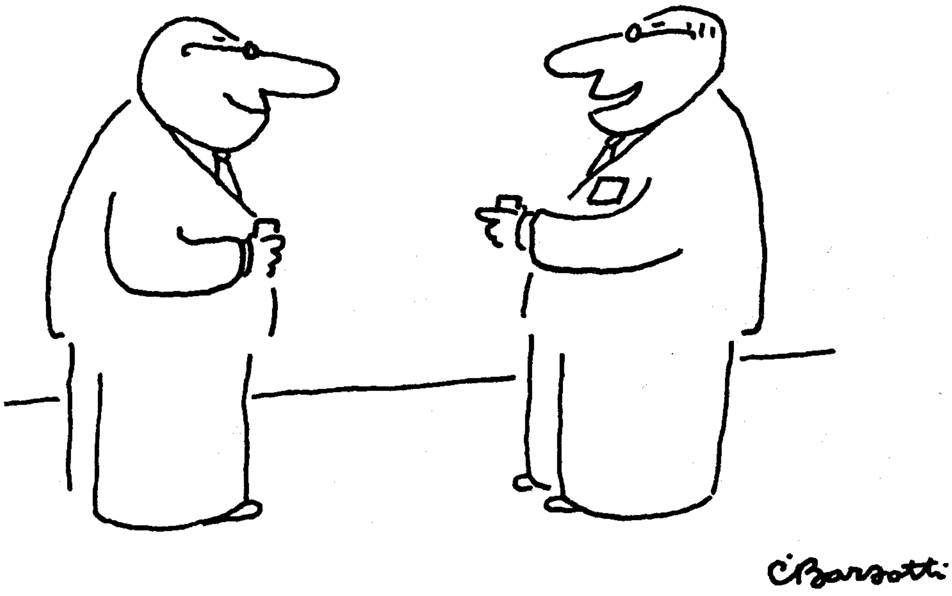
His latest film, "Ginger and Fred," has one big thing going for it: that yummy, alluring title. Those two names have a happy aura all over the world; they're probably part of every moviegoer's (and many a TV watcher's) pantheon. But the movie isn't about those tapping, twirling icons. It's about two mediocre dancers, Amelia (Giulietta Masina) and Pippo (Marcello Mastroianni); in the nineteen-forties, they entertained Italian vaudeville audiences by copying the ballroom numbers from the Astaire-Rogers movies, and were billed as Ginger and Fred. Lovers, they quarrelled and broke up in the mid-fifties; presumably they could flourish only as imitations, because their stage careers ended, and they haven't seen each other since. Now they are being brought to Rome and reunited for a nostalgic appearance on a Christmas TV Special. Essentially, the situation is that of Neil Simon's "The Sunshine Boys," except for the crucial detail that those two men were once famous performers. These two were small-timers, curiosities. And the point is driven home by the assortment of other guests who have been rounded up for the three-hour show: celebrity look-alikes (Clark Gable, Ronald Reagan, Kafka, Proust, Kojak); a troupe of midgets who tango; an orchestra of centenarians; a housewife who (for pay) went through the torment of giving up TV for a month; a celebrated imprisoned Mafioso, with a police escort; a levitating monk; an ancient, decrepit war hero; a cow with eighteen teats. In other words, the movie is another Fellini circus and freak show. But this time it's TV that's to blame—TV, which has taken over the society and is debasing and trivializing everything.

Arriving in Rome after an absence of many years, Amelia is in a city that looks like a combination of New York and Vegas. She becomes part of the flow of traffic in the railway station, which is dominated by huge, garish posters celebrating TV and such products as cat food and a dish of sausages and lentils; on the way to the hotel where the swarms of guests for the show are to be put up, she sees enormous billboards advertising TV programs. Wherever she turns in the hotel lobby and in her room, TV sets are spewing inanities. The functionaries for the Special who shepherd her around are impersonally efficient, like humanoids, and at the climax she's in the mazelike passageways and studios of Tele-City itself. It's a city within a city, like the Vatican, but this one is in the business of destroying men's souls and keeping its victims diverted so that they're not aware of their spiritual squalor.

The whole movie has been given the cosmetized look of TV; visually, it's muted—it's blah—and then it's overbright in Tele-City. The lighting is unimaginative, yet in some ways that's a relief: would anyone want more of the engorged surreal imagery of Fellini's "Satyricon," or his "Roma" or "Casanova" or "City of Women"? The undistinguished cinematography here doesn't make you feel as if you were hung over from drinking sticky liqueurs. But Fellini has picked the wrong metaphor when he indicts TV for exhibiting people as freaks; he himself is too culpable on this score—freakdom has been his specialty. Besides, what's likable about Fellini's work is the feeling you get that he can laugh at his own vanity and conceits—that he sees himself as a bit of a freak. (It's something he has in common with Paul Mazursky.) Fellini's spoofs of TV programs and commercials go on throughout the movie; he "flashes" them as if they were obscene images, and he means them to be obscene. They're images of piggy abundance—big-breasted women, pasta with a thick sauce, olive oil being poured—and they're richer-looking than ordinary life. Oral and infantile, they have the glow of something lusted after. Fellini also uses Dante for a TV puppet show. This may have a point: it exposes the surface quality of TV entertainment and its tacky subversion of high culture. But Fellini himself has invoked Dante's Hell for surface effect a few too many times.

The film has a secondary theme, shadowing the attack on television: it's simply that Fellini hates getting old. At sixty-six, he's saying that he's not as graceful as he was—he's tired, he's winded, he stumbles. If you put this together with the primary theme, what you get is the complaint that he's not on top of things anymore; TV is. It's as if Fellini were condemning TV for being a green slime that's absorbing everything, and denouncing it, too, for passing him by.

In story terms, most of "Ginger and Fred" is simply the preparation for Amelia and Pippo to get together and do their number. After they broke up, Amelia married and raised a family;



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now widowed, she runs a small business in her home town, near Genoa, and has become a neatly dressed, contented grandmother. Masina still scrunches up her features when she shrugs, pulling her mouth down in a way that's familiar even if you haven't seen her for decades. She's still saucer-eyed and trim-figured, and when she clowns she still has that slightly pie-faced, Harry Langdon look; she has aged without really changing much. Yet when Amelia finds Pippo he looks at her—flabbergasted—and winces comically. He shakes his head in mock horror, as if she had become a fright and were barely recognizable. We're told that they were lovers for fifteen years and that he suffered when she left him, but there are no emotional depths in their encounter; it isn't even funny—it's just inert. The story of their romantic partnership seems no more than a pretext for Fellini to have a few whacks at TV.

Though Masina gives the only big performance in the film (most of the people we see are not professional actors, and don't need to be), and she plays the role with a pleasing modesty, the character is ultimately unsatisfying. Fellini and his writing cohorts (Tonino Guerra and Tullio Pinelli) present Amelia as a practical woman who accommodates herself to circumstances—a woman with some inner strength but no passion, no strong emotions of any kind. And though they seem to be trying to be fair to this unadventurous, proper little bourgeois their hearts aren't in it, and the film treats her with an element of condescension. (It's not unlike the way the mousy Juliet and her fantasies were treated in the 1965 "Juliet of the Spirits.") Mastroianni's role is much sketchier. What's clear is that Pippo is Fellini as a bum. This drunken, heavyset wreck of a man, sweaty and slightly disoriented, is Fellini's view of himself as a sensualist who yields to temptations and has wound up like many a man who cons himself: selling encyclopedias. We're never brought close to Pippo; we don't feel we know him. Yet since he's not going anywhere but down, his silly dirty jokes, the half-formed leftish ideas he spouts, and his hopes of hustling a job as a TV host all seem messily human. Amelia's self-control makes her seem like a prosaic, well-behaved child—a neat little doll. Pippo is at least falling apart, and in a play or a movie the characters who are in chaos are almost guaranteed to be more magnetic than

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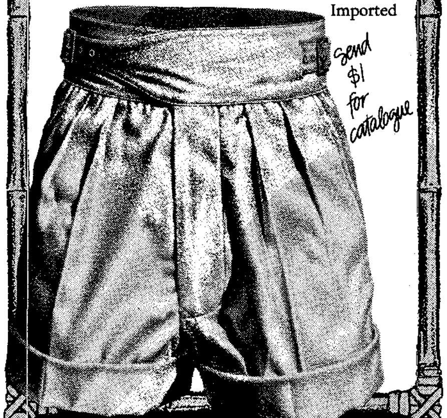

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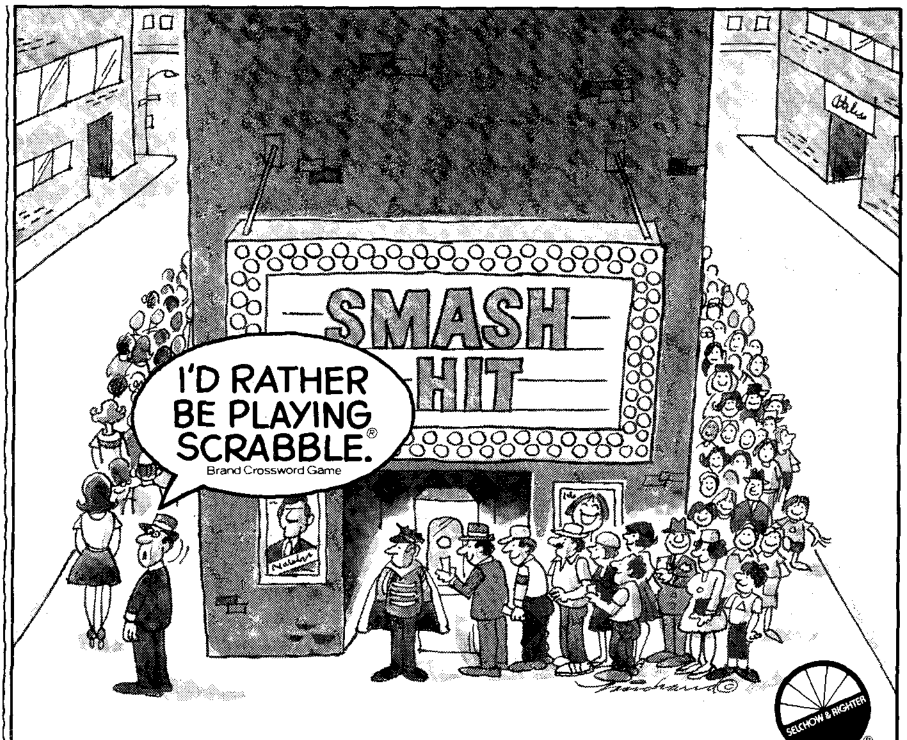
the chaste, tidy Amelias. But Fellini may be too honest—or too indifferent—to pull the strings that would bring Pippo to some kind of endearing life. Pippo isn't even guilt-ridden or a great scalawag; he isn't much of anything. (He just plays at rebellion—the way Fellini just plays at satirizing TV, without getting involved.) I don't think Mastroianni has ever had less presence or less resonance; he has never worked with Masina before, and it may be that in trying to adapt to her matter-of-factness he wiped himself out.

The only suspense is: Will the two old imitation Americans make it through their act without disgracing themselves or without one of them keeling over dead? And Fellini squeezes a little tired drama into this: Pippo shows off at rehearsal by lifting Amelia so many times that he's near collapse, and then orders brandies for himself while he's backstage waiting to go on. We do develop a faint rooting interest in the two; we want them to get by with their terrible dancing and be applauded—if only to spare ourselves the mortification of hearing them laughed at. We don't want them to be destroyed by TV. And so the film is able to milk us. It makes us admire the trouper's spirit in Amelia's firmly controlled dancing posture and in Pippo's ability to lurch through the steps when he's sloshed and dazed. (That's the only positive aspect of the entire picture.)

"Ginger and Fred" isn't painful to watch, and Nicola Piovani's score has a lovely finesse—he brings stray undertones of melancholy to the gaiety of the songs from the Astaire-Rogers pictures. But the movie is imprecise in a way that produces discomfort. Fellini's parodies of TV lack the slaphappy knowingness that younger directors, who grew up with TV, have brought to movies such as the American comedy-revue "The Groove Tube" and the dadaist farce from Spain "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" Fellini has no zest to energize his skits. He's venting his disgust with the changes in the society, and he does it in a way that makes you feel he's out of it. There may be a sick joke about television that's waiting to be filmed: a satire that gets into the possibility that those who watch TV the most are the members of the underclass, who remain in the economic pits because they don't learn any skills while sitting at home. (It has been suggested that one of the reasons that recent Asian immi-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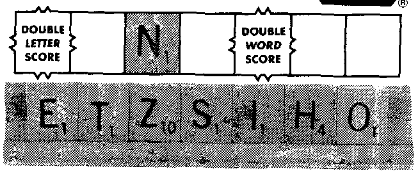

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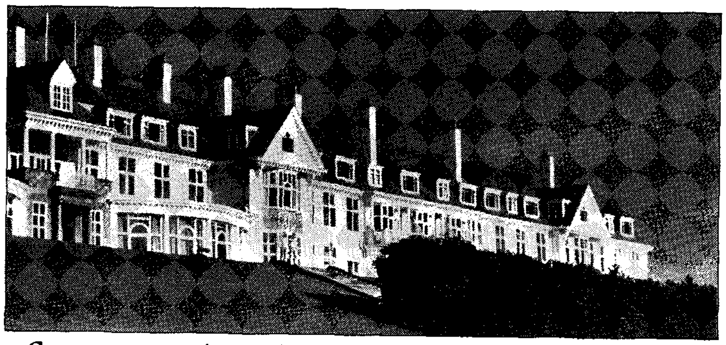

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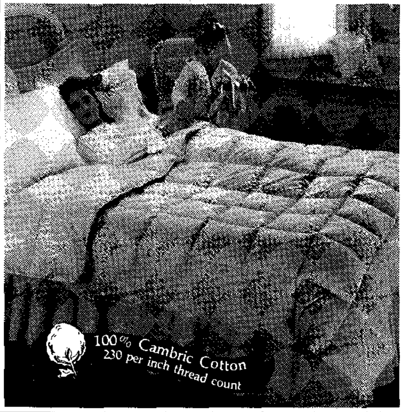

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grants to this country have been moving up so fast is that initially they couldn't understand American TV—or were willing to forswear it—and so didn't waste their lives zonked out with the box.) But Fellini looks at TV with the offended eyes of a poet and aesthete, and he finds it vulgar—perhaps the easiest and least productive approach, especially when it's taken (as it usually is) by those who aren't themselves TV watchers.

Fellini has got TV and its effects on the culture mixed together with the ugliness of old age and decay. He has always counted the old among his grotesques, and now, seeing himself as one of them, he doesn't like what he sees. Mastroianni exhibits a bald spot like the Maestro's, with skimpy, longish gray hair around the sides and back, and he wears outfits like those the Maestro is often photographed in. He's a crumbling tower of a man—but without the Maestro's fabled rascal's charm. "Ginger and Fred" is a wobbling, insecure movie. Maybe it seems to be pulling in different directions because Fellini knows that he, like his sodden surrogate, Pippo, would be an m.c. in Hell before he'd consider the quiet life up north with Amelia. You don't expect Fellini, of all people, to be pious about the craziness of junk culture. And you don't expect him to be so upset about aging. (It isn't as if he hadn't lived.) As Ovid said, time devours everything. So why be cranky about it? While time is devouring everything we have some good moments.

"WHICH phenomenon is more depressing—John Hughes or Ron Howard?" That's the question a sharp, no-longer-young director threw at me on the phone the other day. Both Hughes and Howard showed promise just a couple of years ago, and both had hits and went flabby practically overnight. I was stumped. I couldn't choose between them, and proposed a compromise candidate: Walter Hill. He came to mind because I had sat down to review his "Crossroads" the day before and nodded off in the middle of a sentence. John Mortimer, in his autobiographical "Clinging to the Wreckage," says, "The only rule I have found to have any validity in writing is not to bore yourself." I had violated that golden rule. And it wasn't even that "Crossroads" was totally awful—I've seen a lot worse of late. (Actually, parts of the film are mildly enjoyable, and though it would be easy to quarrel with Ry Cooder's

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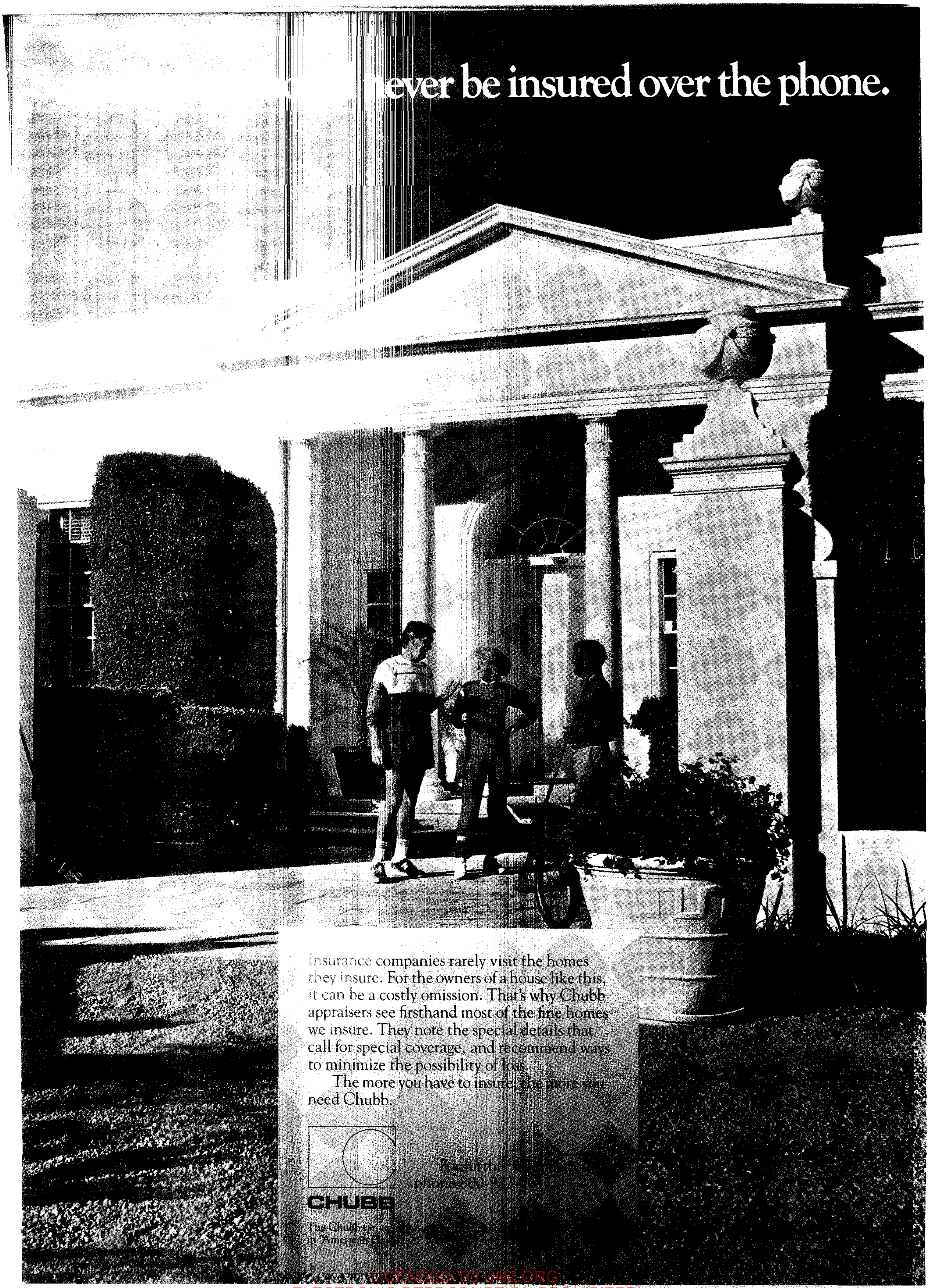

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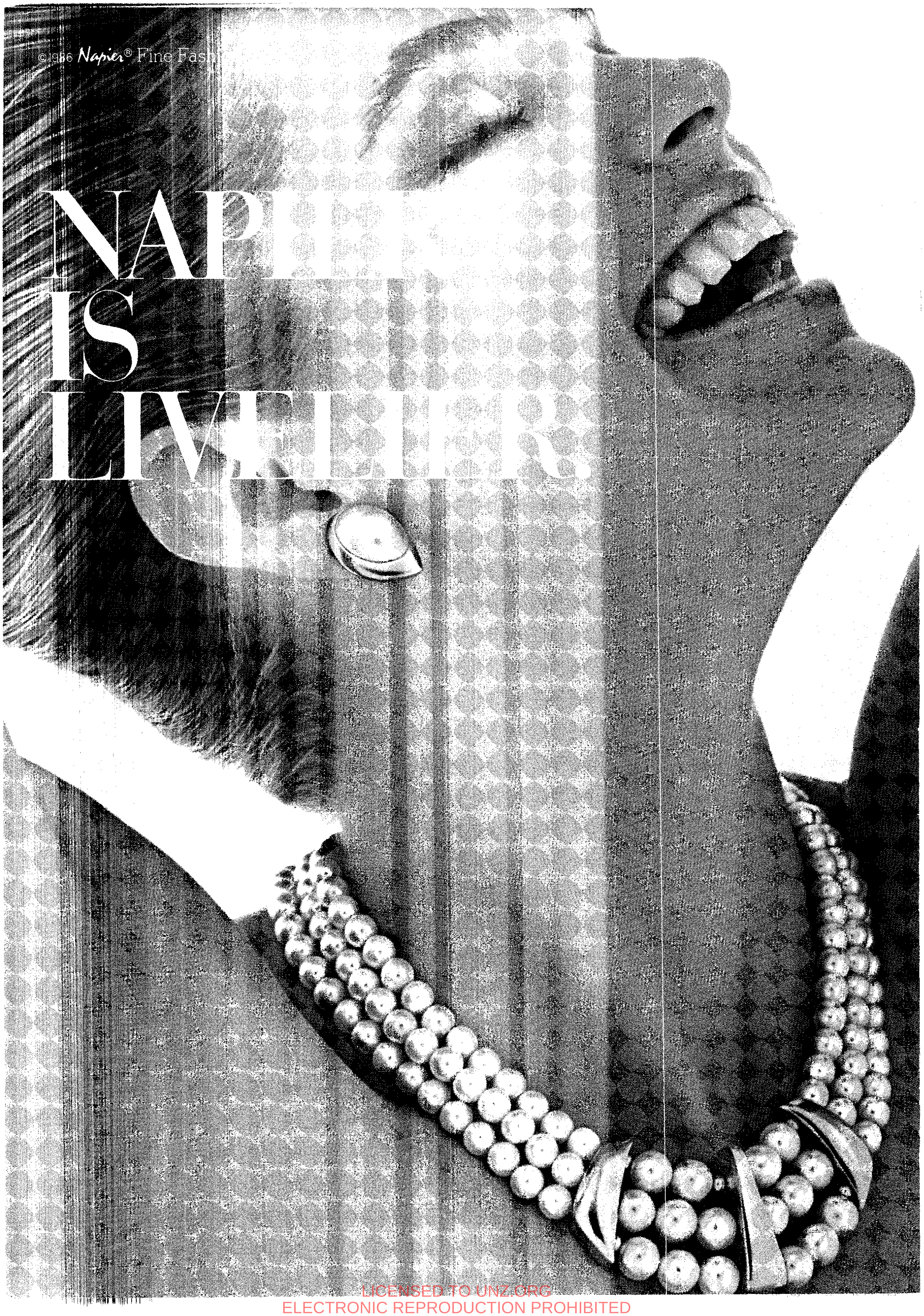
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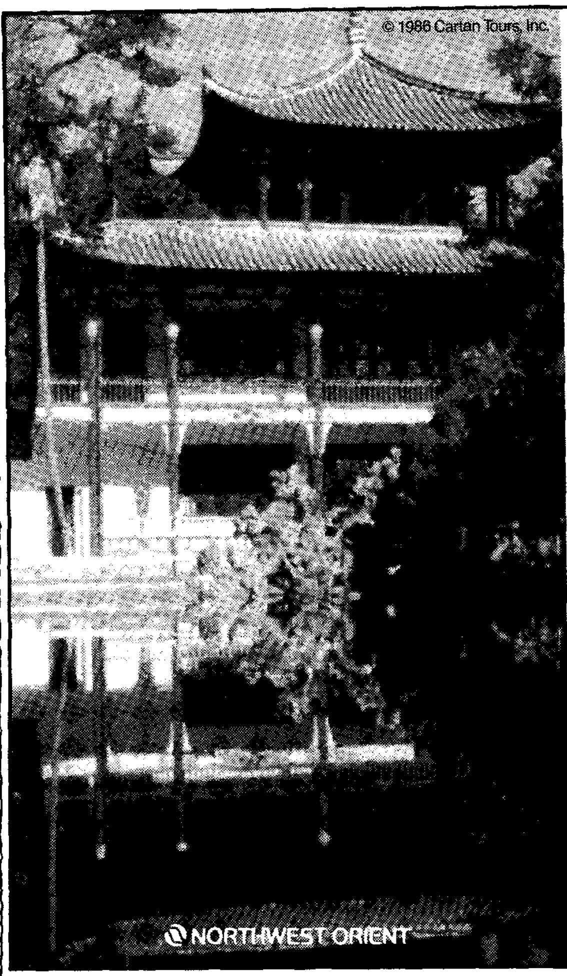
blues numbers, they're dramatic—they have a twangy intensity.) It was that a person's mind needs more to chew on than the box-office calculations that shaped this movie and destroyed a great subject.

This is what I was writing: Walter Hill's "Crossroads" takes its title from the legend that the Mississippi Delta guitarist and singer Robert Johnson—perhaps the finest bluesman who has ever lived—sold his eternal soul to the Devil at a lonely crossroads. What, exactly, he had to gain isn't clear: Johnson died, in 1938, at the age of twenty-six, and so it couldn't have been fame and fortune. Musical talent seems to be the answer. And, in the movie, that appears to be what sent Johnson's (fictional) friend, the harmonica player and singer Willie Brown, to the crossroads a few years later. The movie tells the story of a white teen-ager, Eugene (Ralph Macchio), a student at Juilliard, who locates the eighty-year-old Willie (Joe Seneca) in a prison nursing home in Harlem. Eugene, a guitar prodigy, is trying to track down a lost Robert Johnson song; he thinks that if he can record it it will be his ticket to glory. Willie, who wants to go back to Mississippi to undo his pact with the Devil, promises the kid the song if he'll help him escape and get home.

The first three-quarters of an hour—with the white-bearded old hipster Willie venting his sarcasm on the kid—is junkily entertaining. Willie snarls at Eugene's softness, his easy life on Long Island, his musical pretensions, his wanting to follow in the footsteps of other whites who have ripped off black music. And there's an extra layer of justice to Willie's remarks, because the toneless-voiced, emotionally flat Macchio is a totally unsurprising actor: the apotheosis of the term "adequate." When they're on the road in the South, though, Willie turns into a gruff, curmudgeonly guardian angel, and Eugene starts learning lessons about life. He begins to understand that you have to live the blues in order to play it, and the picture is contemptible, reaching its nadir in the sequences that introduce a teen-age girl hitchhiker (Jami Gertz, less than adequate) so Eugene can have his sexual initiation. The three of them learn from one another, while Hill—deliberately, perhaps—forgets just about everything he ever knew about moviemaking (which, as he demonstrated in such pictures as "The Warriors," "The Long Riders," "South-



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ern Comfort," and "48 Hrs.," was considerable). What does Hill think, I wonder, when Willie, contemplating death, says, "The only thing I ever wanted anybody to say was 'He could really play. He was really good' "?

In "The Karate Kid," Macchio was taught the martial arts by an elderly Japanese, and if "Crossroads" were a comparable financial success no doubt he'd go on mastering as many arts from as many cultures as the public would queue up for. As the Karate Kid, Macchio defeated opponents twice his size, and it's obvious that the producers hope they've got a junior Rocky. This film was shot in the interregnum between "The Karate Kid" and "The Karate Kid: Part II" (which is due this summer), and it climaxes in a musical variant of a prizefight, with Eugene battling guitars with the Devil's top musician. (The musical tastes of patrons in Hell dives run to heavy metal.) Taking the story of Robert Johnson and other bluesmen and trying to give it a teen hook, Hill and the young screenwriter John (one-piece-of-information-per-scene) Fusco have made a movie that isn't likely to please blues lovers or the young movie audience that it panders to, either. (And it's not likely to delight women: when Willie is explaining to the jilted Eugene that "the blues is nothin' but a man losin' a good woman and feelin' bad," didn't anybody on the set have a passin' thought for Bessie Smith?) The picture belongs to Joe Seneca, whose energy drives it along, especially in the scene where he sings "Willie Brown Blues" in a jam-packed juke joint that rocks with excitement. But the picture keeps being handed back to Macchio, as if the audience would naturally identify with this bland white kid. Compromises can lead a movie into real insanities: "Crossroads" begins by treating black country-blues musicians with love and awe, and ends with Eugene the Juilliard boy as the champion bluesman, who wins his match with the assistance of Mozart.

How many damn sweet-faced kids do we have to watch maturing . . . That's where I fell asleep.

—PAULINE KAEL

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[*From the menu of the Himalaya, a restaurant in Greenwich Village*]

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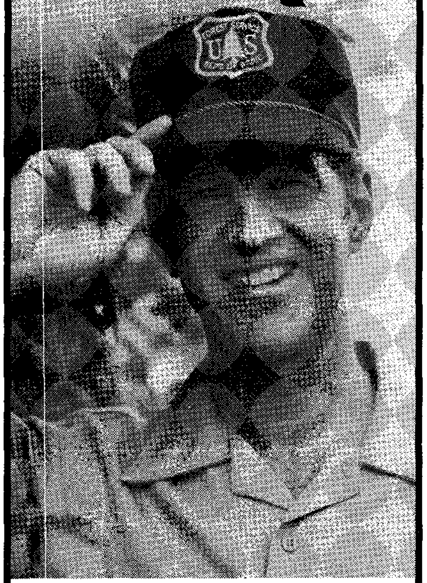

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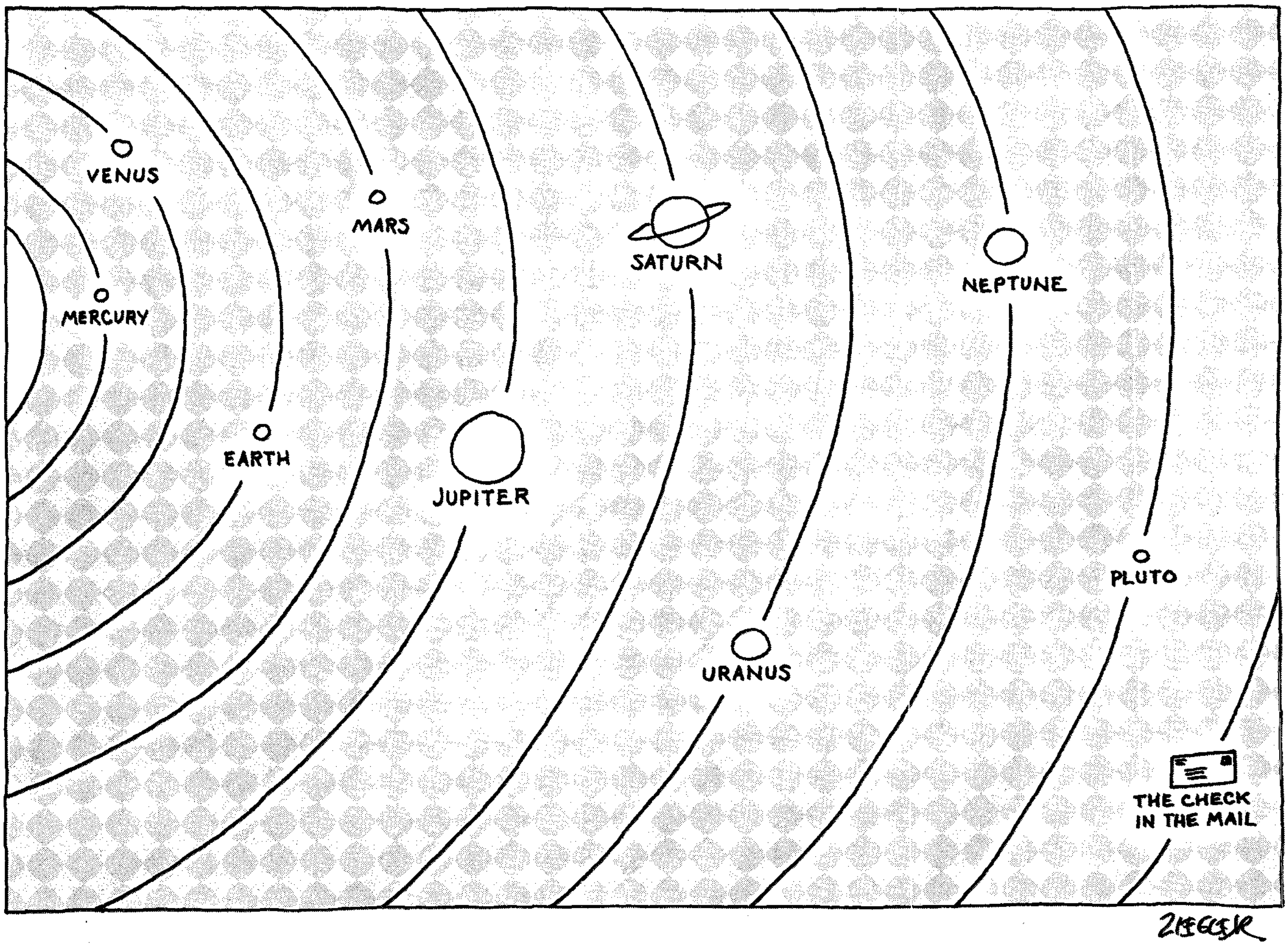
THE THEATRE

No Deal

THE kindest thing to say about Bob Fosse's new musical, "Big Deal" (at the Broadway), is that it is a curiosity that fails; the least kind thing to say about it is that it is a curiosity that could never have succeeded, and this prompts one to wonder what on earth Mr. Fosse, one of the most distinguished makers of musicals that our theatre possesses, may have supposed he was up to in this instance. Mr. Fosse is billed as having written, directed, and choreographed the show, and it is as a writer that he has chiefly betrayed himself, leading to lesser betrayals in his other professional capacities. For his book he has lifted the bare bones of the plot of an Italian movie of the fifties and transferred the bones, in a state of considerable disarray, from the Old World to the New—specifically, to the South Side of Chicago in the early thirties. No reason for this change of venue is detectable in the work itself, so one assumes that Fosse feels more at ease imagining events in that place and time than in other places and times; if that is indeed the case, then the scenery provided by the set designer, Peter Larkin, a learned student of architectural history, constitutes one of the many oddities we confront in the course of the evening, for it is at least as reminiscent of Brooklyn as of Chicago's South Side.

An oddity in respect to the scenery would scarcely be worth remarking on except that it is characteristic of the enterprise as a whole. Mr. Larkin's sets have another and more significant oddity—the unpredictable fashion in which they career from the naturalistic to the abstract. In much the same fashion, the book stumbles eerily back and forth between small-scale, huddled scenes of bumbling hoodlums plotting a burglary they are plainly incapable of bringing off and large-scale musical numbers that embrace the entire stage and, in their glittering cloud-cuckoo-land lighting and costuming, might well be intended to bring down the house in another play altogether. The cast of "Big Deal" is mostly black, with the unlucky result that the series of mindless follies committed in the course of the attempted burglary cause gifted actors and actresses to engage in many of the stereotyped activities that their predecessors used to be trapped into half a century ago. Loretta Devine is a screeching, oafish housemaid; Alde Lewis, Jr., is a latter-day Stepin Fetchit; and even Cleavant Derricks loses much of his usual attractiveness by being required to play Charley, an inept and crooked boxer not one of whose lines has wit or charm.

The unbridgeable gulf between the book of "Big Deal" and its musical numbers is emphasized by the gulf that Fosse has opened between our expectations in regard to the music, which consists of a host of golden oldies, and the tempos at which they are played and sung. We hear scattered fragments of "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," "Now's the Time to Fall in Love," "Love Is Just Around the Corner," and other standards, but we hear them mocked not only by rhythmic pranks but by the circumstances that introduce them: "Ain't We Got



Fun" is sung by a chain gang, and "Just a Gigolo" is sung by Charley as, making love to the housemaid, he rifles her purse. This calculated tampering with our memories reaches a point of humorless illogic in the case of "Me and My Shadow," which is sung and danced by Gary Chapman, for he is accompanied by Valarie Pettiford and Barbara Yeager—*two* shadows—and that calls for a revision of Billy Rose's lyrics to read "Me and my shadows."

The lighting of "Big Deal" is by Jules Fisher, the costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt, and Charley's ineffectively employed boxing gloves are by courtesy of *The Ring Magazine*.

THE Manhattan Theatre Club production of Joe Orton's "Loot" was so popular Off Broadway that it has now been brought to Broadway, where, on the stage of the exquisite Music Box, one can encounter such far from exquisite props—outward and visible signs of Orton's bizarre imagination—as a coffin, a set of false teeth, a glass eye, and a corpse disguised as a tailor's dummy. Orton put such gross objects to the service of a verbal felicity as seductive as Wilde's. History will go on mourning Orton's early and violent death, as it does that of Marlowe, whom Orton in so many respects resembles.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Lightweight

THE first act of Richard Nelson's "Principia Scriptoriae," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, takes place in a prison cell in some Latin-American country. We see two men, Bill Howell and Ernesto Pico; both are beginning writers. Bill is an American, and Ernesto is a native of the country they're in. They have been arrested for passing out pamphlets and generally making trouble for the right-wing government. Both men are very nervous, just this side of a hysteria that keeps breaking through. The year is 1970. Bill had been a political activist and draft escaper during the sixties, and is lightly endowed with brains. Ernesto has been educated in Europe, finishing up in England, at Cambridge. Their conversation is desultory and autobiographical, a discussion of politics and writing and literature; names like Sartre and Borges are tossed about. Shots by a nearby firing squad punctuate the talk. Rules for writers—*principia*—appear in lights

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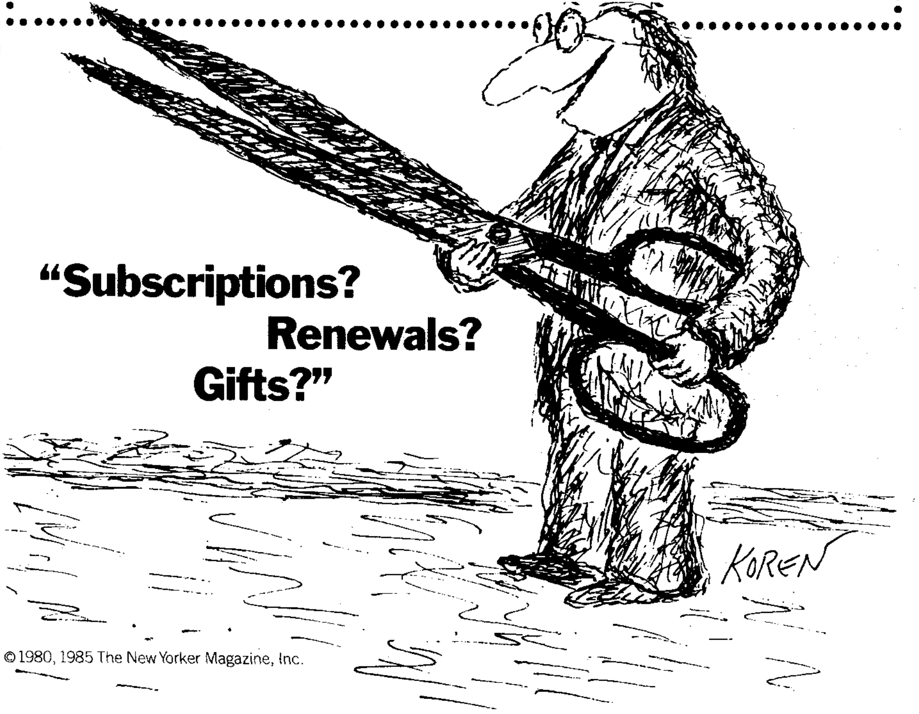
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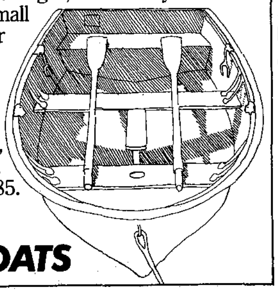

on the proscenium arch: "Choose your setting carefully," "Write out of experience," "Know your reader," that sort of thing. The first scene of Act II takes place fifteen years later. The Fascist government has been overthrown, and a Communist government has taken its place. The international Writers' Committee for Human Rights has come down to try to secure the release of a poet who has been imprisoned by the leftists. (He was also in trouble with the previous regime.) There is considerable bickering between the Minister of Culture and the members of the committee. Bill, now a successful writer, is present, taking notes for the writers' group; Ernesto, now the Minister's secretary, is on the other side of the room, also taking notes. In the final scene, we are back in the cell in 1970. Bill and Ernesto are blindfolded and tied together. They have been tortured and are in very bad shape. A soldier comes in and fires a couple of shots into the air and then laughs. Each of the two prisoners finds that the other is unharmed. The play does not so much end as just stop.

Mr. Nelson is an experienced dramatist by now, able to write speakable dialogue and actable parts. I found "Principia" absorbing throughout; only when it was over did I realize that it has little substance and absolutely no political enlightenment—if that was what he had in mind. This is an imitation play, empty as a drum. The performances, under Lynne Meadow's direction, are good—especially those of Anthony Heald and Joe Urla as Bill and Ernesto, Shawn Elliott as a Communist official, and Steven Gilborn as a committee member. The sets, by John Lee Beatty, the costumes, by William Ivey Long, and the lighting, by Jennifer Tipton, are satisfactory.

"BOSOMS AND NEGLECT," John Guare's curdled comedy about bosoms and neglect, revived at New York Theatre Workshop, seems somehow more acceptable and definitely funnier, under Larry Arrick's brisk direction, than it did seven years ago. Nevertheless, it remains nonvintage Guare. As Brendan Gill pointed out in his review of the original Broadway production, the themes are merely stated topics, undeveloped. The story seems baffling or pointless almost to the end, but in the final scene a blind woman of eighty-three, ravaged by cancer, makes clear in one

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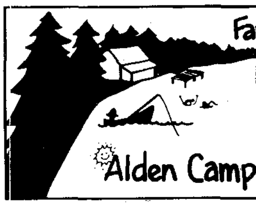

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long, sharply written soliloquy every matter that has mysteriously defeated her middle-aged son and driven him to a psychoanalyst's couch. Anne Meara, actress and comedian, does wonders with this speech (as did Kate Reid seven years ago). Richard Kavanaugh is good as the troubled son, and so is April Shawhan as a young woman who runs a rare-book shop and is a patient and a co-worshipper of the analyst. Needless to say, no joke, no chance for humor goes by the board. Set, costumes, lighting by Loy Arcenas, Jeffrey Ullman, and David N. Weiss, respectively. "Bosoms and Neglect" will run through April 20th.

FRED GAMEL's first play, "Wasted," at the WPA, is a bitter study of exhaustion and tension among a platoon of marines, most of them black, in Vietnam, with just enough in the way of story and character to keep it on its feet. The time is April 6, 1968—two days after Martin Luther King, Jr., was assassinated—and the substance of the plot is the impact of that news on the tattered nerves of the black marines, and on their hostility to the whites, hitherto held in check. Mr. Gamel (himself a veteran of Vietnam), with the help of his director, Clinton Turner Davis, has succeeded in creating and maintaining an atmosphere that is entirely credible. Matt Mulhern, Walter Allen Bennett, Jr., and Eriq La Salle, all of them new to me, are notable in the generally competent cast. Charles H. McClennahan designed the astonishing, spacious setting on the tiny stage of this tiny theatre; the lighting is by Craig Evans, the costumes by Don Newcomb.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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[*Mike Royko in the News*]

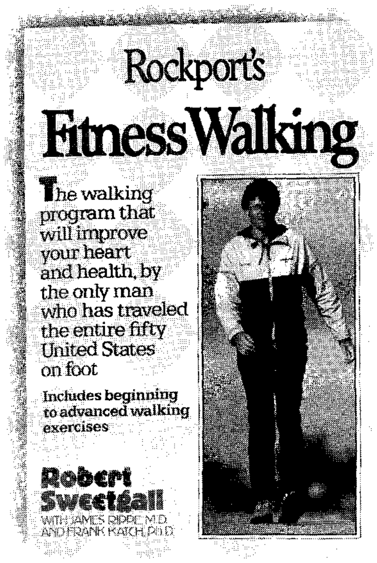
Just as irritating as restaurants are books and magazines that slip French words in and expect us to understand them. That's why I gave up reading The New Yorker, which is one of the worst offenders. I don't know why that magazine does it. Half of all New Yorkers I've known can't speak understandable English, much less the language of the bwah and fwah.

•

5—To "grid one's loins" really means to Prepare for bad news, Dress for combat, Get ready for work, Put on tights.

—*Buffalo News*.

Or None of the above.



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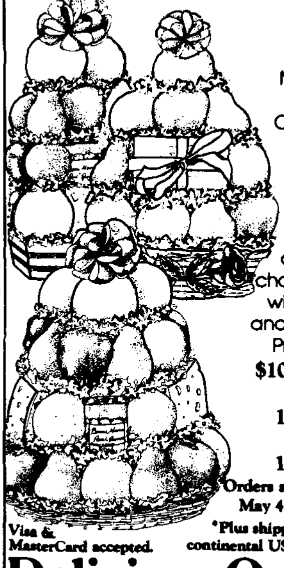

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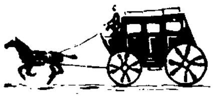

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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Hans Werner Henze's music—poured from a generous, abundant creator, flowing into every available channel, from intimate miniature to grand opera and monster oratorio, and marked always by prodigious technical skill coupled with personal poetic vision—has at once illumined and contributed to modern history. Since the Speculum Musicae performance of "El Cimarrón," which I wrote about last month, there has been something like a small Henze festival in New York. Works of nearly four decades were heard. What was called Henze Week up at the Manhattan School of Music brought three performances of his opera "The English Cat," a chamber-orchestra concert, a recital devoted to his music for guitar, and a public discussion with the composer. On the night of the concert—unfortunate coincidence of events for anyone eager to catch up with Henze's later music—the Concord Quartet, at a League of Composers–I.S.C.M. concert in Merkin Hall, played his Third, Fourth, and Fifth String Quartets.

"Kammermusik 1958" belongs in time and in spirit with Henze's Kleist opera "The Prince of Homburg," in which a romantic German prince, in a world of Prussian militarism, is lost in gentle classical dreams. It preceded Henze's outpouring of love music—"Ariosi," "Being Beauteous," the "Cantata della Fiaba Estrema"—of the sixties, and is a small, lovely manifestation of the encounters between Northern artists and Mediterranean antiquity which have inspired so much art from Goethe onward. The title continues, "On Friedrich Hölderlin's Hymn 'In lieblicher Bläue,' " and the text is from Wilhelm Waiblinger's novel "Phaeton," which has a protagonist based on Hölderlin and incorporates, it seems likely, fragmentary poems that Waiblinger received from Hölderlin during the poet's years of madness. "Kammermusik" has twelve related movements—and a summatory epilogue, added in 1963—for combinations of tenor, guitar, and instrumental octet (clarinet, bassoon, horn, and string quintet). It is dedicated to Benjamin Britten (whose "Peter Grimes," heard by Henze in Mannheim in 1946, was an early influence on him); at the first performances, the late Peter Pears was the singer, and Julian Bream was the guitarist. The octet plays a Preface, a Sonata, a Cadenza, and the Epilogue; there are six vocal movements, three accompanied by all the instruments, three by the guitar; and there are three Tentos (Portuguese for "ricercari") for solo guitar. The guitar solos and the guitar-accompanied songs have been extracted for independent performance, as "Three Tentos" (which several guitarists have recorded) and "Three Fragments After Hölderlin." These began the Manhattan School recital. Kristinn Arnason played the "Tentos," and Peter Thomas Collins, accompanied by Robert Rawdon, sang the "Fragments." The music is exquisitely fashioned. The pieces ravish the ear and stir the imagination. They also leave one eager to rehear a complete performance of "Kammermusik," a mysterious and moving work There some images appear first glimmering, as it were in the depths imperfectly perceived and only in later movements take on clear shape. Sometimes, as in the second Tento single ideas are picked up and, like some lovingly handled object turned in the light to be raptly observed from many aspects. The variety of textures and colors reflects Henze' responses to Hölderlin' responses to a landscap that he had seen onl with imagination's eye "I can feel this link t the ancient world,' Henze wrote in a not about his composition "In our eyes, our landscapes are transforme and take on Helleni features." He bega work on "Kammermusik" in Greece. Oedipu

"I didn't mean anything by it. I don't know why I said it. I just said it, that's all. Twiggy."

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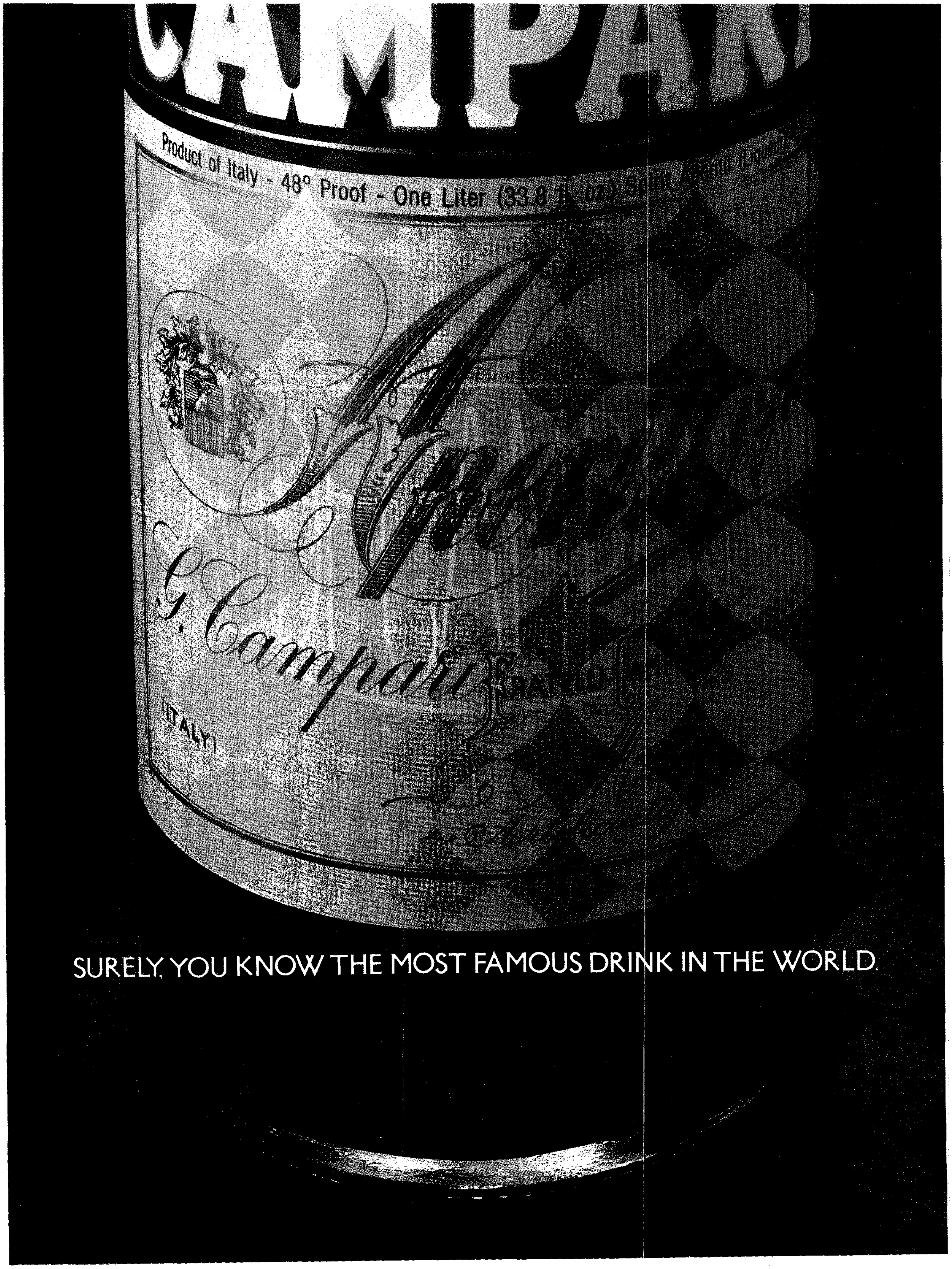

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and Hercules stride through the final song. My own responses to the score are probably colored by memories of standing at the trivium where Oedipus slew Laius, of walking from Tiryns to Nemea, Lerna, Stymphalia. The Greek light that plays upon high Western art (beside Lake Stymphalia, I watched it burn antelucan vapors into brightness) shines in "Kammermusik."

The sound of the guitar has run through much of Henze's music. In a 1979 letter—reprinted in the collection "Music and Politics" (Cornell)—he wrote of the instrument: "In 'König Hirsch,' at the start of my life in Italy [1953], the guitar was for me like a gate through which one can reach the beginnings of music, a remnant from a bygone age that still lives on, deep in the consciousness of the people." In "Kammermusik," its tones were invoked "to convey the German soul of the present to the land of our origins." A guitarist is one of the four actors in the dramatic narrative of "El Cimarrón." In the ballet "Orpheus" (which the Stuttgart Ballet brought to the Met in 1979), the rich flow of the music is

> determined by the sound of the guitar. All Orpheus' arias begin with its tones. It is the jangling and whining of nerve ends; it is a hundred different hues: dark, shadowy, silvery, weeping, the hollow calls of nocturnal animals; and it is the echo-sounder of history.

The Manhattan recital continued with the two guitar sonatas entitled "Royal Winter Music" I and II (1976 and 1979)—works in which the expressive powers of the instrument are put to their fullest use. They were composed for Julian Bream, who brought the first of them to Town Hall in 1976 but declared the second to be unplayable; Reinbert Evers gave the first performance in Brussels in 1980, and David Tanenbaum played the American première in Houston three years later. In a prefatory note to the first sonata, Henze writes of the guitar as "a 'knowing' instrument, reaching back far into our past, into our history—one with many limitations but also many unexplored breadths and depths, one possessing a wealth of timbres which can compass all those available to a modern instrumentarium." "To realize this," Henze continues, "one has only to enter silence, wait, and completely shut out all noise." In an age of racket—electric amplification, background music, streets loud with sirens and brutish honking, opera singers who bawl, conductors who urge the brasses to bray—the strains of the guitar, like those of the clavichord, are balm to musical ears. Even at their loudest, these instruments hurt not. In the Manhattan School's Pforzheimer Hall, where the guitar recital was given, the air was unsullied by the electronic bourdon (from a ventilation system) that fills the Juilliard classrooms I know, and even in some New York concert halls adds its pedal points or washes of "white noise" to the soft passages.

The "Royal Winter Music" sonatas are also suites based on Shakespeare personages. I wrote about the first of them after New York performances by Mr. Bream and Mr. Tanenbaum. The characters of the second are Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Bottom, and Lady Macbeth. In a prefatory note to the score, Henze discloses that the first and last movements, at least, are inspired not only by Shakespeare but also by particular actors. Sir Andrew is an unexpected choice from the long gallery of Shakespeare portraits. When Henze, aged seventeen, was a music student in Brunswick, he missed no performance of a "Twelfth Night" there with a captivating Sir Andrew, played as someone who has

> a tenderness about him, and a sadness like that emanating from a wilted meadow-saffron. He is on his way to the flowers to become a flower himself, a thistle probably.... He smells of flowers and combs his long, golden, English hair.

The Lady Macbeth movement, "Mad Lady Macbeth," enshrines a memory of Maria Callas as the heroine of Verdi's opera. So behind a performance of it lie Shakespeare; Carlo Rusconi, who translated the play, and A. W. Schlegel, whose commentary, prefaced to the translation, influenced Verdi's reading of it; the genius of Callas, the director Carl Ebert, and the conductor Victor de Sabata, collaborators in the 1952 Scala production of "Macbeth;" Henze; and then the particular guitarist, faced with music so difficult that he is "likely to approach it with fear and trembling—just as we would not care to cross the path of Lady Macbeth." This "impurity" in Henze's music—its relations and connections to so many other things—is part of its fascination. "Bottom's Dream," the central movement, tells of a man who thinks himself once again young, slim, handsome, and sweet-smelling, and, "in the arms of the gorgeous Titania," has no wish to

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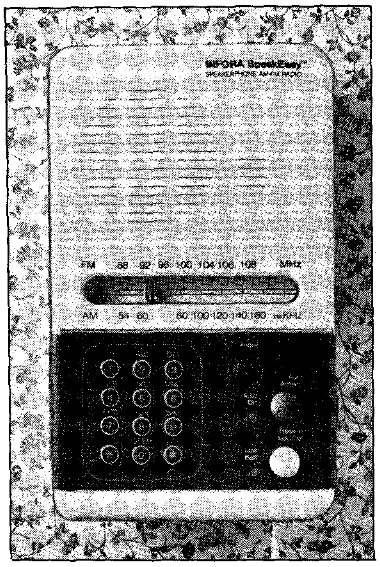

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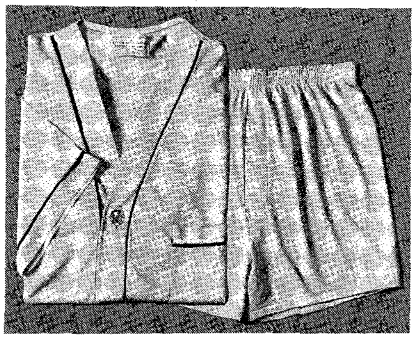

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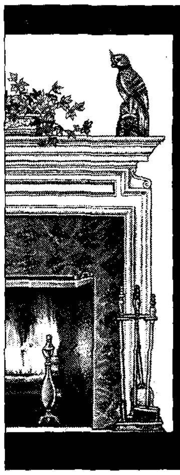

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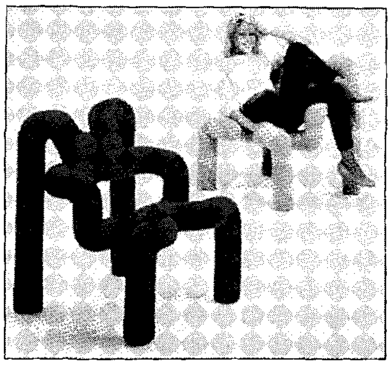
wake. It is a small, touching pastoral, in the vein of the dream episode in Elgar's "Falstaff."

The sonatas were played by Mark Delpriora (who gave the New York première of the second in Merkin Hall last year). His performances were intent, poetic, and carefully scaled. The recital ended with "Carillon, Recitative, Masque" (1974), for guitar, mandolin, and harp—an elegant, enchanting piece, but on this occasion imperfectly rendered.

THE Manhattan School orchestral concert began with a marimba solo, "Five Scenes from the Snow Country," composed in 1978 for Michiko Takahashi. Then there was "Apollo and Hyacinth," an early piece (1949) and an important one in Henze's oeuvre. It is at once a miniature harpsichord concerto (the "orchestra" being a wind quartet and a string quartet) and a small tone poem about the god's accidental killing of the youth he loved. In the last movement, an alto sings an autumnal threnody by Georg Trakl, a poet whose works accompanied Henze in his school and his soldier years. In "Apollo" Henze found his way from the spikiness of his earlier compositions—Chamber Concerto, First Symphony, First String Quartet—into lyricism, and also mastered serial technique as a personal means:

> At the beginning of the piece, I imagined how Apollo appeared in an ancient grove. The beating of his wings, the suddenly darkening sky, and then the great luminous silence of grace, accompanied by the strange, gentle, sensuous excitement of all men and animals, were to be depicted by such abstract means as a harpsichord and eight chamber instruments.

In the Spring, 1985, issue of *19th Century Music*, Owen Jander proposed for the Andante of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto not just the usual likening of it to Orpheus' taming of the wild beasts but a theme-by-theme, incident-by-incident program—based on the Orpheus operas of Gluck, J. G. Naumann, and F. A. Kanne, and on Virgil and Ovid—which tells of Orpheus' taming of the Furies, his rescue of Eurydice, and Eurydice's second death. (Mr. Jander stressed that his program is speculative: "Lacking the composer's own definitive explanation, we cannot presume to have unveiled Beethoven's plan.") The hybrid form of concerto and tone poem is one that Henze has returned to often since "Apollo"—in his cello concerto "Ode to the West



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Wind" (1953); Second Piano Concerto (1967), its finale based on Shakespeare's Sonnet No. 129; Second Violin Concerto (1971); "Tristan" (1973). He is writing a guitar concerto for Mr. Tanenbaum, due at the Lucerne Festival in August, based on Mörike's "An eine Äolsharfe." "The Miracle of the Rose," which ended the Manhattan School concert, is at once a clarinet concerto, a suite of seven dances, and a tone poem whose program is the vision toward the close of Jean Genet's "Miracle de la Rose." Four men in black—judge, lawyer, chaplain, and executioner—enter the cell of a young murderer on the morning of his execution. He becomes a prince in splendor; they shrink to the size of bedbugs, scuttle up his body, enter it—two by the mouth, two by the ears—and, through a series of strange, charmed landscapes, search for his heart. Its beating sounds toward the end of the fifth movement and through the sixth. The intruders come upon a dazzling red rose, and, in the finale, tear it to pieces.

David Hamilton, reviewing Henze's "Tristan" in *High Fidelity*, wrote of the way "we are expected to apprehend [the piece] not only with our ears, but in the triple framework of the composer's intellectual life, the technical and musical resources at his command, and a 'story line' that is imparted to us before we hear the music." The story line of the "Miracle" was not imparted to the Manhattan School audience; the program leaflet did not even list the movements. Just as "pure music," the score should have made a considerable effect, for it is tautly constructed, graphic in its gestures, vivid in its carefully laid out rhythms, and bewitching in its instrumentation. I did not hear the concert (I was at the string quartets) but attended the final rehearsal: the performance, conducted by George Manahan, with Mark Spuria as the clarinet soloist, promised to be a fine one. This was the New York première. The piece was commissioned by the London Sinfonietta and was first played, in London, in 1982; Antony Pay was the soloist, and Henze conducted.

HENZE's first two string quartets were written in 1947 and 1952. They are dense, rhythmically complex pieces. He returned to the medium only in 1975, at the invitation of the Concord Quartet, and embarked on a set of three quartets. No. 3 was played by the Concord at the 1976 Berlin

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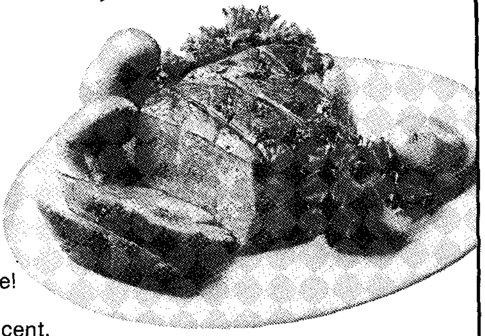

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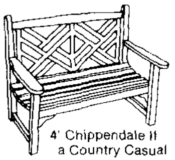

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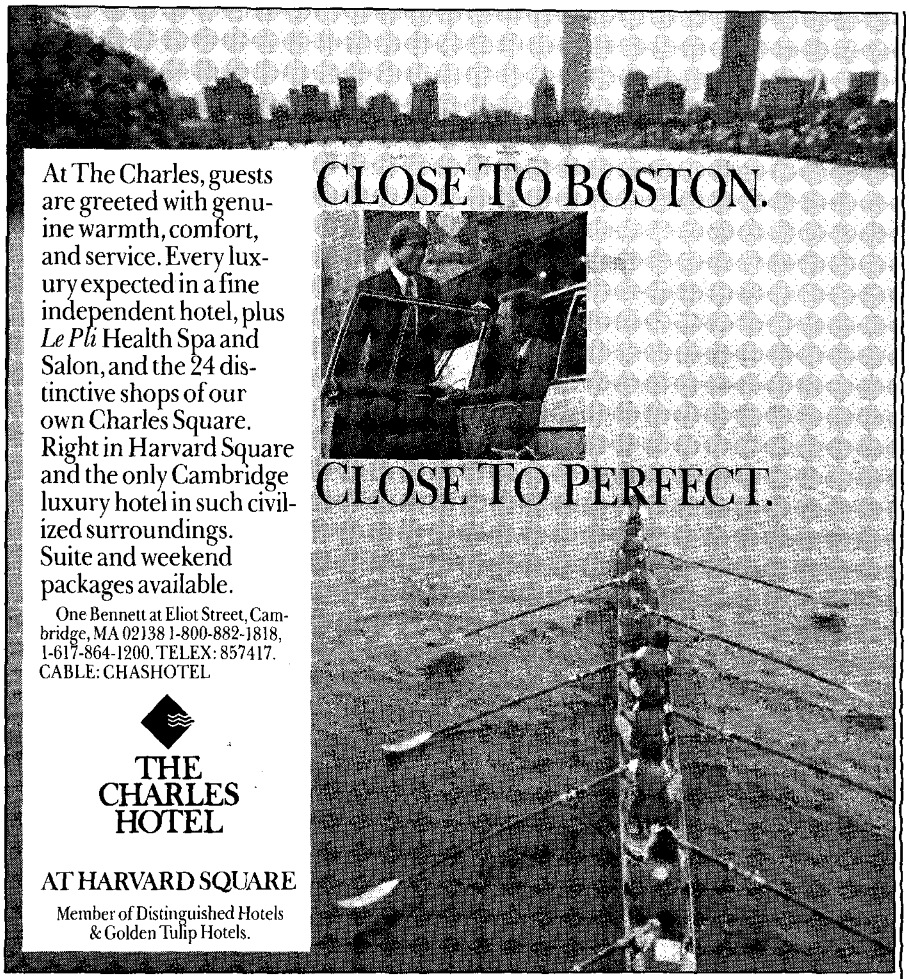
Festival, and Nos. 4 and 5 the following year at the Schwetzingen Festival. In 1978, the Arditti Quartet (which has recorded all five of Henze's quartets, for Wergo) played Nos. 3-5 as a set, in London. They are memorial pieces, dedicated to the composer's mother, the Chilean musician Victor Jara, and Benjamin Britten. No. 3 is a single movement of tense, eloquent counterpoint—a sustained ricercare that ends with a beautiful viola solo. No. 4, composed while Henze's opera "We Come to the River" was in rehearsal at Covent Garden, is a freer, more theatrical sort of piece. A different player takes the lead in each of the four movements. The Adagio, a musing on a Byrd pavane, with the viola as soloist, is gently eloquent. There is much unmeasured writing; sometimes the score bursts into graphic squiggles; the finale, a "rondo improvvisato," is made of "cells," which, under the general guidance of the first violin, the players assemble as they choose. No. 5, in six movements, was begun at the same time as No. 4 but pondered longer. In a program note Henze remarks that it "seems to move away from the spectacular, to remember the historical concept of the String Quartet as a place of inward intensification, of maximum concentration, of contemplation." But because "in my opinion musical ideas always come from our feelings and adventures," and "life and artistic work are one and the same thing," the quartet seems also to have an emotional program, verbally identified only by the appearance in instrumental guise of the madmen's madrigal from "We Come to the River" and by the composer's assurance that "the piece ends with a representation of the light of the new day, where the creatures and fears of night, scared back to their dismal dens, are dissolved, become invisible and unimaginable, as if they had never existed." The Concord performance of these three quartets provided an evening of memorable and satisfying music.

"THE ENGLISH CAT" is harder to enjoy wholeheartedly. There is ingenious, stimulating, and attractive music in it. The Manhattan School production, conducted by David Gilbert and directed by Lou Galterio, was neater and crisper than Santa Fe's last summer. There was some accomplished singing. But Edward Bond's libretto seems to me feeble, carelessly wrought, unfunny in its jokes, and fumbling in its satire. —ANDREW PORTER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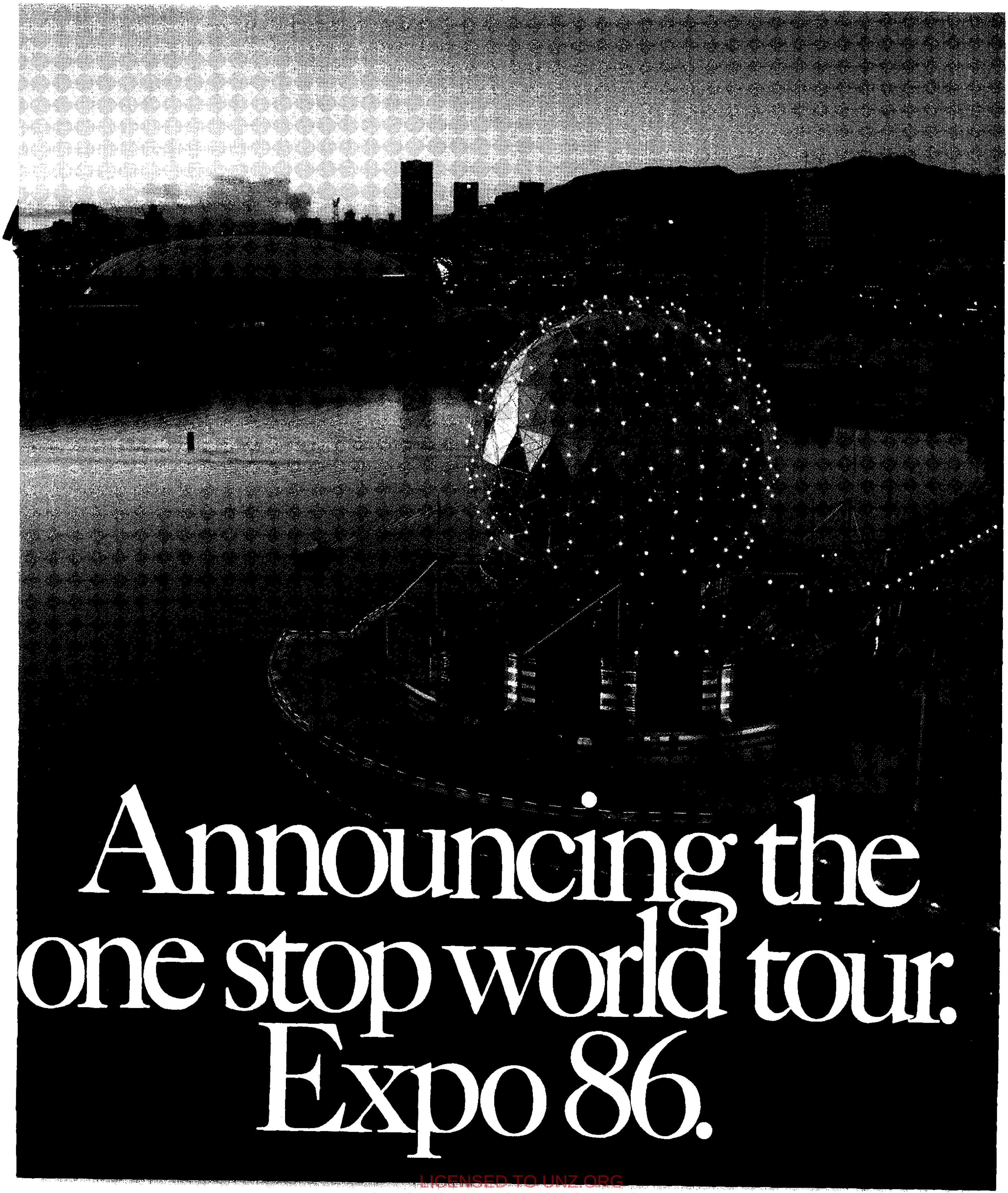

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BOOKS

Philosophy the Guide of Life

"HABITS OF THE HEART: INDIVIDUALISM AND COMMITMENT IN AMERICAN LIFE" (California; $16.95) is an ambitious work whose five authors—Robert N. Bellah, Richard Madsen, Ann Swidler, and Steven M. Tipton, all sociologists, and William M. Sullivan, a philosopher—have borrowed their title and their mission from Alexis de Tocqueville. Like the nineteenth-century Frenchman, these twentieth-century Americans believe that the characters of individual citizens shape the politics of a society, and their aim is to portray the American personality today and assess its relation to American democracy as Tocqueville did in his time. The authors acknowledge their debt to more recent students—especially David Riesman, who, with Nathan Glazer and Reuel Denney, published a similar investigation, the classic "The Lonely Crowd," in 1950. "Habits of the Heart" is a study of more than two hundred members of the white middle class, and it focusses on four main topics: private life (love, marriage, and family); work; public, political, or community service; and religion. Having surveyed middle-class Americans' satisfactions and dissatisfactions, the authors conclude that we need a revival of political philosophy to transform our society. They find that many attractive and successful Americans are torn between a desire to win, to star, to make it on their own and a desire for unconditional love and unbreakable attachments. Americans seek principles to make their virtues—both their skills and their righteousness—effective.

The authors distinguish four American personalities that have emerged in historical succession. The Puritan leader John Winthrop exemplifies the earliest—the Biblical. Jefferson, the republican, is second. These personalities and their concepts of the good life and the good society live on, but the authors feel that they have lost ground to the utilitarian individualism of Benjamin Franklin and the expressive individualism of Walt Whitman. They believe that both individualisms, combined with a widespread psychotherapeutic approach to he self, play too great a role in the national psyche. Few individuals in heir survey except evangelical Chrisians could explain why they had stayed married to their spouses, and the informants' faith in individual autonomy is so far-reaching that it is doubtful whether they live up to it. An example is a psychotherapist who denies that she is responsible for her husband and children. I interpret this woman's statements differently from the authors: I think she is rejecting family authoritarianism rather than domestic obligation. In another instance, the authors object that a political activist in California's Campaign for Economic Democracy lacks a vision or a program for the poor after they have been liberated or empowered; but I feel that his unwillingness to manufacture a ready-made utopia for other people demonstrates respect for them and their freedom. In general, I read my fellow-Americans less critically than the authors do. They remark that "tolerance, despite its virtues, is hardly adequate to deal with the conflict and interdependence among different groups in a complex society," but I see the broad tolerance that the authors have uncovered as a great asset and a sign of social sophistication—especially compared with attitudes of many of the world's other populations.

I should not misrepresent the authors' tone. Their criticisms are moderate and courteous, and they never indulge in commination or sneering. In their investigation of religion—most Americans think each of us should be free to explore until he finds his own religious commitment—they describe without mockery the extreme of religious individualism: a woman who invented her own religion and named it Sheilaism, for herself. Nor should I misrepresent their findings. Many people have discovered ways to articulate their private needs with public commitments; a congregation in San Francisco, for example, combines liturgical devotion, mutual support, and service to the wider community. In other cases, however, community service is founded on delusion; an instance is a Massachusetts commuters' suburb whose leaders pretend it is a seventeenth-century autonomous polity. The authors describe an automobile dealer there who insists he created his own business, forgetting that he inherited it from his father, and skirt-

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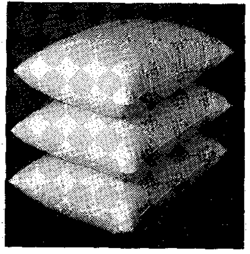

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ing another reality: the cars he sells are made by a corporaton that needed a federal loan to avoid bankruptcy. His inability to admit his debt to his father, to the past, and his dependence on all his taxpaying fellow-Americans is not atypical. The authors find that many Americans refuse to recognize the complex interdependence of each upon all which is characteristic of our society.

What seems to have happened is that once-useful concepts have been vulgarized and have lost their original meaning. Franklin was not just an energetic poor boy who made good but a model of disinterested public service, whose worldliness, like Molière's, was the aesthetic projection of a passionately committed man. And Whitman, a considerable artist, represents something more than self-indulgence. Insofar as therapy improves individuals, it should benefit society, for it is not easy to build a first-rate community out of second-rate people. Many of the authors' informants, however, have translated therapy to mean that their connection with every other person and institution is subject to periodic review to see what good it does them. Our freedoms to separate—all the way from divorce to emigration—are precious, but they apparently make many Americans feel that their intimacies are precarious.

The authors also blame the pervasiveness of therapeutic ideas for an element of political failure: their informants have learned in therapy that discussion between people who hold different values is "futile." Many Americans in this survey find it difficult even to think about people who are unlike them. Yet politics, "the public realm," the authors say, is "an enduring association of the different." Many middle-class Americans abjure politics because they think it has become a trade in corrupt bargains, but the authors think it a mistake to denigrate government or to talk of dismantling it; their goal is to humanize it and restore it, so to speak, to common citizenship. They suggest we begin by rethinking our political theory on the basis of the idea that the end of politics is not power but justice.

The authors do not have a program. They do have a lot of good suggestions. They quote Edward Schwartz, a leader in Philadelphia's Institute for the Study of Civic Values, who calls our network of huge corporations "an antipolitical system," because it decides so much of Americans' lives yet seeks

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to avoid public control: here the authors remind us that the corporation was a device invented to serve the common good. They would like to see the nature of work rethought—to make work a calling instead of an involuntary entry into competition. They find "professionalism without content" in the private sector and, in the public sector, Tocqueville's "administrative despotism"—a schoolmaster's paternalism, which breeds passivity and dependence among citizens. Where the choice is between administration by experts and participation by the public, they prefer the latter. They think it would help to reduce our present great inequalities of income, so that the penalties for so-called failure—not least a subjective feeling of inadequacy—might become less frightening and depressing, and Americans would be free to work at what they liked and to earn approbation instead of envy.

They argue that their suggestions are not visionary, and point to the ecological movement—a going concern that faces the realities that many of the people studied here shun, including the dependence of the present on the past and of the future on the present, the complex interdependences that exist in nature and between man and nature, and the fact that the environment must be cared for on the largest scale, national and international. The authors describe their ideals as "neither conservative nor liberal in terms of . . . American political discourse." In any case, their conviction that we must reorganize learning implies a change in our political discourse, for they believe that the effort to make social thought "scientific"—amoral and predictive, on the model of physics—has not been fruitful. They maintain that the social sciences are properly studied, as they were originally, as a branch of moral philosophy.

IT sometimes happens that books talk to each other, whether or not their authors intend it, and that has happened with "Habits of the Heart" and another work, "The Heavens and the Earth: A Political History of the Space Age," by Walter McDougall (Basic Books; $29.95). "Habits of the Heart" is a genial discussion and "The Heavens and the Earth" is a crisp narrative history, yet one event after another in Mr. McDougall's account justifies the five collaborators' plea for philosophy or, at the very least, critical thought. For instance,

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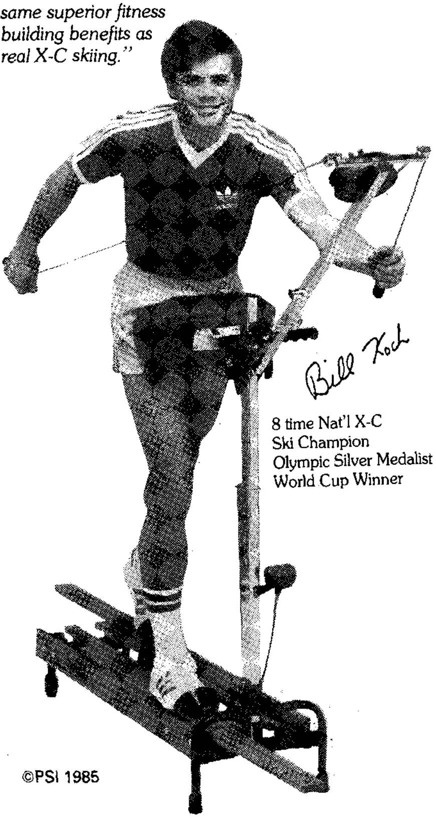

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when Mr. McDougall, whose story opens in Russia in 1881, reaches October and November of 1957, when the Soviets launched Sputniks I and II, he reports that millions of Americans accepted Khrushchev's assertion that the Russian achievement proved the superiority of the Soviet system. The Russians, who had hoped to cow the West with a bluff of strategic as well as cultural superiority, instead panicked the United States into a successful effort to outstrip their feats in space; but our thoughtless agreement with the Russian leader was a shocking instance of a failure to examine his, and our own, assumptions about a good society. Did we really believe that might makes right? One fact that Khrushchev did not publicize was that the engineering hero of modern Russian rocket development, Sergei Korolev, who died in 1966, and many of his colleagues spent years working in a prison-camp laboratory like the one in Solzhenitsyn's "The First Circle."

Another way that "Heavens" converses with "Habits" is in Mr. McDougall's conviction that the American response to Sputnik brought about the triumph of technocracy and technocratic government in this country. His "technocracy" is Tocqueville's "administrative despotism," and many of the changes he describes account plausibly for the dissatisfactions revealed in the collaborators' survey. Mr. McDougall contrasts Russia—which, under czars and Bolsheviks alike, expected the state to direct and finance scientific research and development—with the United States, where science, research, and education long remained outside federal control. Even after state-directed technology in wartime had produced an atomic bomb, President Truman and President Eisenhower struggled to limit military spending and federal expansion, out of a "concern for values other than power and technology: decentralization, the market economy, academic freedom, fiscal prudence." Sputnik changed all that. In 1964, more than seventy-eight per cent of all American research was federally funded.

Mr. McDougall thinks that President Kennedy's decision to aim for the moon brought about a stunning scientific triumph but altered our society in ways that many of us did not approve. Some of us did, though. Mr. McDougall's chronicle is stuffed with events —with the pushing and shoving and rolling of pork barrels in American politics, with creativity and quarrel-

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someness, with the bluffs and snares of diplomacy, with scientific breakthroughs—and with lively portraits of individuals in action, including our technocrats pursuing their dreams. James E. Webb, who headed NASA from 1961 to 1968, expected that the way he organized the race to the moon would produce a model for every kind of large organization, and that a government-directed mobilization of specialists could solve social as well as engineering problems. Mr. McDougall mentions that Webb's vision has roots in our past, and he discusses its supporters in our present. Like the authors of "Habits," however, he is convinced that social problems are not susceptible of "scientific" or engineering solutions. He doubts the usefulness of the technocratic method—systems analysis—in solving social problems, because it assumes a closed system, and closed systems are extremely scarce in the real world. (This criticism has been made, often bitterly in recent years, of economic models.) Then, too, Mr. McDougall argues in his philosophical conclusion, every system requires something outside—a Guarantor of Decisions—to validate the system's purpose, to tell us that we are right in deciding to build a cathedral or a rocket, and the G.O.D. cannot be discovered by scientific methods.

Mr. McDougall sees the acceptance of technocracy in the Kennedy years as at once "fundamental" and "subtle." From that day to this, our political discourse has been divided over which problems technocratic direction should solve but not over whether Tocqueville's administrative despotism should be applied at all. Though Mr. McDougall is appalled by technocracy, he is not hostile to science or technology, nor is he seeking villains. The source of our predicament, he believes, is the system of nation-states, which mandates a struggle, not merely a duel. Every nation that possibly can have a space program has one today; de Gaulle's policy of national assertion at any price has become a model for many countries. The reason, Mr. McDougall reminds us, is that staying aloof from technological competition has costs that are more terrible than competing: the Chinese Empire disdained the technology of the barbarians in the eighteenth century and was devoured by them in the nineteenth.

I would like, ideally, a cooler approach to government and community than that of the authors of "Habits"—an approach that was dutiful rather

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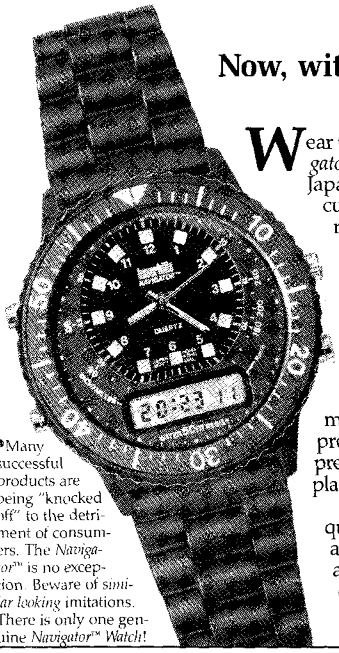

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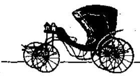

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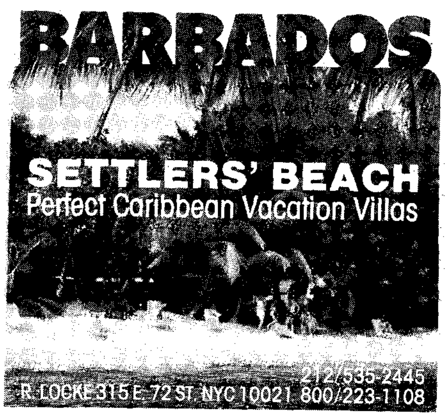

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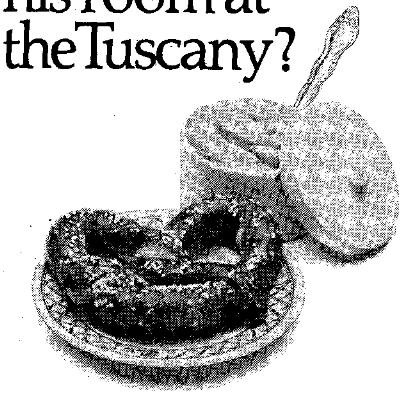

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than enthusiastic—for although I realize that nothing great is accomplished without passion, history in my lifetime has left me with a fear of fanaticism. Mr. McDougall's pessimism about government strikes me as too bleak. I think, too, that the vogue for specialist management of large-scale endeavors has many sources, among them the age-old apolitical human effort to reduce uncertainty, at which natural science has succeeded so brilliantly. But any reader's agreement in detail is less important than the fact that, speaking to each other and to us, these writers offer the timely, invaluable demonstration that we cannot expect expertise to do the work of wisdom. They also remind us—the more convincingly because they reach similar conclusions from different disciplines—that if we wish to preserve and invigorate free popular government we must justify our desire by sounder reasons than its attainment of wealth or power, for empirically we find that tyrannies may be rich and strong. The flashier sins abound nowadays to an extent that obscures the quiet destructiveness of sloth; among the many things these excellent books do well is urge us to overcome intellectual laziness. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

KING MATT THE FIRST, by Janusz Korczak, translated from the Polish by Richard Lourie, with an introduction by Bruno Bettelheim (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15.95). Janusz Korczak (1878-1942) was a Polish pediatrician and teacher who called himself "the Karl Marx of children," and who directed a Jewish orphanage in Warsaw: "a children's society," Bruno Bettelheim writes, "in which they largely governed themselves," and with its own parliament, court, and newspaper. This cautionary story, written for children and first published in 1923, is about a child-king who wants to be hailed as "the Reformer" but finds that handing out chocolate to his country's five million schoolchildren, say, or making his best friend Prime Minister does not solve the problems that other kings want to solve with bombs and barbed wire. At one point, King Matt sees some workers parading with red flags and decides that the world's children should have a green one. In 1942, Mr.

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Bettelheim reports, the Nazis ordered Korczak's orphans to march to the train station, for shipment to Treblinka. "Holding the two youngest by the hand, he led his two hundred children to the station, with the oldest boy carrying the standard of the orphanage: a green flag."

The Couple from Poitiers, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Eileen Ellenbogen (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $13.95). This is the first appearance in English of one of the several "psychological" novels that Simenon wrote in the intervals between his annals of Maigret. It appeared in French in 1946. It shows us a young working-class couple who come to Paris immediately after a hurried wedding, to hide from their families the fact that the bride is pregnant. She is apathetic, overwhelmed by the city. He finds a job as an office boy, dreams aimless dreams of success, pilfers a few francs now and then from petty cash, sinks deeper and deeper into debt, whines that nobody understands him. Simenon knows exactly what is happening to this poor creature, and we watch him, only twenty years old, helplessly disappear.

GENERAL

The Bourgeois Experience, Victoria to Freud—Volume II: The Tender Passion, by Peter Gay (Oxford; $24.95). In "Education of the Senses" (1984), the first volume of a projected six-volume study, Mr. Gay considered Victorian middle-class attitudes toward sex. In this volume, he writes inclusively of love, discussing homosexual as well as heterosexual attachments. Although some Victorian thinkers were cynical about sentiment, and several groups in society persisted in regarding marriage as an arrangement between families about property, he finds that nineteenth-century England believed in romantic love, in tenderness, sympathy, and fidelity, and often attained all in marriage. He uses a variety of evidence, including the literature of the period. Mr. Gay's original historical imagination investigates (for one example) how the middle classes imagined the amatory life of other classes and how the working class actually experienced love and marriage.

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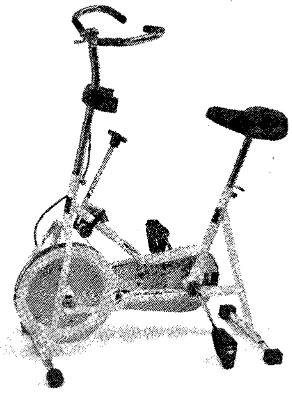

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JOURNALS, 1969-1982, by Peter Matthiessen (Shambhala; $16.95). The author of these journals, who is best known as a writer about nature and exploration, has for some fifteen years been studying Zen, deepening both his knowledge and his spiritual commitment. The journals speak personally and candidly. They take us to retreats, pilgrimages, and ceremonies in this country and Japan; they tell us about individual Zen masters here and abroad; and they explain the origins, history, and practices of Zen. Just as the Scriptures teach a good deal of the history of the ancient world, Zen traditions are intimately bound up with Japanese history, and afford something like Bible stories about good emperors and bad emperors and brave or reforming Zen masters—the equivalent of prophets, say, or saints.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

VICTIMS, by Dorothy Uhnak (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). In 1964, there was the celebrated case of Catherine Genovese, who was brutally murdered near a Long Island Railroad station in Queens one night while two dozen or more middle-class apartment-dwellers watched indifferently from their windows. Miss Uhnak has taken that sickening example of the ruling urban precept of Keep It Away from Me and retold it with a number of additionally sickening improvisations. The leading characters are a crime columnist on the *Post* who sees in the event a chance for a series of accusatory columns and a salable book, and maybe even a movie, and a young Hispanic woman detective—beautiful, brilliant, passionate, nerveless, incorruptible, and a lot more—named Miranda Torres. They are brought together as an interesting counterpoint: the crusading writer and the truth-telling cop. Miss Uhnak has a strong narrative gift, a taste for irony, and a low opinion of the human race. But she seems to be unaware of the difference between drama and melodrama.

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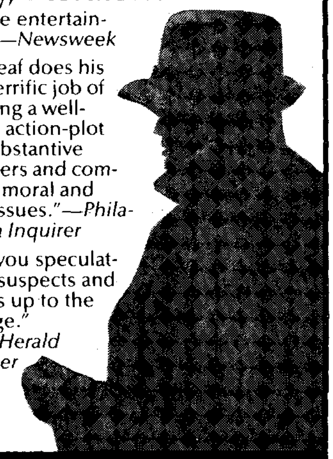

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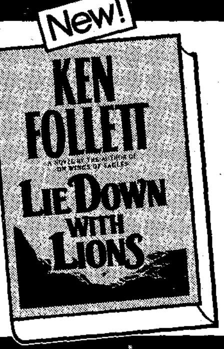

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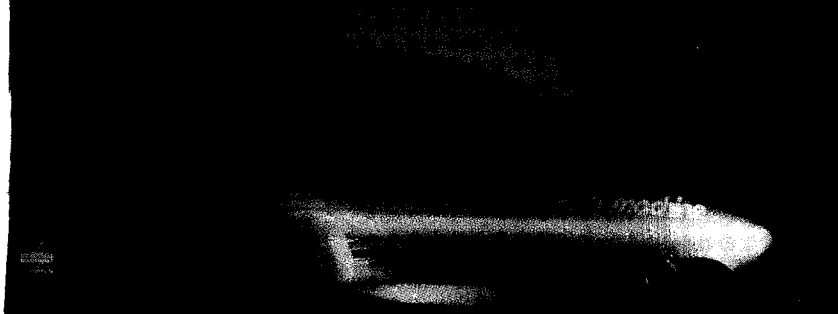

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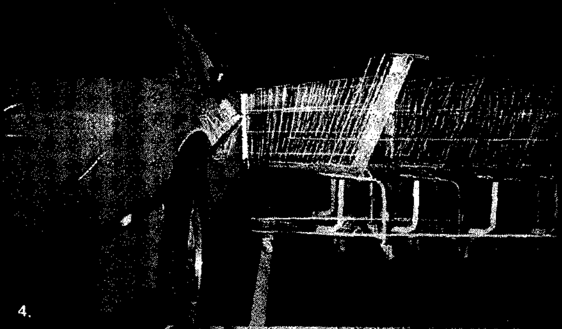

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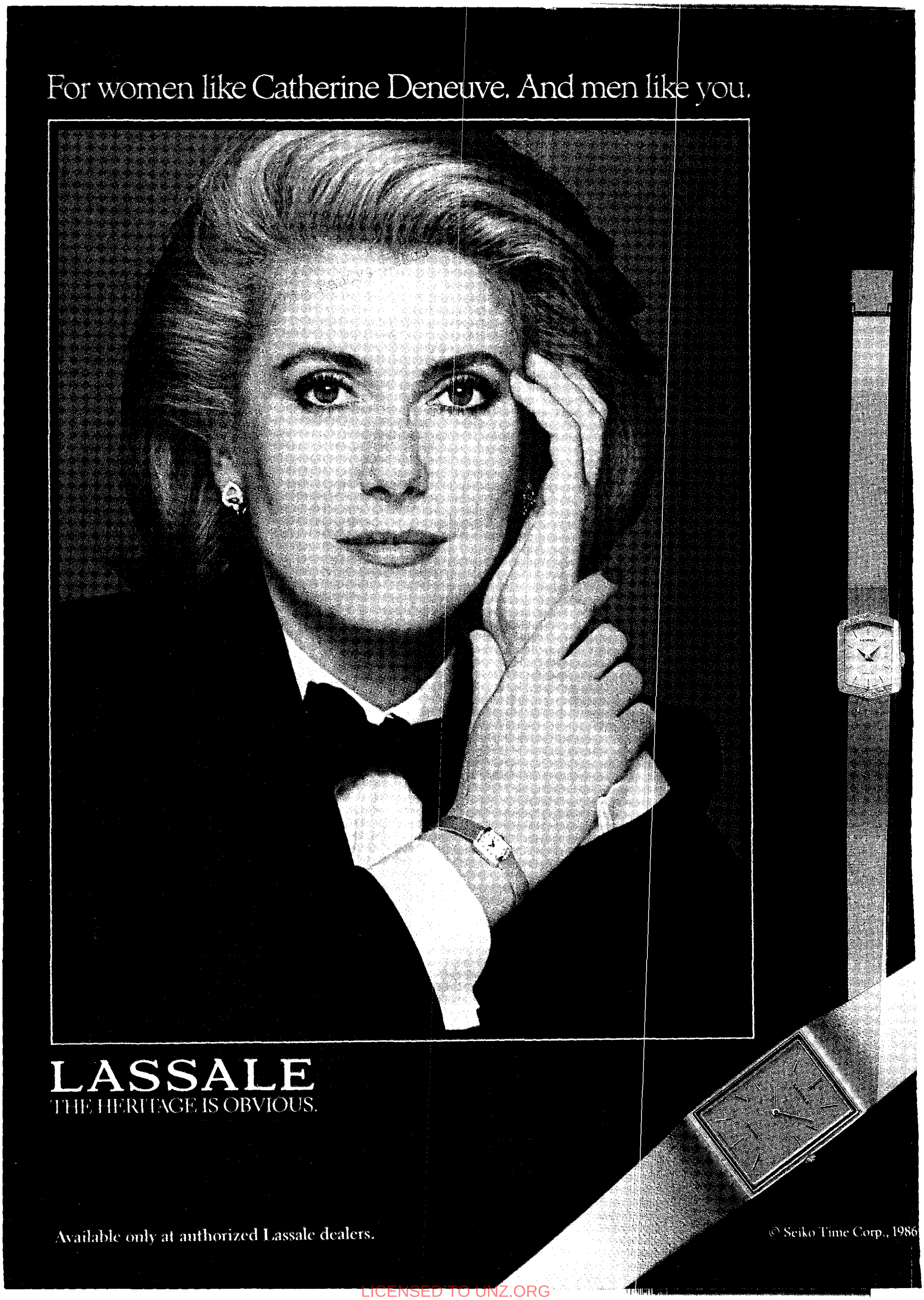

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